

This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

## Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

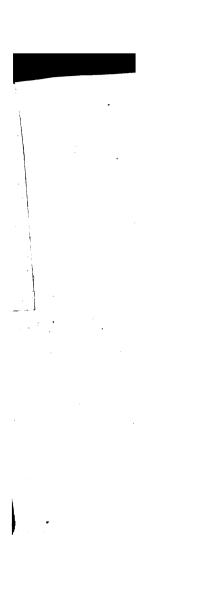
We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + Refrain from automated querying Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

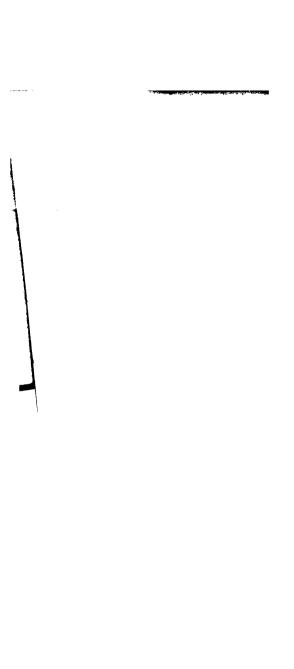
### **About Google Book Search**

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at http://books.google.com/

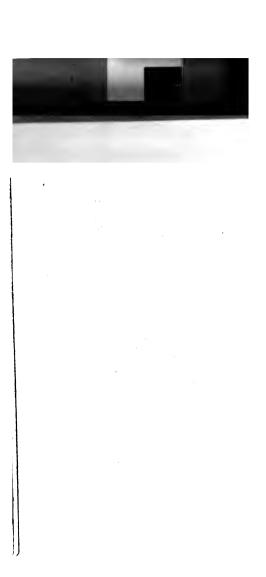




(Stevens) \* MCM











PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS



Thing Henry T' the pa

## THE TEXT OF MR. STEEVE LAST EDITION,

 $\mathbf{w}_{1TH}$ 

A SELECTION

THE MOST IMPORTANT NOT

VOLUME X.

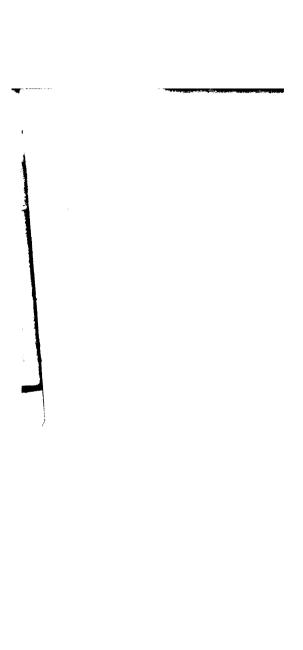
CONTAINING KING HENRY V.

KING HENRY VI. PAR-

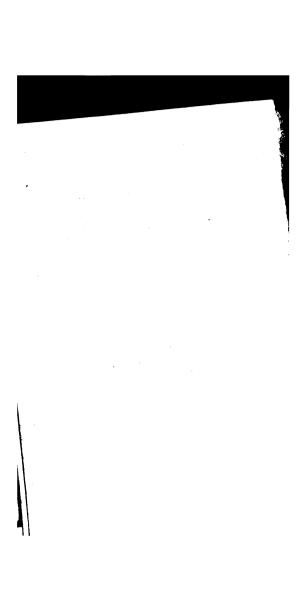


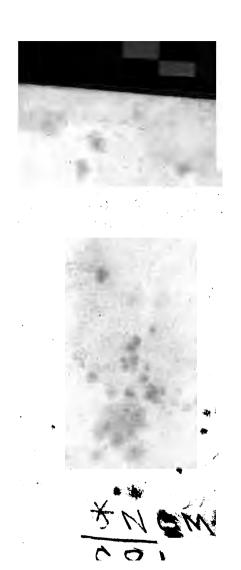
ı





KNCM







# PUBLIC LIBRARY ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS



King Henry T'th part 1.6.

## THE

## P L 🖎 Y S

O F

## WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,

ACCURATELY PRINTED FROM

THE TEXT OF MR. STEEVEN'S

Mil

A SELECTION

OF

THE MOST IMPORTANT NOTES.

VOLUME X.

CONTAINING

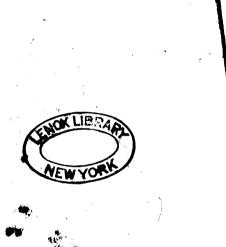
KING HENRY V. KING HENRY V.

FART I.

#### LEIPSICK:

PRINTED FOR GERHARD FLEISCHER THE YOUNGER.

1807.

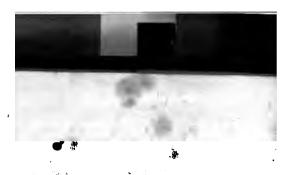


r)

1

# KING HENRY V.

Voz. X.





# KING HENRY V.

-Voz. X.

## Persons represented.

ing Henry the Fifth:

uke of Gloster,

Duke of Bedford,

brothers to the King.

Duke of Exeter, uncle to the King.

Duke of York, cousin to the King.

Earls of Salisbury, Westmoreland, and Warwick.

Archbishop of Canterbury.

Bishop of Ely.

Earl of Cambridge,

Lord Scroop,

Sir Thomas Grey,

Sir Thomas Grey,

Sir Thomas Freincher Course Flyelles Made

Sir Thomas Erpingham, Gower, Fluellen, Mackmorris, Jamy, officers in King Henry's army. Bates, Court, Williams, soldiers in the same. Nym, Bardolph, Pistol, formerly servants to

Falstaff, now soldiers in the same. Boy, servant to them. A Herald. Chorus.

Charles the Sixth, King of France.
Lewis, the Dauphin.
Dukes of Burgundy, Orleans, and Bourbon.
The Constable of France.
Rambures, and Grandpree, French Lords.
Governor of Harfleur. Mountjoy, a French
Herald.

Ambassadors to the King of England.

Isabel, Queen of France. Kathavine, daughter of Charles and Isabel. Alice, a Lady attending on the Princess Katharine. Quickly, Pistol's wife, an hostess.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, French and Englis Soldiers, Messengers, and Attendants.

The SCENE, at the beginning of the play, I'm England; but afterwards, wholly in Fra-

#### Enter CHORUS.

O, for a muse of fire, that would ascend The brightest heaven of invention!

A kingdom for a stage, Princes to act,
And Monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars; and, at his heels,
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword,
and fire,

Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles all,

The flat unraised spirit, that hath dar'd, On this unworthy scaffold, to bring forth So great an object: Can this cockpit hold The vasty fields of France? or may we cram. Within this wooden O, the very casques. That did affright, the air at Agincourt? O, pardon! since a crooked figure may Attest, in little place, a million; And let us, cyphers to this great accompt. On your imaginary forces work: Suppose, within the girdle of these walls Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies, Whose high upreared and abutting fronts The perilous, narrow ocean parts asunder. Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts; Into a thousand parts divide one man, And make imaginary puissance:

Think, when we talk of horses, that y 4

Printing their proud hoofs i'the receiving For 'tis your thoughts that now must

Carry them here and there; jumping (

Turning the accomplishment of many Into an hour-glass; For the which s Admit me chorus to this history?

Who, prologue-like, your humble p Gently to hear, kindly to judge, o

## KING HE-NRY V.

## ACT L SCENE I.

London. An Antechamber in the King's Palace.

Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Bishop of Ely.

Cant. My Lord, I'll tell you, — that self bill is urg'd,
Which, in the eleventh year o' the last King's reign
Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd,
But that the scambling and unquiet time

Did push it out of further question.

Ely. But how, my Lord, shall we resist it now?

Cant. It must be thought on. If it pass against us,

We lose the better half of our possession:
For all the temporal lands, which men devout
By testament have given to the church,
Would they strip from us; being velued thus, —
As much as would maintain, to the King's
honour,

Full fifteen earls, and fifteen hundred knights; is thousand and two hundred good esquires; and, to relief of lazars, and weak age.

Of indigent faint souls, past corporal toil,
A hundred almshouses, right well supply'd;
And to the coffers of the King, beside,
A thousand pounds by the year: Thus runs the
bill.

Ely. This would drink the cup and all.

Ely. But what prevention?

Cant. The King is full of grace, and fair regard.

Ely. And a true lover of the holy church.

Cant. The courses of his youth promis'd it not.

The breath no sooner left his father's body,

But that his wildness, mortified in him,

Seem'd to die too: yea, at that very moment,

Consideration like an angel came,

And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him;

Leaving his body as a paradise,

To envelop and contain celestial spirits.

Never was such a sudden scholar made:

Never came reformation in a flood,

With such a heady current, scouring faults;

Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness

So soon did lose his seat, and all at once,

As in this King.

Ely. We are blessed in the change.

Cant. Hear him but reason in divinity,
And, all-admiring, with a inward wish
You would desire, the King were made a prelate:
Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
You would say, — it hath been all-in-all his
study:

List his discourse of war, and you shall hear A fearful battle render'd you in musick: Turn him to any cause of policy, The Gordian knot of it he will unloose, Familiar as his garter; that, when he speaks, The air, a charter'd libertine, is still, And the mute wonder lurketh in men's eara, To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences; So that the art and practick part of life Must be the mistress to this theorick: Which is a wonder, how his Grace should

glean it,
Since his addiction was to courses vain:
His companies unletter'd, rude, and shallow;
His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports;
And never noted in him any study,
Any retirement, any sequestration
From open haunts and popularity.

Ely. The strawberry grows underneath the

nettle;
And wholesome berries thrive, and ripen best,
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality:
And so the Prince obscur'd his contemplation
Under the veil of wildness; which, no doubt,
Grew like the summer-grass, fastest by night,
Unseen, yet crescive in his faculty.

Cant. Is must be so: for miracles are ceas'd; And therefore we must needs admit the means, How things are perfected.

Ely. But, my good Lord, How now for mitigation of this bill Urg'd by the commons? Doth his Majesty Incline to it, or no?

Cant. He seems indifferent;
Or, rather, swaying more upon our part,
Than cherishing the exhibiters against us:
For I have made an offer to his Majesty, —
Upon our spiritual convocation;
And in regard of causes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his Grace at large,

As touching France, - to give a greater sum Than ever at one time the clergy yet

Did to his predecessors part withal. Ely. How did this offer seem receiv'd, my

Cant. With good acceptance of his Majesty; Save, that there was not time enough to hear (As, I perceiv'd, his Grace would fain have

Lord?

done,) The severals, and unhidden passages, Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms; And, generally, the the crown and seat of France, Deriv'd from Edward, his great grandfather. What was the impediment that broke Ely.

this off? Cant. The French \ambassador, upon that instant,

Crav'd audience: and the hour, I think, is come, To give him hearing: Is't four o'clock?

Ely. It is

Then we go in, to know his embassy; Cant. Which I could, with a ready guess, declare, Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.

Ely, I'll wait upon you; and I long to hear it. [Exeunt.

#### SCENE II.

The same. A Room of State in the same,

Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, and Attendants.

K. Hen. Where is my gracious Lord of Canterbury?

Exe. Not here in presence. X. Hen. Send for him, good uncle. West. Shall we call in the ambassador, my Liege?

K. Hen. Not yet, my cousin; we would be resolv'd,

Before we hear him, of some things of weight.

That task our thoughts, concerning us and France.

Enter the Archbishop of Cantenbury, and

Bishop of ELY.

Cant. God, and his angels, guard your sacred

Cant. God, and his angels, guard your sacred throne,

And make you long become it!

K. Hen. Sure, we thank you,
My learned Lord, we pray you to proceed;
And justly and religiously unfold,
Why the law Salique, that they have in France,
Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim.
And God forbid, my dear and faithful Lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your
reading.

Or nicely charge your understanding soul With opening titles miscreate, whose right Suits not in native colours with the truth; For God doth know, how many, now in health, Shall drop their blood in approbation Of what your Reverence shall incite us to: Therefore take heed how you impawn our person, How you awake the sleeping sword of war; We charge you in the name of God take heed: For never two such kingdoms did contend, Without much fall of blood; whose guiltless drops

Are every one a woe, a sore complaint,
'Gainst him, whose wrongs give edge unto the
swords

That make such waste in brief mortality.
Under this conjuration, speak, my Lord:
And we will hear, note, and believe in heart,
That what you speak is in your conscience wash'd
As pure as sin with baptism.

Cant. Then hear me, gracious Sovereign, - and you Peers,

That owe your lives, your faith, and services. To this imperial throne; — There is no bar To make against your Highness' claim to France, But this, which they produce from Pharamond, — In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant, No woman shall succeed in Salique land: Which Salique Land the French unjustly gloze, To be the realm of France, and Pharamond The founder of this law and female bar. Yet their own authors faithfully affirm, That the land Salique lies in Germany, Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe: Where Charles the great, having subdued the Saxons,

There left behind and settled certain French;
Who, holding in disdain the German women,
For some dishonest manners of their life,
Establish'd there this law, — to wit, no female
Should be inheretrix in Salique land;
Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala,
Is at this day in Germany call'd — Meisen.
Thus doth it well appear, the Salique law
Was not devised for the realm of France:
Nor did the French possess the Salique land
Until four hundred one and twenty years
After defunction of King Pharamond,
Idly suppos'd the founder of this law;
Who died within the year of our redemption
Four hundred twenty-six; and Charles the gre

Subdued the Saxons, and did seat the French Beyond the river Sala, in the year Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say, King Pepin, which deposed Childerick, 1) id, as heir general, being descended Of Blitbild, which was daughter to King Clothair, Make claim and title to the crown of France. Hugh Capet also, — that usurp'd the crown Of Charles the Duke of Lorain, sole heir male Of the true line and stock of Charles the great, — To fine his title with some show of truth, (Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and maught,)

Convey'd himself as heir to the Lady Lingare, Haughter to Charlemain, who was the son To Lewis the Emperor, and Lewis the son Of Charles the great. Also King Lewis the tonth,

Who was the sole heir to the usurper Capet, Could not keep quiet in his conscience, Wearing the crown of France, till satisfy'd That fair Queen Isabel, his grandmother, Was lineal of the lady Ermengare, Daughter to Charles the foresaid Duke of Lorain: Ry the which marriage, the line of Charles the great

Was re-united to the crown of France. So that, as clear as is the summer's sun, King Popin's title, and Hugh Capets claim, King Lewis his satisfaction, all appear To hold in right and title of the female: So do the King's of France unto this day. Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law, To bar your Highness claiming from the semale;

And rather choose to hide them in a net,

Than amply to imbare their crooked titles Usurp'd from you and your progenitors.

K. Hen. May I, with right and conscience,

Cant. The sin upon my head, dread Sovereign!

For in the book of Numbers is it writ, —

When the son dies, let the inheritance

Descend unto the daughter. Gracious Lord,

Stand for your own; unwind your bloody flag;

Look back unto your mighty ancestors:

Go, my dread Lord, to your great grandsire's

tomb,

From whom you claim; invoke his warlike spirit,

And your great uncle's, Edward the black Prince;

Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy, Making defeat on the full power of France; Whiles his most mighty father on a hill Stood smiling, to behold his lion's whelp Forage in blood of French nobility.

O noble English, that could entertain With half their forces the full pride of France; And let another half stand laughing by, All out of work, and cold for action!

Ely. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,

And with your puissant arm renew their feats: You are their heir, you sit upon their throne; The blood and courage, that renowned them, Runs in your veins; and my thrice-puissant Liege Is in the very May-morn of his youth, Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprizes.

Exe, Your brother Kings and Monarchs of the

Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,

As did the former lious of your blood.

West They know your Grace hath cause and

West. They know, your Grace hath cause, and means, and might;

So hath your Highness; never king of England Had nobles richer, and more loyal subjects; Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England,

And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.

Cant. O, let their bodies follow, my dear

Liege.

With blood, and sword, and fire, to win your right:

In aid whereof, we of the spirituality
Will raise your Highness such a mighty sum,
As never did the clergy at one time
Bring in to any of your ancestors.

K. Hen. We must not only arm to invade the French;

But lay down our proportions to defend Against the Scot, who will make road upon us With all advantages.

Cant. They of those marches, gracious Sove-

Shall be a wall sufficient to detend Our inland from the pilfering borderers.

K. Hen. We do not mean the coursing snatch-

ers only,
But fear the main intendment of the Scot,
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us;
For you shall read, that my great grandfather,
Never went with his forces into France,
But that the Scot on his unfurnism'd kingdom
Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,
With ample and brim fulness of his force;
Calling the gleaned land with hot essays;



#### KING HENRY V.

Girding with grievous siege castles, and towns; That England, being empty of defence, Hath shook, and trembled at the ill-neighbourhood.

Cant. She hath been then more fear'd than harm'd, my Liege:

For hear her but exampled by herself, — When all her chivalry bath been in France, And she a mourning widow of her nobles, She hath herself not only well defended, But taken, and impounded as a stray, The King of Scots; whom she did send to France,

To fill Kiug Edward's fame with prisoner Kings; And make your chronicle as rich with praise, As is the coze and bottom of the sea With sunken wreck and sumless treasuries.

West. But there's a saying, very old and true, —

If that you will France win,
Then with Scotland first begin:
For once the Eagle Eugland being in prey,
To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot
Comes sucaking, and so sucks her princely eggs;
Playing the mouse, in absence of the cat,
To spoil and havock more than she can eat.

Exe. It follows then, the cat must stay at home:

Yet that is but a curs'd necessity.
Since we have locks to safeguard necessaries,
And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.
While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
The advised head defends itself at home:
For government, though high, and low, and
lower,

Put into parts; doth keep in one concent;

Congruing in a full and natural close, Like snusick.

Cant. True: therefore doth heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion;
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obediemee: for so work the honey bees;
Creatures, that, by a rule in nature, teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a King and officers of sorts:
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home;
Others, like merchants, verture trade abroad;
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds;
Which pillage they with merry march bring
home

To the tent-royal of their Emperor: Who, busy'd in his Majesty, surveys The singing masons building roofs of gold; The civil citizens kneading up the honey; The poor mechanick porters crowding in Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate; The sad-ey'd justice, with his surly hum, Delivering o'er to executors pale The lazy yawning drone. I this infer, -That many things, having full reference To one concent, may work contrariously: As many arrows, loosed several ways, Fly to one mark; As many several ways meet in one town; As many fresh streams run in one self sea; As many lines close in the dial's center; So may a thousand actions, once afoot, End in one purpose, and be all well borne Without defeat. Therefore to France, my Liege. Divide your happy England into four;

# KING HENRY V.

edf take you one quarter into France, you withal shall make all Gallia shake. you with thrice that Power left at home, not defend our own door from the dog, us be worried; and our nation lose

K. Hen. Call in the messengers sent from the

Exit an Attendant. The King ascends

K

mI 15

Τb

Now are we well resolv'd: and, by God's help; And yours, the noble sinews of our power, France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe, Or break it all to pieces: Or there we'll sit, Or preak it air to preces; or there we is sit, Ruling, in large and ample almost kingly dukes.

O'er France, and all her down.

Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn thems.
Tombless, with no remembrance over thems.
Either our history shall, with full mouth, Speak freely of our acts; or else our grave, Speak Turkish mute, shall have a tongueler

Not worship'd with a waxen epitaph.

Enter AMBASSADORS of France.

Now we are well prepar'd to know the pleas Your greeting is from him, not from the Amb. May it please your Majesty, to f

Freely to render what we have in charg Or shall we sparingly show you far of The Dauphin's meaning, and our emi

K. Hen. We are no tyrant, but a Christian King;

Unto whose grace our passion is as subject,
As are our wretches fetter'd in our prisons:
Therefore, with frank and with uncurbed plainness.

Tell us the Dauphin's mind.

Amb. Thus then, in few,

Your Highness, lately sending into France, Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right Of your great predecessor, King Edward the third.

In answer of which claim, the Prince our master

Says, — that you sayour too much of your youth;

And bids you be advis'd, there's nought in France,

That can be with a nimble galliard won;
You cannot revel into dukedoms there:
He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit,
This tun of treasure; and, in lieu of this,
Desires you, let the dukedoms, that you claim,
Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin speaks.

K. Hen. What treasure, uncle?

Exe. Tennis-balls, my Liege,

K. Hen. We are glad, the Dauphin is so pleasant with us;

His present, and your pains, we thank you for: When we have match'd our rackets to these ball's,

We will, in France, by God's grace, play a set, Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard. Tell him, he hath made a match with such wrangler,

Voz. X.

That all the courts of France will be distarted With chaces. And we understand him well, How he comes o'er us with our wilder days, Not measuring what use we made of them. Not measuring what use we make of Lugland;
We never valu'd this poor seat of England;
And therefore, living hence, did give ourself
To barbarous licence; As its ever common, To parparous necesses, As us ever common,
That men are merriest when they are from

But tell the Dauphin, - I will keep my states Be like a King, and show my sail of greatness, When I do rouse me in my throne of France: For that I have laid by my majesty, And plodded like a man for working-days; But I will rise there with so full a glory, But I will dazzle all the eyes of France, Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us And tell the pleasant Prince, — this mock of his And terr the pressant 1 rince, — this mock of and Hash turn'd his balls to gun-stones; and his soul Shall stand sore charged for the wasteful vengeance That shall fly with them: for a many thousand

Shall this his mock mock out of their dear hu

Mock mothers from their sons, mock castl

And some are yet ungotten, and unborn, That shall have cause to curse the Dauphi

But this lies all within the will of God, To whom I do appeal; And in whose name, Tell you the Dauphin, I am coming ou, To venge me as I may, and to put forth My rightful hand in a well-hallow d cause. So, get you hence in peace; and tell the Day His jest will savour but of shallow wit,

When thousands weep, more than did laugh at it. —

Convey them with safe conduct. — Fare you well.

[Excunt Ambassadors.

Exe. This was a merry message.

K. Hen. We hope to make the sender blush at it.

[Descends from his thrope.]

Therefore, my Lords, omit no happy hour,

That may give furtherance to our expedition:

For we have now no thought in us, but France;

Save those to God, that run before our business.

Therefore, let our proportions for these wars

Be soon collected; and all things thought upon,

That may, with reasonable swiftness, add

More feathers to our wings; for, God before,

We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door,

Therefore, let every man now task his thought,

That this fair action may on foot be brought.

[Excunt.

## ACT II.

#### Enter CHORUS.

Cho. Now all the youth of England are on fire, And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies; Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought Reigns solely in the breast of every man: They sell the passure now, to buy the horse; Following the mirror of all Christian Kings, With winged heels, as English Mercuries.

For now sits Expectation in the air; And hides a sword, from hilts unto the point, With crowns imperial, crowns, and coronets. Promis'd to Harry, and his followers. The French, advis'd by good intelligence Of this most dreadful preparation, Shake in their fear; and with pale policy Seek to divert the English purposes. O England! - model to thy inward greatness. Like little body with a mighty heart, -What might'st thou do, that honour would thee do, Were all thy children kind and natural! But see thy fault! France hath in thee found out A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills. With treacherous crowns: and three corrupted men,

One, Richard Earl of Cambridge; and the second. Henry Lord Scroop of Masham; and the third. Sir Thomas Grey Knight of Northumberland .. Have, for the gilt of France, (O guilt indeed!) Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France; And by their hands this grace of Kings must die, (If hell and treason hold their promises.) Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton. Linger your patience on; and well digest The abuse of distance, while we force a play. The sum is paid; the traitors are agreed: The King is set from London; and the scene Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton: There is the playhouse now, there must you sit: And thence to France shall we convey you safe, And bring you back, charming the narrow seas

We'll not offend one stomach with our play.
But, till the King come forth, and not till then,
Unto Southampton do we shift our scene. [Exit.

To give you gentle pass; for, if we may,

# SCENE I.

The same. Eastcheap.

Enter Nym and BARDOLPH.

Bard. Well met, corporal Nym.

Nym. Good morrow, lieutenant Bardolph.

Bard. What, are ancient Pistol and you friends yet?

Nym. For my part, I care not: I say little; but when time shall serve, there shall be smiles; — but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight; but I will wink, and hold out mine iron: It is a simple one; but what though? it will toast cheese; and it will endure cold as another man's sword will: and there's the humour of it.

Bard. I will bestow a breakfast, to make you friends; and we'll be all three sworn brothers to France: let it be so, good cornoral Nym.

France; let it be so, good corporal Nym. Nym. 'Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the certain of it? and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may: that is my rest, that is the rendezvous of it.

Bard. It is certain, corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly: and, certainly, she did you

wrong; for you were troth-plight to her.

Nym. I cannot tell; things must be as they may: men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time; and, some say, knives have edges. It must be as it may: though patience be a tired mare, yet she will plod. There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell.

Enter Pistor and Mrs. Quickly.

Bard. Here comes ancient Pistol, and his wife:

- good corporal, be patient here. - How now, mine host Pistol?

Pist. Base tike, call'st thou me — host? Now, by this hand I swear, I scorn the term; Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

Quick. No, by my troth, not long: for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen, that live honestly by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdyhouse straight. (Nym draws his sword.) O welladay, Lady, if he be not drawn now! O Lord! here's corporal Nym's—now shall we have wilful adultery and murder committed. Good lieutenant Bardolph,—good corporal, offer nothing here.

Nym. Pish!

Pist. Pish for thee, Iceland dog! thou prickear'd our of Iceland!

Quick. Good corporal Nym, show the valour of a man, and put up thy sword.

Nym. Will you shog off? I would have you solus. [Sheathing his sword,

Pist. Solus, egregious dog? O viper vile!
The solus in thy most marvellous face;
The solus in thy teeth, and in thy throat,
And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy;
And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth!
I do retort the solus in thy bowels:
For I can take, and Pistol's cock is up,
And flashing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not Barbason; you cannot conjure me, I have an humour to knock you indifferently well: If you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier, as I may, in fair terms: if you would walk off, I would prick your guts a little, in good terms, as I may; and that's the humour of it.

Pist. O braggard vile, and damned fugious wight!

The grave deth gape, and doting death is near; Therefore exhale. [PISTOL and NYM draw.

Therefore exhale. [PISTOL and NYM draw.

Bard. Hear me, hear me what I say: — he
that strikes the first stroke, I'll run him up to
the hilts, as I am a soldier. [Draws.

Pist. An oath of mickle might; and fury shall abate,

Give me thy fist, thy forefoot to me give; The spirits are most tall.

Nym. I will cut thy throat, one time or other, in fair terms; that is the humour of it.

Pist. Coupe le gorge, that's the word? - I

thee defy again.
O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get?

No; to the spital go,
And from the powdering tub of infamy
Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind,
Doll Tear-sheet she by name, and her espouse:
I have, and I will hold, the quondam Quickly
For the only she; and — Pauca, there's enough.

#### Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master, — and you, hostess; he is very sick, and would to hed. — Good Bardolph, put thy nose between his sheets, and to the office of a warming -pan: 'faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away, you rogue.

Quick. By my woth, he'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days: the King hath kill'd his heart. — Good husband, come home presently.

[Execute Mrs. Quickly and Box.]



٠,

#### KING HENRY V.

Burd. Come, shall I make you two friends? We must to France together; Why, the devil, should we keep knives to cut the another's throats?

Pist. Let floods o'erswell, and fiends for food howl on!

Nym. You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at betting?

Pist. Base is the slave that pays.

Nym. That now I will have; that's the humour of it.

Pist. As manhood shall compound; Push borne.

Bard. By this sword, he that makes the first
thrust, I'll kill him; by this sword, I will.

Pist. Sword is an oath, and oatha must have their course,

Bard. Corporal Nym, an thou wilt he friends, be friends: an thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me too. Pr'ythee, put up.

Nym. I shall have my eight shillings, I won

of you at betting?

Pist. A noble shalt thou have, and present pay; And liquor likewise will I give to thee, And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood: I'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me;—Is not this just?—for I shall sutler be Unto the camp, and profits will accrue. Give me thy hand.

Nym. I shall have my noble?

Pist. In cash most justly paid.

Nym. Well then, that's the humour of it.

# Re-enter Mrs. Quickly.

Quick. As ever you came of women, come in quickly to sir John: Ah, poor heart! he is so shaked of a burning quotidian tertian, that it is

most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

-Nym. The King hath run bad humours on the

knight, that's the even of it.

Pioc. Nym, thou hast spoke the right;

His heart is fracted, and corroborate.

Nym. The King is a good King: but it must be as it may; he passes some humours, and careers.

Pist. Let us condole the knight; for, lambkins, we will live. [Excunt.

#### SCENE II.

Southempton. A Council - Chamber.

Enter Exeren, Bedford, and Westmoreland.

Bed. 'Fore God, his Grace is bold, to trust these traitors.

. Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by. West. How smooth and even they do bear

themselves! As if allegiance in their bosoms sat,

Crowned with faith, and constant loyalty.

Bed. The King hath note of all that they intend,

By interception which they dream not of.

Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow, Whom, he hath cloy'd and grac'd with princely favours, -

That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell His sovereign's life to death and treachery!

Trumpet sounds. Enter King HENRY, SCROOP, CAMBRIDGE, GREY, Lords, and Attendants.

K. Hen. Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard.

My Lord of Cambridge, - and my kind Lord of Masham, -

And you, my gentle Knight, give me your thoughts:

Think you not, that the powers we bear with us, Will cut their passage through the force of France; Doing the execution, and the act, For which we have in head assembled them?

For which we have in head assembled them?

Scroop. No doubt, my Liege, if each man do
his best.

K. Hen. I doubt not that; since we are well persuaded,

We carry not a heart with us from hence, That grows not in a fair consent with ours; Nor leave not one behind, that doth not wish Success and conquest to attend on us,

Cam. Never was Monarch better fear'd, and lov'd,

Than is your Majesty; there's not, I think, a subject,

That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness Under the sweet shade of your government.

Grey. Even those, that were your father's enemies,

Have steep'd their galls in honey; and do serve you

With hearts create of duty and of zeal.

K. Hen. We therefore have great cause of thankfulness;

And shall forget the office of our hand,
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit,
According to the weight and worthiness,
Scroop, So service shall with steeled sinews

Scroop. So service shall with steeled sinew toil;

And labour shall refresh itself with hope, . To do your Grace incessant services.

# KING HENRY

K. Hen. We judge no less .- Uncle of Exeter Enlarge the man committed yesterday, That rail'd against our person: we consider, It was excess of wine that set him on; And, on his more advice, we pardon him. Scroop. That's mercy, but too much security: Let him be punish'd, Sovereign; lest example Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a kind. K. Hen. O, let us yet be merciful. Cam. So may your Highness, and yet punish too. Grey. Sir, you show great mercy, if you give

After the taste of much correction. R. Hen. Alas, your too much love and care

Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch. If little faults, proceeding on distemper, Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch

When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and

Appear before ua? - We'll yet enlarge that man, 

And tender preservation of our person,

Vho are the late commissioners? And now to our French causes; Cam. I one, my Lord; our Highness bade me ask for it to-day. Scroop. So did you me, my Liege. Grey. And me, my royal Sovereign. K. Hen. Then, Richard, Earl of Cambridge,

re yours, Lord Scroop of Masham; - and,



#### KING HENRY V.

Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours:— Read them; and know, I know your worthiness.— My Lord of Westmoreland,—and uncle Exeter,— We will aboard to-night.— Why, how now Gentlemen?

What see you in those papers, that you lose So much complexion? — look ye, how they change!

Their cheeks are paper. - Why, what read you there,

That hath so cowarded and chas'd your blood Out of appearance?

Cam. I do confess my fault;

28

And do submit me to your Highness' mercy.

Grey. Scroop. To which we all appeal.

K. Hen. The mercy, that was quick in us but

By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd: You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,

As dogs upon their masters, worrying them. — See you, my Princes, and my noble Peers, These English monsters! My Lord of Cambridge

These English monsters! My Lord of Cambrid here, — You know, how apt our love was, to accord

To furnish him with all appertinents
Belonging to his honour; and this man
Hath, for a few light crowns; lightly conspir'd
And sworn unto the practices of France,
To kill us here in Hampton: to the which,
This kuight — no less for bounty bound to us.
Than Cambridge is, — bath likewise sworn. —

But O!
What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop; thou
cruel,

Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature!

at didst bear the key of all my counsels, w'st the very bottom of my soul, ost might'st have coin'd me into gold, thou have practis'd on me for thy use? e possible, that foreign hire it of thee extract one spark of evil, ht annoy my finger? 'tis so strange, ough the truth of it stands off as gross from white, my eye will scarcely see it. and marder, ever kept together, oke-devils sworn to either's purpose, so grossly in a natural cause, siration did not whoop at them: , 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in to wait on treason, and on murder: tsoever cunning fiend it was, aught upon thee so preposterously, the voice in hell for excellence: r devils, that suggest by treasons, and bungle up dainnation ches, colours, and with forms being

fetch'd
stering semblances of piety;
that temper'd thee, bade thee stand up,
se no instance why thou should'st do
treason,

ne daemon, that hath gull'd thee thus, ith his lion gait walk the whole world, return to vasty Tartar back, the legions—I can never win easy as that Englishman's. hast thou with jealousy infected these of affiance! Show men dutiful? didst thou: Come they grave and learned?

Why, so didst thou: Seem they religious? Why, so didst thou: Or are they spare in dier; Free from gross passion, or of mirth, or anger; Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood; Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement; Not working with the eye, without the ear, And, but in purged judgement, trusting neither? Such, and so finely boulted, ditst shou seem: And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot, To mark the full-fraught man, and best indued, With some suspicion. I will weep for thee; For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like Another fall of man. — Their faults are open, Arrest them to the answer of the law;—Arrest them to the answer of the law;—

Exe. I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Richard Earl of Cambridge.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Henry Lord Scroop of Masham.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Thomas Grey, Knight of Northumberland.

Scroop. Our purposes God justly hath disco-

ver'd;
And I repent my fault, more than my death;
Which I beseech your Highness to forgive,
Although my body pay the price of it.

Cam. For me, - the gold of France did not seduce;

Although I did admit it as a motive, The sooner to effect what I intended: But God be thanked for prevention; Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice, Beseeching God, and you, to pardon me.

Grey. Never did faithful subject more rejoice At the discovery of most dangerous treason, Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,

Prevented from a damned enterprize:
My fault, but not my body, pardon, Sovereign.
K. Hen. God quit you in his mercy! Hear

your sentence.

You have conspir'd against our royal person,
Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his
coffers

Receiv'd the golden earnest of our death;
Wherein you would have sold your King to slaughter,

His Princes and his Peers to servitude,
His subjects to oppression and contempt,
And his whole kingdom unto desolation.
Touching our person, seek we no revenge;
But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,
Whose ruin you three sought, that to her laws
We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,
Poor miserable wretches, to your death:
The taste whereof, God, of his mercy, give you
Patience to endure, and true repentance
Uf all your dear offences! — Bear them hence.

[Exeunt Conspirators, guarded.
Now, Lords, for France; the enterprize whereof
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.
We doubt not of a fair and lucky war;
Since God so graciously hath brought to light
This dangerous treason, lurking in our way,
To hinder our beginnings, we doubt not now,
But every rub is smoothed on our way,
Then, forth, dear countrymen; let us deliver
Our puissance into the hand of God,
Putting it straight in expedition.
Cheerly to sea; the signs of war advance:
No King of England, if not King of France.

Execut.

SCENE III.

London. Mrs. Quickly's House in Enter Pistol, Mrs. Quickly, Nys and Boy.

Quick. Pr'ythee, honey-sweet | me bring thee to Staines.

Pist. No; for my manly heart do Bardolph, be blith; — Nym, rous ing veins;

Boy , bristle thy courage up : for ]

And we must yern therefore.

Bard. 'Would, I were with ! some'er he is, either in heaven, or Quick. Nay, sure, he's not in Arthur's bosom, if ever man wen bosom. 'A made a finer end, and an it had been any christom child;' just between twelve and one, e'e o'the tide : for after I saw him fum sheets, and play with flowers, and his fingers' cuds, I knew there way; for his nose was as sharp as a babbled of green fields. How nov quoth I: what, man! be of good o cried out - God, God, God! t times: now I, to comfort him, should not think of God: I hoped no need to trouble himself wit thoughts yet: So, 'a bade me lay : on his feet: I put my hand into the felt them, and they were as cold then I felt to his knees, and so upward, and all was as cold as an

#### KING HENRY V.

Nym. They say, he cried out of sack. Quick. Ay, that a' did.

Bard, And of women.

Quick. Nay, that a' did not.

Boy. Yes, that 'a did; and said, they devils incarnate.

Quick. 'A could never abide carnation; a colour he never lik'd.

Boy. 'A said once, the devil would hav

about women.

Quick. 'A did in some sort, indeed, h
women: but then he was rheumatick; and
of the whore of Babylon.

Boy. Do you not remember, 'a saw a stick upon Bardolph's nose; and 'a said, a black soul burning in hell-fire?

Bard. Well, the fuel is gone, that I tain'd that fire: that's all the riches I got service.

Nym. Shall we shog off? the King we gone from Southampton.

Pist. Come, let's away. — My love, gir

thy lips.

Look to my chattels, and my moveables:
Let senses rule; the word is, Pitch and pa

Trust none;
For oaths are straws, men's faiths are veckes,

And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck; Therefore, caveto be thy counsellor. Go, clear thy chrystals.— Yoke-fellows in Let us to France! like horse-leeches, my h To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck.

Boy. And that is but unwholesome foo

Pist. Touch her soft mouth, and my

NG HENRY

[Kissing her. en, nostess. the humour of it;

Jousewifery appear; keep close, I Excunt.

rewell; adieu.

w.

A room in the French King's Paluce.

French King attended; the Dauphin, ike of Burgun DY; the Constable, and

(ing. Thus come the English with full

ore than carefully it us concerns, swer regard an our occurres.

fore the Dukes of Berry, and of Bretagne, rore me nunce or nerry, and we forth, rabant, and of Orleans, shall make forth, and on the property of the pro you, Prince I) suphin, with all swife des-

line, and new repair, our towns of war,

th men of courage, and with means defendant: r England his approaches makes as fierce,

waters to the sucking of a gulf. in us then, to be as provinced examples is fear may teach us, out of late examples left by the fatal and neglected English

Dau. My most redoubted father, Upon our fields.

It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe: For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom ror peace usen should not so dult a singuom quarrel, were But that defences, musters, preparations, Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected, As were a war in expectation.

Therefore, I say, 'tis meet we all go forth, 'To view the sick and feeble parts of France: And let us do it with no shew of fear; No, with no more, than if we heard that England Were busied with a Whitsun morris-dance: For, my good Liege, she is so idly king'd, 'Her scepter so fantastically borne By a vain, giddy, shallow, humourous youth, That fear attend her not.

Con. O peace, Prince Dauphin!
You are too much mistaken in this King:
Question your Grace the late ambassadors,—
With what great state he heard their embassy,
How well supplied with noble counsellors,
How modest in exception, and, withal,
How terrible in constant resolution,—
And you shall find, his vanities forespent
Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,
Coyering discretion with a coat of folly;
As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots
That shall first spring, and he most delicate.
Dau. Well, 'tis not so, my Lord high Con-

stable,
Cut though we think it so, it is no matter:
In cases of defence, 'tis best to weigh
The enemy more mighty than he seems,
So the proportions of defence are fill'd;
Which, of a weak and niggardly projection,
Doth, like a miser, spoil his coat, with scanting
A little cloth.

Fr. King. Think we King Harry strong; ad, Princes, look, you strongly arm to meet him.

The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us; And he is bred out of that bloody strain, That haunted us in our familiar paths: Witness our too much memorable shaine, When Gressy battle fatally was struck,
And all our Princes captiv'd, by the hand Of that black name, Edward black Prince of

Whiles that his mountain sire, - on mountain

. Up in the sir, crown'd with the golden sun, Up in the air, crown a with the source san, Saw his heroical seed, and smil'd, to see him Mangle the work of nature, and deface mangie the work of nature, and detace
The patterns that by God and by French fathers
Had twenty years been made.
This is a stem Of that victorious stock; and let us fear The native mightiness and fate of him.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Ambassadors from Henry King of Eng-

Do erave admittance to your Majesty.

Fr. King. We'll give them present andience.

[Exeunt Mess. and certain Lords. You see, this chase is hotly follow'd, friends. Dau. Turn head, and stop pursuit: for cow

Most spend their months, when what they see

Runs far before them. Good my Sovereign, Take up the English short; and let them kno Of what a monarchy you are the head: Self-love, my Liege, is not so vile a sin, As self-neglecting.

Re-enter Lords, with Exerer and train, Fr. King. From our brother England? Exe. From him; and thus he greets your Ma-

Jesty.

He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,
That you divest yourself, and lay apart
The borrow'd glories, that, by gift of heaven,
By law of nature, and of nations, 'long
To him, and to his heirs: namely, the crown,
And all wide-stretched honours that pertain,
By custom and the ordinance of times,
Unto the crown of France. That you may know,
'Tis no sinister, nor no aukward claim,
Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd
days,

Nor from the dust of old oblivion rak'd, He sends you this most memorable line, [Gives a paper.

In every branch truly demonstrative;
Willing you, overlook this pedigree:
And, when you find him evenly deriv'd
From his most fam'd of famous ancestors,
dward the third, he bids yon then resign
our crown and kingdom, indirectly held
rom him the native and true challenger.

Fr. King. Or else what follows?

Exc. Bloody constraint! for if you hide the

en in your hearts, there will he rake for it:

d therefore in fierce tempest is he coming,
thunder, and in earthquake, like a Jove;
at, if requiring fail, he will compel;
bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,
er up the crown: and to take mercy
poor souls, for whom this hungry was



#### KING HENRY V.

Opens his vasty jaws: and on your head Turns he the widows' tears, the orphan's cries, The dead men's blood, the pining smaidens' groans,

For husbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers, That shall be swallow'd in this controversy. This is his claim, his threat'ning, and my message;

Unless the Dauphin be in presence here, To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

Fr. King. For us, we will consider of this further:

To-morrow shall you bear our full intent Back to our brother of England.

Dau. For the Dauphin,

38

I stand here for him; What to him from England?

Exe. Scorn, and defiance; slight regard, contempt,

And any thing that may not misbecome
The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.
Thus says my King: and, if your father's Highness
Do not, in grant of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his Majesty,
He'll call you to so hot an answer for it,
That caves and womby vaultages of France
Shall chide your trespass, and return your mock
In second accent of his ordnance.

Dau. Say, if my father render fair reply, It is against my will: for I desire
Nothing but odds with England; to that end, As matching to his youth and vanity,
I did present him with those Paris balls.

Exe. He'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it,

Were it the mistress court of mighty Europe:

And, be assur'd, you'll find a difference, (As we, his subjects, have in wonder found,) Between the promise of his greener days, And these he masters now; now he weighs time, Even to the utmost grain; which you shall read In your own losses, if he stay in France.

Fr. King. To-morrow shall you know our mind at full.

Exc. Despatch us with all speed, lest that our King

Come here himself to question our delay; For he is footed in this land already.

Fr. King. You shall be soon despatch'd, with fair conditions:

A night is but small breath, and little pause, To answer matters of this consequence. [Exeunt.

#### ACT III.

## Enter Charus.

Cho. Thus with imagin'd wing our swift seems

In motion of no less celerity
Than that of thought. Suppose, that you have seen.
The well-appointed King at Hampton pier
Embark his royalty; and his brave flect
With silken streamers the young Phochus fanning.
Play with your fancies; and in them behold,
Upon the hempen tackle, shiphoys climbing:
Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give'
To sounds confus'd: behold the threaden sails,
Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottems through the farrow'd sees,

Breasting the lofty surge: O, do but think,
You stand upon the rivage, and behold
A city on the inconstant hillows dancing;
For so appears this fleet majestical,
Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow!
Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy;
And leave your England, as dead midnight still,
Guarded with grandsires, babies, and old women,
Either past, or not arriv'd to, pith and puissance;
For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd
With one appearing hair, that will not follow
These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to

Work, work, your thoughts, and therein see a siege:

Behold the ordnance on their carriages, With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur, Suppose, the ambassador from the French comes back;

Tells Harry — that the King doth offer him Katharine his daughter; and with her, to dowry, Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms. The offer likes not: and the nimble gunner With linstock now the devilish cannon touches,

[Alarum; and chambers go off.

And down goes all before them. Still be kind,

And eke out our performance with your mind.

[Exit.

#### SCENE I.

The same. Before Harfleur,

Alarums. Enter King HENRY, EXETER, BED-FORD, GLOSTER, and Soldiers, with scaling ladders.

K. Hen. Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;

Or close the wall up with our English dead! In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man, As modest stillness, and humility; But when the blast of war blows in our ears, Then imitate the action of the tyger; Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood, Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage: Then lend the eye a terrible aspect; Let it pry through the portage of the head, Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it, As fearfully, as doth a galled rock O'erhang and jutty his confounded base, Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean. Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide; Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit To his full height! - On, on, you noblest

English,
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof!
Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,
Have, in these parts, from morn till even fought,
And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument.
Dishonour not your mothers; now attest,
That those, whom you call'd fathers, did beget
you!

Be copy now to men of grosser blood, And teach them how to war! — And you, good

Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding: which I
doubt not;

For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot;
Follow your spirit: and, upon this charge,

Cry — God for Harry! England! and saint George! [Excunt. Alarum, and chambers go off.

#### SCENE II.

The same.

Forces pass over; then enter NYM, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, and Boy.

Bard. On, on, on, on! to the breach, to the breach!

Nym. 'Pray the, corporal, stay; the knocks are too hol; and, for mine own part, I have not a case of lives: the humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain-song of it.

" Pist. The plain-song is most just; for humours do abound;

Knocks go and come; God's vassals drop and die;
And sword and shield,
In bloody field,

Doth win'immortal same.

Boy. Would I were in an alchouse in London! I would give all my fame for a pot of ale, and safety,

Pist. And I:

If wishes would prevail with me, My purpose should not fail with me, But thither would I hie.

Boy. As duly, but not as truly, as bird doth sing on bough.

#### Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Got's plood!— Up to the preaches, you rescals! will you not up to the preaches?
[Driving them forward

Pist. Be mcrciful, great Duke, to men of mould!

Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage!
Abate thy rage, great Duke!
Good bawcock, bate thy rage! use lenity, sweet
chuck!

Nym. These be good humours! — you Honour wins bad humours.

[Excunt Nym, Pistol, and Bardolph, followed by Fluellen.

Boy. As young as I am, I have observed these three swashers. I am boy to them all three: but all they three, though they would serve me, could not be a man to me; for, indeed, three such anticks do not amount to a man. For Bardolph, - he is white-liver'd, and red-faced; by the means whereof, 'a faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol, - he hath a killing tongue, and a quiet sword; by the means whereof, 'a breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For Nym, - he hath heard, that men of few words are the best men; and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest 'a should be thought a coward: but his few bad words are match'd with as few good deeds; for 'a never broke any man's head but his own; and that was against a post, when he was drunk. They will steal any thing, and call it, — purchase. Bardolph stole a lute-case; bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three halfpence, Nym, and Bardolph are sworn brothers in filching; and in Calais they stole a fire-shovel; I knew, by that piece of service, the men would carry coals. They would have me as familiar with men's pockets, as their gloves or their undkerchiefs: which makes much against my



#### 44 'KING HENRY V

manhood, if I should take from another's pocket, to put into mine; for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some better service: their villainy goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up.

[Ex/t Boy.

### Re-enter Fluellen, Gower following.

Gow. Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines; the Duke of Gloster would

speak with you.

Flu. To the mines! tell you the Duke, it is not so good to come to the mines: For, look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the war; the concavities of it is not sufficient; for, look you, th' athversary (you may discuss unto the Duke, look you,) is digt himself four yards under the countermines: by Cheshu, I think, 'a will plow up all, if there is not better directions.

Gow. The Duke of Gloster, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irishman; a very valiant gentleman, i'faith.

Flu. It is captain Macmorris, is it not?

Gow. I think it be.

Flu. By Cheshu, he is an ass, as in the 'orld: I will verify as much in his peard: he has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puggy-dog.

Enter MACMORRIS and JAMY, at a distance.

Cow. Here 'a comes; and the Scots captain, captain Jamy, with him.

Flu. Captain Jamy is a marvellous falorous sentleman, that is certain; and of great expedi-

tion, and knowledge, in the ancient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions; by Cheshu, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the 'orld, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans.

Jamy. I say, gud-day, Captain Fluellen.

Flu. God-den to your Worship, goot Captain

Jamy.

Gow. How, now, captain Macmorris? have you quit the mines? have the pioneers given o'er?

Mao. By Chrish la, tish ill done: the work ish give over, the trumpet sound the retreat. By my hand, I swear, and by my father's soul, the work ish ill done; it ish give over: I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save me, la, in an hour. O, tish ill done, tish ill done; by my hand, tish ill done!

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I peseech you now, will you vontsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; parily, to satisfy my opinion, and partly, for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military discipline; that is the point.

Jamy. It sall be very gud, gud feith, gud Captains bath: and I sall quit you with gud leve, as I may pick occasion; that sall I, marry.

Mac. It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save me: the day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the king, and the Dukes; it is no time to discourse. The town is beseech'd, and the trumpet calls us to the breach; and we talk, and, by Chrish, do nothing; 'tis shame for us

all: so God sa'me, 'tis shame to stand still; it is shame, by my hand, and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done; and there ish

nothing done, so Chrish sa' me, la.

Jamy. By the mess, ere theise eyes of mine take themselves to slumber, aile do gude service, or aile ligge i'the grund for it; ay, or go to death; and aile pay it as valorously as I may, that sal I surely do, that is the breff and the long: Mary, I wad full fain heard some question 'tween you 'tway.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of

your nation---

Mac. Of my nation? What ish my nation? ish alvillain, and a hastard, and a knave, and a rascal? What ish my nation? Who talks of my nation?

Flu. Look you, if you take the matter other-wise than is meant, Captain Macmorris, peradventure, I shall think you do not use me with that affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you; being as goot a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of wars, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

Mac. I do not know you so good a man as myself: so Chrish save me, I will cut off your

head.

Gow. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

Jamy. Au! that's alfoul fault.

[ A parley sounded.

Gow. The town sounds a parley.

Fin. Captain Macmorris, when there is more better opportunity to be required, look you,

will be so bold as to tell you, I know the disciplines of war; and there's an end. 47 [ Excunt. SCENE III.

The same. Before the gates of Harfleur.

The Governour and some Citizens on the walls; the English forces below. Enter King HENRY,

K. Hen. How yet resolves the governour of This is the latest parle we will admit: Therefore, to our best mercy give yourselves; Or, like to men proud of destruction, Defy us to our worst: for, as I am a soldier, (A name, that, in my thoughts, becomes me

If I begin the battery once egain, I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur, Till in her ashes she lie buried.

The gates of mercy shall be all shut up; And, the flesh'd soldier, - rough and hard of

In liberty of bloody hand, shall range With conscience wide as hell; mowing like grass our fresh-fair virgins, and your flowering

hat is it then to me, if impions war, rray'd in flames, like to the Prince of fiends, with his smirch'd complexion, all fell feats ink'd to waste and desolation? is't to me, when you yourselves are cause.



## 48 KING HENRY V.

If your pure maidens fall into the hand Of hot and forcing violation; What rein can hold licentious wickedness, When down the hill he holds his fierce career? We may as bootless spend our vain command Upon the enraged soldiers in their spoil, As send precepts to the Leviathan To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Har-

To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harflenr,

Take pity of your town, and of your people, Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command; Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace. O'crblows the filthy and contagious clouds Of deadly murder, spoil, and villainy. If not, why, in a moment, look to see The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand Defile the locks of your shrill-shricking daughters; Your fathers taken by the silver beards, And their most reverend heads dash'd to the walls;

Your naked infants spitted upon pikes; Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confus'd

Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen. What say you? will you yield, and this avoid? Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd?

Gov. Our expectation hath this day an end, I The Dauphin, whom of succour we entreated, Returns us—that his powers are not yet ready To raise so great a siege. Therefore, dread King, We yield our town, and lives, to thy soft mercy: Enter our gates: dispose of us, and ours; For we no longer are defensible.

K. Hen. Open your gates.— Come, uncle Exeter, Go you and enter Harfleur; there remain,

baA.

And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French: Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,-The winter coming on, and sickness growing Upon our soldiers, - we'll retire to Calais. To-night in Harfleur will we be your guest; To-morrow for the march are we addrest. [Flourish. The King, &c. enter the town.

#### SCENE IV.

Rouen. A Room in the Palace.

### Enter KATHARINE and ALICE.

Kath. Alice, tu as este en Angleterre, et tu parles bien le language.

Alice. Un peu, Madame. Kath. Je te prie, m'enseignez; il faut que j'apprenne à parler. Comment appellez vous la main, en Anglois?

Alice. La main? elle est appellée, de hand. Kath. De hand. Et les doigts.

Alice. Les doigts? may foy, je oublie les doigts; mais je me souviendray. Les doigts? je pense, qu'ils sont appelle de fingres; ouy, de fingers.

Kath. La main, de hand; les doigts, de fingres. Je pense, que je suis le bon escolier. J'ay gagne deux mots d'Anglois vistement. Comment appellez vous les ongles?

Alice. Les ongles? les appellons, de nails. Kath. De nails. Escoutez; dites moy, si je

parle bien: de hand, de fingres, de nails. Alice. C'est bien dit, Madame; il est fort bon Anglois.

Kath. Dites moy en Anglois, le bras. Voz. X.

Alice. De arm , Madame.

Kath. Et le coude.

Alice. De elbow. Kath. De elbow. Je m'en faitz la repetiti de tous les mots, que vous m'avez appris c

a present.

Alice. Il est trop difficile, Madame, com je pense.

Kath. Excusez moy , Alice ; escoutez : hand, de fingre, de nails, de arm, de bilbo Alice. De elbow, Madame.

Kath. O Seigneur Dieu! je m'en oublie;

elbow. Comment appellez your le col?

Alice. De neck , Madame. Kath. De neck : Et le menton?

Alice. De chin.

Kath. De sin. Le col, de neck : le mente

Alice. Ouy. Sauf vostre honneur; en veri vous prononcez les mots aussi droict que i natifs d'Angleterre.

Kath. Je ne doute point d'apprendre par grace de Dieu; et en peu de temps.

Alice. N'avez vous pas deja oublié ce que vous ay enseignée?

Kath. Non, je reciteray à vous promptemen De hand, de fingre, de mails, Alice. De nails , Madame.

Kath. De nails, de arme, de ilbow. Alice. Sauf vostre honneur, de elbow.

Kath. Ainsi dis je; de elbow, de neck, et .

sin : Comment appellez vous le pieds et la robe Alice. De foot, madame; et de con.

Kath. De foot, et de con? O Seigneur Dies ses sons mots de son mauvais, corruptil grosse, et impudique, et non pour les do d'honneur d'user: Je ne voudrois prononcer ces mots devant les Seigneurs de France, pour tout le monde. Il faut de foot, et de con, neantmoins. Je reciterai une autre fois ma leçon ensemble: De hand, de fingre, de nails, de arm, de elbow, de neck, de sin, de foot, de con.

Alice. Excellent, Madame!

Kath. C'est assez pour une fois; allons nous
a disner.

[Exeunt.

#### SCENE V.

The same. Another Room in the same.

Enter the French King, the Dauphin, Duke of BOURBON, the Constable of France, and others.

Fr. King. 'Tis certain, he hath pass'd the river Some.

Con. And if he be not fought withal, my Lord, Let us not live in France; let us quit all, And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.

Dau. O Dieu vivant! shall a few sprays of us,—
The emptying of our fathers' luxury,
Our scions, put in wild and savage stock,
Spirt up so suddenly into the clouds,
And overlook their grafters?

Bour. Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman hastards!

Mort de ma vie! if they march along Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom, To buy a slobbery and a dirty farm. In that nook-shotten isle of Albion.

Con. Dieu de battailes! where have they this mettle?

Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull?
On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,
Killing their fruit with frowns? Cau sodden water,
A drench for sur-rein'd, jades, their barley broth,
Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?
And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,
Seem frosty? O, for honour of our land,
Let us not hang like roping icicles
Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty
people

Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields; Poor — we may call them, in their native lords.

Dau. By faith and honour,
Our madams mock at us; and plainly say,
Our mettle is bred out; and they will give
Their bodies to the lust of English youth,
To new-store France with bastard warriors.
Bour. They bid us — to the English dancing-

schools,
And teach lavoltas high, and swift corantos;
Saying, our grace is only in our heels,

And that we are most lofty runaways.

Fr. King, Where is Montjoy, the herald?

speed him hence;
Let him greet England with our sharp 'defiance. —
Up, Princes; and, with spirit of honour edg'd,
More sharper than your swords, hie to the field:
Charles De-la-bret, high Constable of France;
You Dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berry,
Alencon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy;
Jaques Chatillion, Rambures, Vaudemont,
Beaumont, Grandpré, Roussi, and Fauconberg
Foix, Lestrale, Bouciqualt, and Charolois;
High Dukes, great Princes, Barons, Lords, and

Knights,
For your great seats, now quit you of great shames

Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land With pennons painted in the blood of Harsseur: Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow Upon the vallies; whose low vassal seat The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon: Go down upon him, — you have power enough, — And in a captive charlot, into Rouen Bring him our prisoner.

Con. This becomes the great.

Sorry am I, his numbers are so few,
His soldiers sick, and famish'd in their march;
For, I am sure, when he shall see our army,
He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear,
And, for achievement, effer us his ransom.

Fr. King. Therefore, Lord Constable, haste on Montjoy;

And let him's ay to England, that we send
To know what willing ransom he will give. —
Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Rouen.
Dau. Not so, I do beseech your Majesty.
Fr. King. Be patient, for you shall remain

with us. —

Now, forth, Lord Constable, and Princes all;

And quickly bring us word of England's fall.

[Exeunt.

#### SCENE VI.

The English Camp in Picardy.

Enter Gower and Fluellen.

Gow. How now, Captain Fluellen? came you rom the bridge?

Flu. I assure you, there is very excellent serce committed at the pridge.

KING HENRY V. Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue; that then goes to the wars, to grace himself, then goes to the wars, to grave musen, eurn into London, under the form of a And such fellows are perfect in great inders' names: and they will learn you by where services were done; at such and where services were done; at such a conwho came off bravely, who was shot, who were cause on prayery, was need on; and aced, what terms the enemy stood on; ...... they con perfectly in the phrase of war, which trick up with new-tuned oaths; And what eard of the general's ont, and a horrid suit the camp, d wits, is wonderful to be though a! but you must learn to know such slander f the age, or else you may be marvellous! mistook. 1 tell you what, Captain Gower; I

perceive, he is not the man that he would gly make show to the 'orld he is: if I fir ly make show to the 'orld him my mind. [D] hole in his coat. I will tell him my mind. hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind. [D] heard.) Hark you, the King is coming; and I

speak with him from the pridge. HONRY, GLOSTER, and Soldi

a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls; - In good truth, the poet is make a most excellent description of fortune: fortune, look you, is an excellent moral.

Piet. Fortune is Eardolph's foe, and frowns on him;

For he hath stol'n a pix, and hanged must 'a be. A damued death!

Let gallows gape for dog, let man go free, And let not hemp his wind-pipe suffocate: But Exeter hath given the doom of death,

For pix of little price.
Therefore, go speak, the Duke will hear thy voice; And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut Wish edge of penny cord, and vile reproach: Speak, Captain, for his life, and I will thee

requite. Flu. Ancient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning.

Pist. Why then rejoice therefore.

Flu. Certainly, ancient, it is not a thing to rejoice at: for if, look you, he were my brother, I would desire the Duke to use his goot pleasure, and put him to executions; for disciplines ought to be used.

Pist. Die and be damn'd; and figo for they friendship!

Flu. It is well Pist. The fig of Spain!

Exit PISTOL.

Flu. Very good.

Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit raseal; I remember him now; a bawd; a cutpurse.

Flu. I'll assure you, 'a utter'd as prave 'ords at the pridge, as you shall see in a summer's day: But it is very well; what he has spoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is serve

Gow. Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue; that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himself, at his return into London, under the form of a soldier. And such fellows are perfect in great commanders' names: and they will learn you by rote, where services were done; at such and such a sconce, at such a breach, at such a convoy; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgraced, what terms the enemy stood on; and this they con perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-tuned oaths: And what a beard of the general's cut, and a horrid suit of the camp, will do among foaming bottles, and ale-wash'd wits, is wonderful to be thought on! but you must learn to know such slanders of the age, or else you may be marvellously mistook.

Flu. I tell you what, Captain Gower; — I do perceive, he is not the man that he would gladly make show to the 'orld he is: if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind. [Drum heard.] Hark you, the King is coming; and I must speak with him from the pridge.

Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, and Soldiers.

Flu. Got pless your Majesty!

K. Hen. How now, Fluellen? camest thou

from the bridge?

Flu. Ay, so please your Majesty. The Duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintain'd the pridge: the French is gone off, look you; and there is gallant and most prave passages: Marry, th'athversary was have possession of the pridge; but he is enforced to retire, and the huke of Exeter is master of the pridge: I can tell your Majest the Duke is a prave man.

K. Het. What men have you lost, Fluellen? Flue. The perdition of th'athversary hath been very great, very reasonable great: marry, for my part, I think the Duke hath lost never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church, one Bardolph, if your Majesty know the man: his face is all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs, and flames of fire; and his lips plows at his nose, and it is like to coal of fire, sometimes plue, and sometimes red; but his nose is executed, and his fire's out.

K. Hen. We would have all such offenders so cut off: — and we give express charge, that, in our marches through the country, there be nothing compelled from the villages, nothing taten but paid for; none of the French upbraided, or abused in disdainful language; For when leity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler amester is the soonest winner.

Tucket sounds. Enter MONTIOY.

Mont. You know me by my habit.

K. Hen. Well then, I know thee; What shall now of thee?

Yout. My master's mind.

C. Hen. Unfold it.

Your. Thus says my King: — Say thou to y of Eugland, Though we seemed dead, lid but sleep; Advantage is a better soldier, rashness. Tell him, we could have relibim, we could have relibim ad Harsleur; but that we thought ood to bruise an injury, till it were full — now we speak upon our cue, and our simperial: England shall repent his folly, weakness, and admire our sufferance, therefore, consider of his ransons.

## KING HENRY V.

which must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested which, in weight to re-answer, his pettiness would bow under. For our losses, his exchequer is too poor; for the effusion of our blood, the muster of his kingdoin too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his own person, kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To his add — defiance; and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounced. So far my King and master; so much my office.

K. Hen. What is thy name? I know thy quality.

Mont. Montjoy.

58

K. Hen. Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn

And tell thy King, — I do not seek him now;
But could be willing to march on to Calais.
Withouth impeachment: for, to say the sooth,
(l'hough 'tis no wisdom to confess so much
Unto an enemy of craft and vantage,)
My people are with sickness much enfeebled;
My numbers lessen'd; and those few I have,
Almost no better than so many French;
Who when they were in health, I tell thee,
herald.

I thought, upon one pair of English legs Did march three Frenchmen, — Yet, forgive me, God,

That I do brag thus! — this your air of France Hath blown that vice in me; I must repent.

Go, therefore, tell thy master, here I am;

My ransom, is this frails and worthless trunk;

My army, but a weak and sickly guard;

Yet, God before, tell him we will come on,

Though France himself, and such another neighbour,

Stand in our way. There's for thy labour,

Montjoy.

Go, bid thy master well advise himself:
If we may pass, we will; if we be hinder'd,
We shall your tawny ground with your red blood
Discolour: and so, Montjoy, fare you well.
The sum of all our answer is but this:
We would not seek a battle as we are;
Nor, as we are, we say, we will not shun it
So tell your master.

Mont. I shall deliver so. Thanks to your Highness. (Exit Montion. Glo. I hope, they will not come upon us now. K. Hen. We are in God's hand, brother, not

K. Hen. We are in God's hand, brother, in theirs.

March to the bridge; it now draws toward night: —

Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves;

And on to-morrow bid them march away.

Exeunt,

#### SCENE VII.

The French Camp near Agincourt.

Inter the Constable of France, the Lord RAM-WRES, the Duke of ORLEANS, Dauphin, and others.

Con. Tut! I have the best armour of the world, 'Would it were day!
Orl. You have an excellent armour; but let horse have his due.

7. It is the best horse of Europe.

7. Will it never be morning?

G HENRY VI

of Orleans, and my Lord high talk of borse and armour, as well provided of both, as any horse with any that treads but on the his contain his entrails. Were hairs; le cheval

nis entraits, were nairs; to chevat, Pegasus, qui d les narines de feut, ride him; I soar, when he touches it; the earth sings when he musical than or of his hoof; more musical than in of his hoof is more musical than

Hermes. Itels a fithe nutmeg. Itels a

Perseus: he is pure air and fire; and and of the heat of the gluger. elements of earth and water never appear but only in patient stillness, while his lounts him; he is, indeed, a horse; and lounts him; the is may call the beasts.

Indeed my took it is a most absolute indeed, my took it is a most absolute.

101

\*

Indeed, my Lord, it is a most absolute

W. It is the prince of palfreys; his neigh is the bidding of a monarch, and his counter

Jau. Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot, on the rising of the lark to the lodging of lank to the lodging of the lark to the lodging of lank to the lodging of on the rising of the lark to the longing of the lamb, vary deserved praise turn the sands is a theme as fluent as the sea; turn the sands are theme as fluent as the sea; to cloquent tongues, and my horse is argument on cloquent tongues, and my horse is argument ato cloquent tongues, and my norse is argument to cloquent tongues, and my norse is argument for them all: 'tis a subject for a sovereign to them and for a sovereign's sovereign and to reason on, and for the world (familiar to us, and ride on; and for the world (familiar functions and for the world (familiar functions and for the world (familiar functions and for the world (familiar functions). ride on; and for the world (lamiliar to us, and unknown,) to lay apart their particular functions and wonder at him. I once writ a sonner and wonder in his praise, and began thus: Wonder of na-

Orl, I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's

mistress.

Dau. Then did they imitate that which I composed to my courser; for my horse is my

Orl. Your mistress hears well.

Dau. Me well; which is the prescript praise and perfection of a good and particular mistress.

Con. Ma foi! the other day, nethought, your mistress shrewdly shook your back.

Dau. So perhaps, did your's.

Con. Mine was not bridled.

Dau. O! then, belike, she was old and gentle; and you rode, like a kerne of Ireland, your French hose off, and in your strait trossers. Con. You have good judgement in horsemanship.

Dau. Be warn'd by me then: they that ride so, and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs; I had

rather have my horse to my mistress.

Con. I had as lief have my mistress a jade.

Dau. I tell thee, Constable, my mistress wears her own hair.

Con, I could make as true a boast as that, if

I had a sow to my mistress.

Dan. Le chien est retourné à son propre vomissement, et la truie lavée au bourbier: thou makest use of any thing.

Con. Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress; or any such proverb, so little kin to

the purpose.

Ram. My Lord Constable, the armour, that I saw in your tent to-night, are those stars, or suns, upon it?

· Con. Stars, my Lord.

Dau. Some of them will fall to-morrow hope.

Con. And yet my sky shall not want.

Dau. That may be, for you bear a many perfluously; and 'twere more honour, some away.

Con. Even as your horse bears your prain who would trot as well, were some of your b dismounted.

Dau. 'Would, I were able to load him his desert! Will it never be day?' I will trot morrow a mile, and my way shall be powith English faces.

Con. I will not say so, for fear I should faced out of my way: But I would it were me ing, for I would fain be about the ears of English.

Ram. Who will go to hazard with me

twenty English prisoners?

Con. You must first go yourself to hazard, you have them.

Dau. 'Tis midnight, I'll go arm mys

[ E

Orl. The Dauphin longs for morning.

Ram. He longs to eat the English.

Con. I think, he will eat all he kills.

Oct. By the white hand of my lady held.

Orl. By the white hand of my lady, he's a plant Prince.

Con. Swear by her foot, that she may tr

out the oath.

Orl. He is, simply, the most active gentlen

of France.

Con. Doing is activity: and he will still doing.

Orl. He never did harm, that I heard of.

Con. Nor will do none to-morrow; he will keep that good name still.

Qrl. I know him to be valiant.

Con. I was told that, by one that knows him better than you.

Orl. What's he?

Con. Marry, he told me so himself; and he said, he cared not who knew it.

Orl. He needs not, it is no hidden virtue

in him.

Con. By my faith, Sir, but it is; never any body saw it, but his lacquey: 'tis a hooded valour; and, when it appears, it will bate.

Orl. Ill will never said well.

Con. I will cap that proverb with - There is Sattery in frieudship.

Orl. And I will take up that with - Give the

evil his due.

Con. Well placed; there stands your friend for the devil: have at the very eye of that proverb. with - A pox of the devil.

Orl. You are the hetter at proverbs, by how

much — A fool's holt is soon shot.

Con. You have shot over.

Orl. 'Tis not the first time you were overshot.

## Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lord high Constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tent.

Con. Who hath measured the ground?

Mess. The lord Grandpré. Con. A valiant and most expert gentleman. -Would it were day! - Alas, poor Harry of England! he longs not for the dawning as we do. Orl. What a wretched and peevish fellow is this King of England, to mope with his fat-brain'd followers so far out of his knowledge!

Con. If the English had any apprehension,

they would run away.

Orl. That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armour, they could never wear such heavy head pieces.

Ram. That island of England breeds very valiant creatures; their mastiffs are of unmatchable

courage.

Orl. Foolish curs! that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear, and have their heads crush'd like rotten apples: You may as well say, — that's a valiant flea, that dare eat his breakfast

on the lip of a lion.

Con. Just, just; and the men do sympathize with the mastiffs, in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives: and then give them great meals of beef, and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils.

Orl. Ay, but these English are shrewdly out

of beef.

Con. Then we shall find to-morrow — they have only stomachs to eat, and none to fight. Now is it time to arm; Come, shall we about it?

Orl. It is now two o'clock: but let me see, —
by ten,

We shall have each a hundred Englishmen.

Excunt.

## ACT\_IV.

### Enter CHORUS.

When creeping murmur, and the poring dark, Fills the wide vessel of the universe.

From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night.

The hum of either army stilly sounds, That the fix'd sentinels almost receive The secret whispers of each other's watch: Fire answers fire; and through their paly flames, Each battle sees the other's umber'd face: Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents, The armourers, accomplishing the knights. With busy hammers closing rivets up, Give dreadful note of preparation. The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll. And the third hour of drowsy morning name. Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul, The confident and over-lusty French Do the low-rated English play at dice; And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night, Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp The poor condemned So tediously away.

English,
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The morning's danger; and their gesture sad,
Investing lank-lean cheeks, and war-worn coats,
Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghosts. O, now, who will

Voz. X. behold



### KING HENRY V

66

The royal captain of this ruin'd band,
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
Let him cry — Praise and glory on his head!
For forth he goes, and visits all his host;
Bids them good morrow, with a modest smile;
And balls them — brothers, friends, and countrymen.

Upon his royal face there is no note, How dread an army hath encounded him; Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour Unto the weary and all-watched night: But freshly looks, and over-hears attaint, With cheerful semblance, and sweet majesty; That every wretch, pining and pale before, Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks: A largess universal, like the sun. His liberal eye doth give to every one, Thawing cold fear. Then, mean and gentle all, Behold, as may unworthiness define, A little touch of Harry in the night; And so our scene must to the battle fly; Where, (O for pity!) we shall much disgrace -With four or five most vile and ragged foils, Right ill dispos'd, in brawl ridiculous, -The name of Agincourt: Yet, sit and see; Minding true things, by what their mockeries be, [Exit.

## SCENE I.

The English Camp at Agincourt.

Enter King Henry, Bedford, and Gloster.

K. Hen. Gloster, 'tis true, that we are in great danger;
The greater therefore should our courage be.

Good morrow, brother Bedford. - God Almighty!

There is some soul of goodness in things evil, Would men observingly distil it out; For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers, Which is both healthful, and good husbandry: Besides, they are our outward consciences, And preachers to us all; admonishing, That we should dress us fairly for our end. Thus may we gather honey from the weed, And make a moral of the devil himself.

#### Enter ERPINGHAM.

Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham:
A good soft pillow for that good white head
Were better than a churlish turf of France.
Ren Nor so, my Liege: this lodging likes n

E'p. Not so, my Liege; this lodging likes me better,

Since I may say — now lie I like a King.

K. Hen. 'Tis good for men to love their present pains,

Upon example; so the spirit is eased:
And, when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt,
The organs, though defunct and dead before,
Break up their drowsy grave, and newly move
With casted slough and fresh legerity.
Lend me thy closk, Sir Thomas. — Brothers
both,

Commend me to the Princes in our camp; no my good morrow to them; and, anon, Desire them all to my pavilion.

Glo. We shall, my Liege.

Exp. Shall I attend your Grace?

R. Hen. No, my good Knight;

Go with my brothers to my lords of England:

I and my bosom must debate awhile, And then I would no other company.

Erp. The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble Har Exit ERPINGHA

K. Hen. God-a-mercy, old heart! speak'st cheerfully.

### Enter Pistol.

Pist. Qui va la?

K. Hen. A friend.

Pist. Discuss unto me; Art thou officer? Or art thou base, common, and popular?

K. Hen. I am a gentleman of a company.

Pist. Trail'st thou the puissant pike? K. Hen. Even so: What are you?

Pist. As good a gentleman as the Emperor K. Hen. Then you are a better than the Ki. Pist. The King's a bawcock, and a heart

A lad of life, and imp of fame; Of parents good, of fist most valiant:

I kiss his dirty shoe, and from my heart-strip I love the lovely bully. What's thy name? K. Hen. Harry le Roy.

Pist. Le Roy! a Cornish name: art thou Cornish crew?

K. Hen. No, I am a Welshman. Pist. Know'st thou Fluellen?

K. Hen. Yes.

Pist. Tell him, I'll knock his leek about pate,

Upon saint Davy's day.

K. Hen. Do not you wear your dagger in yours that day, lest he knock that about yours Pist. Art thou his friend?

K. Hen. And his binsman too.

Pist. The figo for thee then! K. Hen. I thank you: God be with you! Pist. My name is Pistol call'd. K. Hen. It sorts well with your fierceness.

Enter Fluellen and Gower, severally,

Gow. Captain Fluellen!

Flu. So! in the name of Cheshn Christ, speak lower. It is the greatest admiration in the universal 'orld, when the true and ancient prerogatifes and laws of the wars is not kept: if you will take the pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle taddle, nor pibble pabble, in Pompey's camp; I warrant you, you shall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the sobriety of it, and the modesty of it, to be otherwise.

Gow. Why; the enemy is loud; you heard

him all night.

Flu. If the enemy is an ass and a fool, and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an ass, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb; in your own conscience now?

Gow. I will speak lower.

Flu. I pray you, and beseech you, that you will. Exeunt Gower and Fluellen. Though it appear a little out of K. Hen.

fashion . There is much care and valour in this Welshman.

Enter BATES, COURT, and WILLIAMS.

Court. Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which breaks yonder?

70

Bates. I think it be: but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day.

Will. We see youder the beginning of the day, but I think, we shall never see the end of it. —

Who goes there?

K. Hen. A friend.

Will. Under what captain serve you?

K. Hen. Under sir Thomas Erpingham.

Will. A good old commander, and a most
ind gentlemen. I near you what thinks he of

kind gentleman: I pray you, what thinks he of our estate?

K. Hen. Even as men wreck'd upon a sand, that look to be wash'd off the next tide.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the

King?

K. Hen. No; nor it is not meet he should.

For, though I speak it to you, I think, the King is but a man, as I am: the violet smells: to him, as it doth to me; the element shows to him, as it doth to me; all his senses have but

him, as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions: his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing; therefore when he sees reason of fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are: Yet, in reason, no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by showing it, should dishearten his army.

Bates. He may show what outward courage he will: but, I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself in the Thames up to the neck; and so I would he were, and I by him at all adventures, so we were quit here.

X. Hen. By my troth, I will speak my co

science of the King; I think, he would not wish himself any where but where he is.

Bates. Then, 'would he were here alone; so should he be sure to be ransom'd, and a many

poor men's lives saved.

K. Hen. I dare say, you love him not so ill, to wish him here alone; howsoever you speak this, to feel other men's minds: Methinks, I could not die any where so contented, as in the King's company; his cause being just, and his quarrel honourable.

Will. That's more than we know.

Bates. Ay, or more than we should seek after; for we know enough, if we know we are the King's subjects: if his cause be wrong, our obedience to the King wipes the crime of it out of ne.

Will. But, if the cause be not good, the King himself hath a heavy reckoning to make; when all those legs, and arms, and heads, chopp'd off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day, and ory all — We died at such a place; some, swearing; some, crying for a surgeon; some, upon their wives left poor behind them; some, upon the debts they owe; some upon their children rawly left. I am afeard there are few die well, that die in battle; for how can they charitably dispose of any thing, when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the King, that led them to it; whom to disobey, were against all proportion of subjection.

R. Hen. So, if a son, that is by his father sent about merchandise, do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, y your rule, should be imposed upon his father

ì

٧

that sent him: or if a servant, under his master's command, transporting a sum of money, be essail'd by robbers, and die in many irreconcil'd iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation: - But this is not so: the King is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no King, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers. Some, peradventure, have on them the guilt of premeditated and con-trived murder; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery, Now, if these men have defeated the law, and outrun native punishment, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God: war is his beadle, war is his vengeance; so that here men are punish'd, for before-breach of the King's laws, in now the King's quarrel: where they feared the death, they have borne life away; and where they would be safe, they perish: Then if they die unprovided, no more is the King guilty of their damnation, than he was before guilty of those impicties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the King's; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience: and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was gained

in him that escapes, it where not sin to think, that making God so free an offer, he let him outlive that day to see his greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare.

Will. 'Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill upon his own head, the King is not to

answer for it. Bates, I do not desire he should answer for me; and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

K. Hen. I myself heard the King say, he would

not be ransom'd.

Will. Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully: but, when our throats are cut, he may be rausom'd, and we ne'er the wiser.

K. Hen. If I live to see it, I will never

trust his word after.

Will. 'Mass, you'll pay him then! That's a perilous shot out of an elder gun, that a poor and private displeasure can do against a monarch! you may as well go about to turn the sun to ice, with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You'll never trust his word after! come, tis a foolish saying.

K. Hen. Your reproof is something too round; I should be angry with you, if the time were

convenient.

Will. Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

K. Hen. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee again?

K. Hen. Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet: then, if ever thou darest acknowledge it, I will make it my guarrel.

Will. Here's my glove; give me snother of

thine.

K. Hen. There.

Will. This will I also wear in my cap: i ever thou come to me and say, after to-morrow, This is my glove, by this hand, I wil take thee a box on the ear.

K. Hen. If ever I live to see it, I will chal-

lenge it.

Will. Thou darest as well be hang'd.

K. Hen. Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the King's company.

Will. Keep, thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends, you English fools, B friends; we have French quarrels enough, if you could tell how to reckon.

K. Hen. Indeed, the French may lay twent French crowns to one, they will beat us; fo they bear them on their shoulders: But it is no English treason, to cut French crowns; and, to morrow, the King himself will be a clipper.

Exeunt Soldiers Upon the King! let us our lives, our souls, Our debts, our careful wives, our children, and Our sins, lay on the King; - we must bear all. O hard condition! twin-born with greatness, Subjected to the breath of every fool, Whose sense no more can feel but his own wringing!

What infinite heart's ease must Kings noglect, That private men enjoy? And what have Kings, that privates have not too Save ceremony, save general ceremony? And what art thou, thou idol ceremony? What kind of god art then, that suffer'st more Of mortal griess, than do thy worshippers?

What are thy rents, what are thy comings-in? O ceremony, show me but thy worth!

Was is the soul of adoration?
Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?
Wherein thou art less happy being fear'd,
Than they in fearing.
What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
But poison'd flattery? O, besick, great greatness,
And bid thy ceremouy give thee cure!
Think'st thou, the fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation?
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's
knee,

Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,

That play'st so subtly with a King's repose; I am a King, that find thee; and I know, 'Tis not the balm, the scepter, and the ball, The sword, the mace, the crown imperial, The entertissued robe of gold and pearl, The farced title running 'fore the King, The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp That beats upon the high shore of this world, No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony, Not all these, laid in bed majestical, Can sleep so soundly as the weetched slave; Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind, Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread:

Never sees horrid night, the child of hell;
But, like a lacquey, from the rise to set,
Sweats in the eye of Phoebus, and all night
Sleeps in Elysium; next day, after camp,
Doth rise, and help Hyperion to his horse;
And follows so the ever-running year
With profitable labours, to his grave:

And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
Winding up days with toil, and nights with
sleep,

Had the fore-hand and vantage of a King.
The slave, a member of the country's peace,
Enjoys it; but in gross brain little wots,
What watch the King keeps to maintain the peace,
Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

## Enter Erpingham.

Erp. My Lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence,

Seek through your camp to find you.

K. Hen. Good old Knight,

Collect them all together at my tent: I'll be before thee.

Erp. I shall do't, my Lovd. [Exit. K. Hen. O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts!

Possess them not with fear; take from them

The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers Pluck their hearts from them! — Not to-day,

O Lord,
O not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown!
I Richard's body have interred new;
And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears,
Than from it issued forced drops of blood.
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up
Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have
built

Two chautries, where the sad and solemn priests Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do: Though all that I can do, is nothing worth;

Since that my penitence comes after all, Imploring pardon.

### Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. My Liege!

K. Hen. My brother Gloster's voice? — Ay; I know thy errand, I will go with thee: — The day, my friends, and all things stay for me.

#### SCENE II.

## The French Camp.

Enter Dauphin, ORLEANS, RAMBURES, and others.

Orl. The sun doth gild our armour; up, my Lords,
Dau. Monteza cheval: — My horse! valet!
lacquay! ha!
Orl. O brave spirit!
Dau. Via! — les eaux et la terre —
Orl. Rien puis? l'air et le feu —

### Enter Constable.

Now! my Lord Constable!

Dau. Ciel! cousin Orleans. -

Con. Hark, how our steeds for present service neigh.

Dau. Mount them, and make incision in their hides;

That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,
And dout them with superfluous courage: Ha!

-Ram. What, will you have them weep out
horse's blood?

Tow shall we then behold their natural tears.

## Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The English are embattled, you French Peers.

Con. To horse, you gallant Princes! straight

Do but behold you poor and starved band, And your fair show shall suck away their souls, Leaving them but the shales and husks of men. There is not work enough for all our hands; Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins, To give each naked curtle-ax a stain, That our French gallants shall to-day draw out,

That our French gallants shall to-day draw out, And sheath for lack of sport: let us but blow on them,

The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them.
'Tis positive 'gainst all exceptions, Lords,
That our superfluous lackeys, and our peasants,—
Who, in unnecessary action, swarm
About our squares of battle,— were enough
To purge this field of such a hilding foe;
Though we, upon this mountain's basis by
Took stand for idle speculation:
But that our honours must not. What's to say?
A very little little let us do,
And all is done. Then let the trumpets sound

The tucket sonuance, and the note to mount;
For our approach shall so much dare the field,
That England shall couch down in fear, and
yield.

## Enter GRANDPRE'.

Grand. Why do you stay so long, my Lords of France.

You island carrions, desperate of their bones, Ill-favour'dly become the morning field: Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,

And our air shakes them passing scornfully.
Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host,
And faintly through a rusy beaver peeps.
Their horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,
With torch-staves in their hand: and their poor
jades

Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and

The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes; And in their pale-dull mouths the gimmal bit Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless; And their executors, the knavish crows, Fly o'er them all, impatient of their hour. Description cannot suit itself in words, To démonstrate the life of such a battle In life so lifeless as it shows itself.

Con. They have said their prayers, and they stay for death.

Dau. Shall we go send them dinners, and fresh suits,

And give their fasting horses provender,
And after fight with them?
Con. I stay but for my guard: On, to the field:

I will the bauner from a trumpet take,
And use it for my haste. Come, come away!
The sun is high, and we outwear the day.

Execut.

SCENE III.

## The English Camp.

Enter the English host; Gloster, Bedvord, EISTER, SALISBURY, and WESTMORELAND.

Glo. Where is the King?



# 80 KING HENRY V.

Bed. The King himself is rode to view their battle.

West. Of figthing men they have full threescore thousand.

Exe. There's five to one; besides, they all are fresh.

Sal. God's arm strike with us! 'tis a fearful odds.

God be wi' you Princes all; I'll to my charge:
If we no more meet, till we meet in heaven,
Then, joyfully, — my noble Lord of Bedford, —
My dear Lord Gloster, — and my good Lord

Exeter, —

And my kind kinsman, — warriors all, adieu!

Bed. Farewell, good Salisbury; and good luck
go with thee!

Exe. Farewell, kind Lord; fight valiantly to-day: And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it, For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour.

[Exit Salisbury.

Bed. He is as full of valour, as of kindness;

Princely in both.

West. O that we now had here

## Enter King HENRY.

But one ten thousand of those men in England,

That do no work to - day!

K. Hen. What's he, that wishes so?
My cousin Westmoreland? — No, my fair cousin?
If we are mark'd to die, we are enough
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold;
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not, if men my garments wear;
Such

Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But, if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, 'faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour,
As one man more, methinks, would share from me,
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one
more:

Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,

That he, which hath no stomach to this fight. Let him depart; his passport shall be made, And crowns for convoy put into his purse: We would not die in that man's company, That fears his fellowship to die with us. This day 's call'd - the feast of Crispian : He, that outlives this day, and comes safe home, Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd. And rouse him at the name of Crispian. He, that shall live this day, and see old age, Will yearly on the vigil feast his friends, And say - to-morrow is saint Crispian: Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars. And say, these wounds I had on Crispin's day. Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot, But he'll remember, with advantages, What feats he did that day: Then shall our names,

Familiar in their mouths as household words,—
Harry the King, Bedford, and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,—
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd:
This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispia Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered:
Vol. X.

We few, we happy few, we band of brothers; For he, to-day that sheds his blood with me, Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile, This day shall gentle his condition:
And gentlemen in England, now a bed, Shall think themselves accurs'd, they were not here; And hold their manhoods cheap, while any speaks, That fought with us upon saint Crispin's day.

### Enter SALISBURY.

Sal. My sovereign Lord, bestow yourself with speed:

The French are bravely in their battles set, And will with all expedience charge on us.

K. Hen. All things are ready, if our minds be so.

West. Perish the man, whose mind is backward now!

K. Hen. Thou dost not wish more help from

England, cousin?

West. God's will, my Liege, 'would you and 1 alone,

Without more help, might fight this battle out!

K. Hen. Why, now thout hast unwish'd five thousand men;

Which likes me better, than to wish us one. — You know your places: God be with you all!

#### Tucket. Enter MONTIOY.

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee,
King Harry,

If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,

Before thy most assured overthrow:

For, certainly, thou art so near the gulf,

Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy,

The Constable desires thee — thou wilt mind

Thy followers of repentance; that their souls
May make a peaceful and a sweet retire
From off these fields, where (wretches) their
poor bodies

Must lic and fester.

K. Hen. Who hath sent thee now?

Mont. The Constable of France.

K. Hen. I pray thee, bear my former answer back;

Bid them achieve me, and then sell my hones, Good God! why should they mock poor fellows thus?

The man, that once did sell the lion's skin While the beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him. A many of our bodies shall, no doubt, Find native graves; upon the which, I trust, Shall witness live in brass of this day's work: And those that leave their valuathones in France, Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills, They shall be fam'd; for there the sun shall greet them,

And draw their honours reeking up to heaven; Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime, The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France. Mark then a bounding valour in our English; That, being dead, like to the bullet's grazing, Bresk out into a second course of mischief, Killing in relapse of mortality.

Let me speak proudly; — Tell the Constable, We are but warriors for the working-day: Our gayness, and our gilt, are all besmirch'd With rainy marching in the painful field; There's not a piece of feather in our host, (Good argument, I hope, we shall not fly,) And time hath worn us into slovenry: But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim:

And my poor soldiers tell me — yet ere They'll be in fresher robes; or they will The gay new coats o'er the French i heads,

And turn them out of service. If they (As, if God please, they shall,) my raus Will soon be levy'd. Herald, save the

Come thou no more for ransom, gentle They shall have none, I swear, but the joints:

Which if they have as I will leave 'em a Shall yield them little, tell the Constab Mont. I shall, King Harry. And so I well:

Thou never shalt hear herald any more.

K. Hen. I fear, thou'lt once more corfor ransom.

Enter the Duke of York.

York. My Lord, most humbly on : I beg

The leading of the vaward.

K. Hen. Take it, brave York, - No diers, march a

And how thou pleasest, God, dispose

#### SCENE IV.

The Field of Battle.

Alarums; Excursions; Enter French
Pistol, and Boy.

Pist. Yield, cur.

Fr. Sol. Je pense, que vous estes le gentil-komme de bonne qualité.

Pist. Quality, call you me? - Construe me, art thou a gentleman? What is thy name? discuss.

Fr. Sol. O seigneur Dieu!

Pist. O, signieur Dew should be a gentleman : -Perpend my words, O signieur Dew, and mark: -O signieur Dew, thou diest on point of fox, Except, O signieur, thou do give to me Egregions ransom.

Fr. Sol. O, prennez misericorde! ayez pitie de moy!

Pist. May shall not serve, I will have forty moys;

For I will fetch thy rim out at thy throat, In drops of crimson blood,

Fr Sol. Est il impossible d'eschapper la force de ton bras?

Pist. Brass, cur! Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat, Offer'st me brass?

Fr. Sol. O pardonnez moy!

Pist. Say'st thou me so? is that a ton of moys? -

Come hither, boy; Ask me this slave in French, What is his name.

Boy. Escoutez; Comment estes vous appellé? Fr. Sol. Monsieur le Fer.

Boy. He says, his name is — master Fer. Pist. Master Fer! I'll fer him, and firk him, and ferret him: - discuss the same in French unto him.

Boy. I do not know the French for fer, and

ferret, and firk.

Pist. Bid bim prepare, for I will cut his throat-Fr. Sol. Que dit-il, monsieur?

Boy. Il me commande de vous dire que vous faites vous prest; car ce soldat icy est dispose tout à cette heure de couper vostre gorge.

Pist. Ouy, couper gorge, par ma. foy, pesant, Unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns; Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.

Fr. Sol. O, je vous supplie pour l'amour de Dieu, me pardonner! Je suis gentilhomme de bonne maison; gardez ma vie, et je vous donneray deux cents escus.

Pist. What are his words?
Boy. He prays you to save his life: he is a gentleman of a good house; and, for his ransom, he will give you two hundred crowns.

Pist. Tell him, - my fury shall abate, and I The crowns will take.

Fr. Sol. Petit monsieur, que dit-il?

Boy. Encore qu'il est contre son jurement, de pardonner aucun prisonnier; neantmoins, pour les escus que vous l'avez promis, il est content de vous donner la liberté, le franchisement.

Fr. Sol. Sur mes genoux, je vous donne mille remerciemens: et je m'estime heureux que je suis tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier, je pense, le plus brave, valiant, et tres distingué seigneur d'Angleterre.

Pist. Expound unto me, boy.

Boy. He gives you, upon his knees, a thou-sand thanks: and he esteems himself happy that he hath fallen into the hands of, (as he thinks) the most brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy signieur of England.

Pist. As I suck blood, I will some mercy spow.

Follow me, our.

Exit Eiszoz.

Boy. Suivez vous le grand capitaine.

[Exit French Soldier. I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart: but the saying is true, — The empty vessel makes the greatest sound. Bardolph, and Nym, had ten times more valour than this roaring devil i'the old play, that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger; and they are both hang'd; and so would this be, if he durst steal any thing advent rously. I must stay with the lackey's, with the luggage of our eamp: the French might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it; for there is none to guard it, but boys.

#### SCENE V.

# Another Part of the Field of Battle.

Alarums. Enter Dauphin, Orleans, Bourbon, Constable, Ramburgs, and Others.

Cop. O diable.

Orl. O seigneur! — le jour est perdu, tout est perdu!

Dau. Mort de ma vie! all is confounded, all! Reproach and everlasting shame Sits mocking in our plumes. — O meschante

fortune! —
Do not run away.

[A short alarum,

Con. Why, all our ranks are broke.

Dau. O perdurable shame! — let's stab ourselves,

Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice for?

Orl. Is this the King we sent to for his ransom?

Bour. Shame, and eternal shame, nothing but shame!

Let us die instant: Once more back again; And he that will not follow Bourbon now, Let him go hence, and, with his cap in hand, Like a hase pander, hold the chamber-door, Whilst by a slave, no gentler than my dog, His fairest daughter is contaminate.

Con. Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend

us now!
Let us, in heaps, go offer up our lives
Unto these English, or else die with fame.
Orl. We are enough yet living in the field,
To smother up the English in our throngs,
If any order might be thought upon.

Bour. The devil take order now'!' I'll to the throng;

Let life be short; else, shame will be too long. [Exeunt.

# SCENE VI.

# Another part of the Field.

Alarums. Enter King Henry and Forces; Exerge, and others.

K. Hen. Well have we done, thrice-valiant countrymen:

But all's not done, yet keep the French the field.

Exe. The Duke of York commends him to your Majesty.

K. Hen. Lives he, good uncle? thrice, within
this hour,

sew him down: thrice up again, and fighting

I saw him down; thrice up again, and fighting; From helmet to the spur, all blood he was.

Exe. In which array (brave soldier,) doth he lie, Larding the plain: and by his bloody side, (Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds,)
The noble Earl of Suffolk also lies. Suffold first died: aud York, all haggled over, Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd, And takes him by the beard; kisses the gashes, That bloodily did yawn upon his face; And cries aloud, - Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk! My soul shall thine keep company to heaven: Tarry, sweet soul for mine, then fly a-breast; As, in this glorious and well-foughten field, We kept together in our chivalry! Upon these words I came, and cheer'd him up He smil'd me in the face, raught me his hand, And, with a feeble gripe, says .- Dear my Lord, Commend my service to my Sovereign. So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his lips; And so, espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd A testament of noble - ending love. The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd Those waters from me, which I would have stopp'd;

But I had not so much of man in me, But all my mother came into mine eyes, And gave me up to tears.

K. Hen. I blame you not;
For, hearing this, I must perforce compound
With mistful eyes, or they will issue too. —
But, hark! what new alarum is this same? —

[Alarum, The French have reinforc'd their scatter'd men:—
Then every soldier kill his prisoners;
Give the word through.

[ Excunt.



## KING HENRY V.

#### SCENE VII.

# Another Part of the Field.

Alarums. Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Flu. Kill the poys and the luggage! 'tis expressly against the law of arms: 'tis as arrant a piece of knavery, mark you now, as can be offer'd, in the 'orld: In your conscience now, is it not?

Gow. 'Tis certain, there's not a boy leftalive; and the cowardly rascals, that ran from the battle, have done this slaughter: besides, they have burn'd and carried away all that was in the King's tent; wherefore the King most worthily, hath caused every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat. O; 'tis a gallant King!

Flu. Ay, he was porn at Monmouth, Captain Gower: What call you the town's name, where Alexander the pig was born?

Gow. Alexander the great.

Flu. Why, I pray you, is not pig, great? The pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations.

Gow. I think, Alexander the great was born in Macedon; his father was called - Philip of

Macedon, as I take it.

90

Flu. I think, it is in Macedon, where Alexander is porn. I tell you, Captain, — If you look in the maps of the 'orld, I warrant, you shall find, in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon; and there is also moreover a river at Mon-

month: it is call'd Wye, at Monmouth; but it is out of my prains, what is the name of the other river; but 'tis'all one, 'tis so like as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmous in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well; for there is figures in all things. Alexauder (God knows, and you know,) in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates r in his prains, did, in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his pest friend, Clytus.

Gow. Our King is not like him in that; he never kill'd any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made an end and finish'd. I speak but in the figures and comparisons of it: As Alexander is kill his friend Clytus, being in his ales and his cups; so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his goot judgements, is turn away the fat knight with the great pelly-doublet; he was full of jests, and gypes, and knaveries, and mocks; I am forget his name.

Gow. Sir John Falstaff.

Flu. That is he: I can tell you, there is goot men porn at Monmouth.

Gow. Here comes his Majesty.

.Alarum. Enter King HENRY, with a part of the English forces; WARWICK, GLOSTER, EXETER and others.

K. Hen. I was not angry since I came to France. Until this instant. - Take a trumpet, berald: Ride thou unto the horsemen on you hill;
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
Or void the field; they do offend our sight:
If they'll do-neither, we will come to them;
And make them skir away, as swift as stones
Enforced from the old Assyrian slings:
Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have;
And not a man of them, that we shall take,
Shall taste our mercy: — Go, and tell them so.

#### Enter MONTIOY.

Exc. Here comes the herald of the French,
my Liege.

Glo. His eyes are humbler than they us'd to be.

K. Hen. How now! what means this, herald? know'st thou not,

That I have fin'd these bones of mine for ransom? Com'st thou again for ransom?

Mont. No, great King:
I come to thee for charitable licence,
That we may wander o'er this bloody field,
To book our dead, and then to bury them;
To sort our nobles from our common men;
For many of our l'rinces (woe the while!)
Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood;
(So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs
In blood of Princes;) and their wounded steeds
Fret fetlock deep in gore, and, with wild rage,
Yerk out their armed heels at their dead masters,
Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great
King,

To view the field in safety, and dispose Of their dead bodies.

K. Hen. I tell thee truly, herald, I know not, if the day be ours, or no;

For yet a many of your horsemen peer, And gallop o'er the field. Mont. The day is yours.

K. Hen. Praised be God, and not our strength, for it! -

What is this castle call'd, that stands hard by?

Mont. They call it — Agincourt.

K. Hen. Then call we this - the field of Agincourt,

Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

Flu. Your grandfather of famous memory, an't please your Majesty, and your great-uncle Edward the plack Prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a most prave pattle here in France.

K. Hen. They did, Fluellen.

Flu. Your Majesty says very true: If your Majesties is remember'd of it, the Welshmen did goot service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps: which, your Majesty knows, to this hour is an honourable padge of the service: and, I do believe, your Majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon Saint Tavy's day.

K. Hen. I wear it for a memorable honour: For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

Flu. All the water in Wye cannot wash your Majesties Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that: Got pless it and preserve it, as long as it pleases his grace, and his Majesty too!

K. Hen. Thanks, good my countryman.

Flu. By Cheshu, I am your Majesty's countryman, I care not who know it; I will confess it to all the 'orld: I need not be assumed of

your Majesty, praised he God, so long as your Majesty is an honest man.

K. Hen. God keep me so! - Our heralds go with him;

Bring me just notice of the numbers dead On both our parts. - Call yonder fellow hither. [Points to Williams. Exeunt Montjoy, and others.

Exe. Soldier, you must come to the King. K. Hen. Soldier, why wear'st thou that glove in thy cap?

Will. An't please your Majesty, 'tis the gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

K. Hen. An Englishman?

Will. An't please your Majesty, a rascal, that swagger'd with me last night: who, if 'a live, and ever dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o'the ear.: or, if I can see my glove in his cap, (which he swore, as he was a soldier, he would wear, if alive,) I will strike if out soundly.

K. Hen. What think you, Captain Fluellen?

is it fit this soldier keep his oath?

Flu. He is a craven and a villain else, an't

please your Majesty, in my conscience.

K. Hen. I may be, his enemy is a gentleman of great sort, quite from the answer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as goot a gentleman as the tevil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himself, it is necessary, look your Grace, that he keep his vow and his oath: if he be perjured, see you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain, and a jack-sauce, as ever his plack shoe trod upon Got's ground and his earth, in my conscience, la. K. Hen. Then keep thy yow, sirrah, when

thou meet'st the fellow.

Will. So I will, my Liege, as I live.

K. Hen. Who servest thon under?

Will. Under captain Gower, my Liege.
Flu. Gower is a goot captain; and is good
knowledge and literature in the wars.

K. Hen. Call him hither to me, soldier.

Will. I will, my Liege. [Exit.

K. Hen. Here, Fluellen; wear thou this favour for me, and stick it in thy cap: When Alencon and myself were down together, I pluck'd this glove from his helm: if any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alencon and an enemy to

our person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, as thou dost love me.

Flu. Your Grace does me as great honours, as can be desired in the hearts of his subjects: I would fain see the man, that has but two legs, that shall find himself aggrief'd at this glove, that is all; but I would fain see it once; an please Got of his Grace, that I might see it.

K. Hen. Know'st thou Gower?

Flu. He is my dear friend, an please you.

K. Hen. Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent.

Flu. I will fetch him. [Exit. K. Hen. My Lord of Warwick, - and my

Follow Fluellen closely at the heels:

The glove, which I have given him for a favour, May, haply, purchase him a box o'the ear; It is the soldier's; I, by bargain, should Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick! If that the soldier strike him, (as, I judge By this blunt bearing, he will keep his word,) Soine sudden mischief may arise of it; For I do know Fluellen valiant.

And, touch'd with choler, hot as gunpowder, And quickly will return an injury:
Follow, and see there be no harm between them.—
Go you with me, uncle of Exeter. [Rreunf.

#### SCENE VIII.

Before King Henry's Pavilion.

Enter Gower and WILLIAMS.

-Will. I warrant, it is to knight you, Captain.

### Enter FLUELLEN.

Flu. Got's will and his pleasure, Captain, I peseech you now, come apace to the King: there is more goot towards you, peradventure, than is in your knowledge to dream of.

Will. Sir, know you this glove?

Flu. Know the glove? I know, the glove is a glove.

Will. I know this; and thus I challenge it [Strikes him.

Flu. 'Sblud, an arrant traitor, as any's in the universal 'orld, or in France, or in England.

Gow. How now, Sir? you villain! Will. Do you think I'll be forsworn?

Flu. Stand away, Captain Gower; I will give treason his payment into plows, I warrant you.

Will. I am no traitor.

Flu. That's a lie in thy throat — I charge you in his Majesty's name, apprehend him; he's a friend of the Duke Alençon's.

Enter

# Enter WARWICK and GLOSTER.

War. How now, how now! what's the matter?

Flu. My Lord of Warwick, here is (praised be Got for it!) a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day. Here is his Majesty.

# Enter King HENRY and EXETER.

K. Hen. How now! what's the matter?

Flu. My Liege, here is a villain and a traitor, that, look your Grace, has struck the glove which your Majesty is take out of the helmet of Alencon.

Will. My Liege; this was my glove; here is the fellow of it: and he, that I gave it to in change, promised to wear it in his cap; I promised to strike him, if he did: I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as

good as my word.

Flu. Your Majesty hear now, (saving your Majesty's manhood,) what an arrent, rascally, beggarly, lousy knave it is: I hope, your Majesty is pear me testimony, and witness, and avonchments, that this is the glove of Alencon, that your Majesty is give me, in your conscience now.

K. Hen. Give me thy glove, soldier; Look, here is the fellow of it. 'Twas I, indeed, thou promised'st to strike; and thou hast given me most bitter terms.

Flu. An please your Majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the corld.

VOL. X.



#### HÈNRY KING

98

K. Hen. How canst thou make me faction?

Will. All offences, my Liege, come from the heart: never came any from mine, that might offend your Majesty.

K. Hen. It was ourself thou didst abuse.

Will. Your Majesty came not like yourself: you appear'd to me but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness; and what your Highness suffer'd under that shape, I beseech you, take it for your own fault, and not mine: for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore, I beseech your Highness, pardon me.

K. Hen. Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove

with crowns,

And give it to this fellow. - Keep it, fellow; And wear it for an honour in thy cap, Till I do challenge it. — Give him the crowns : — And . Captain . you must needs be friends nrust needs be friends 'And, Captain, you with him.

Flu. By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his pelly : - Hold , there, is twelve-pence for you, and I pray you to serve Got, and keep you out of prawls, and prabbles, and quarrels, and dissensions, and, I warrant you, it is the petter for you.
Will. I will none of your money.

Flu. It is with a goot will; I can tell you, it will serve you to mend your shoes : Come, wherefore should you be fo pashful? your shoes is not so goot: 'tis a goot silling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter an English Herald. K. Hen. Now, herald; are the dead number'd? Her. Here is the number of the slaughter'd French. (Delivers a paper.

K. Hen. What prisoners of good sort are taken, uncle?

Exe. Charles Duke of Orleans, nephew to the King;

Joha Duke of Bourbon, and lord Bouciqualt:
Of other lords, and barons, knights, and
'squires,

Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

K. Hen. This note doth tell me of ten thou-

sand French,
That in the field lie slain: of Princes, in this
number,

And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead One hundred twenty-six: added to these, Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen, Eight thousand and four hundred; of the which, Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights: So that, in these ten thousand they have lost, There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries; The rest are — Princes, barons, lord, knights,

And gentlemen of blood and quality.

The names of those their nobles that lie dead, —
Charles De-la-bret, high constable of France;
Jaques of Chatillon, admiral of France;
The master ot the cross-bows, lord Rambures;
Great-master of France, the brave sir Guischard
Dauphin;

John Duke of Alencon; Antony Duke of Brabant,
The brother to the Duke of Burgundy;
And Edward Duke of Bar: of lusty Earls,
Grandpré, and Roussi, Fauconberg, and Foix,
Beaumont, and Marle, Vaudemout, and Lestrale.
Here was a royal fellowship of death!——

Where is the number of our English dead?

[Herald presents another paner.

E.lward the Duke of York, the Earl of Suffolk,
Sir Richard Ketley, Davy, Gam, esquire:
None else of name; and, of all other men,
But five and twenty. O God, the arm was here,
And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
Ascribe we all. — When, without stratagem,
Eut in plain shock, and even play of battle,
Was ever known so great and little loss,
On one part and on the other? — Take it, God,
For it is only thine!

Exe. 'Tis wonderful!

K. Hen. Come, go we in procession to the village:

And he it death proclaimed through our host, To boast of this, or take that praise from God, Which is his only.

Flu. Is it not lawful, an please your Majesty, to tell how many is kill'd?

K. Hen. Yes, Captain: but with this acknowledgement,

That God fought for us.

Flu. Yes, my conscience, he did us great goot.

K. Hen. Do we all holy rites;
Let there be sung Non nohis, and Te Deum.
The dead with charity enclos'd in clay,
We'll then to Calais; and to England then;
Where ne'er from France arriv'd more hap
men.

[Execute.]

# ACT V.

# Enter Chorus,

Cho. Vouchsase to those that have not read the story,

That I may prompt them: and of such as have,
I humbly pray them to admit the excuse
Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life
Be here presented. Now we bear the King
Toward Calais: grant him there; there seen,
Heave him away upon your winged thoughts,
Athwart the sea: behold the English beach
Pales in the flood with men, with wives, and
boys,

Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deepmonth'd sea,

Which, like a mighty whiffler 'fore the King, Seems to prepare his way: so let him land; And, solemnly, see him set on to London. So swift a pace hath thought, that even now You may imagine him upon Blackheath: Where that his lords desire him, to have borne His bruised helmet, and his bended sword, Before him, through the city: he forbids it, Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride; Giving full trophy, signal, and ostent, Quite from himself, to God. But now behald, In the quick torge and workinghouse of thought. How London doth pour out her citizens! The mayor, and all his brothren, in best sort, -Like to the senators of the autique Rome, With the bleheians swarming at their heels , -Go forth, and fetch their conquering Caesar in:

# KING HENRY V.

102

As, by a lower but by loving likelihood,
Were now the general of our gracious Empress
(As in good time he may,) from Ireland coming,
Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,
How many would the peaceful city quit,
To welcome him? much more, and much more

Cause,
Did they this Harry. Now in London place him;
(As yet the lamentation of the French
Invites the King of England's stay at home:
The Emperor's coming in behalf of France,
To order peace between them;) and omit
All the occurrences, whatever chanc'd,
Till Harry's back-return again to France;
There must we bring him; and myself have
play'd

The interim, by remembering you — 'tis past.

Then brook abridgement; and your eyes advance
After your thoughts, straight back again to France,

[Exit.

#### SCENE I.

France. An English Court of Guard.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gow. Nay, that's right; But why wear you your leek to-day? saint Dayy's day is past.

Flu. There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things: I will tell you, as my friend, Captain Gower; The rascally, scald, beggarly, lowsy, pragging knave, Pistol, — which you and yourself, and all the 'orld, know to he no petter than a fellow, look you now, of no merits, — he is come to me, and prings me pread and sait yesterday, look you,

and hid me eat my leek; it was in a place where I could not breed no contentions with him; but I will be so pold as to wear it in my cap till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

# Enter Pistol.

Gow. Why, here he comes swelling like a -

turkey-cock.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his swellings, nor his turkey-cocks. — Got pless you, ancient Pistol! you scurvy, lowsy knave, Got pless you!

Pist. Ha! art thou Bedlam? dost thou thirst,

base Trojau,
To have me fold up parca's, fatal web?
Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

Flu. I pesecch you heartily, scurry lowsy knave, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this teek; because, look you, you do not love it, nor your affections, and your appetites, and your digestions, does not agree with it. I would desire you to eat it.

Pist. Not for Cadwallader and all his goats. Flu. There is one goat for you. [Strikes him.]

Will you be so goot, scald knave, as eat it? Pist. Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

Flu. You say very true, scald knave, when Got's will is: I will desire you to live in the mean time, and eat your victuals; come, there is sauce for it. [Striking him again.] You call'd me yesterday, mountain-aquire; but I will make you to-day a squire of low degree. I pray you, fall to; if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

Gow. Enough, Captain; you have assonish'd him.

Flu. I say, I will make him eat some part of

my leek, or I will peat his pate four days: -Pite, I pray you; it is goot for your green wound, and your ploody coxcomb.

Pist. Must I bite?

Flu. Yes, certainly; and out of doubt, and

out of questions too, and ambiguities.

Pist. By this leek, I will most horribly re-

venge; I eat, and eat, I swear.

Flu. Eat, I pray you will you have some more sauce to your leek? there is not enough leek to swear by.

Pist. Quiet thy cudgel; thou dost see, I eat. Flu. Much goot do you, scald knave, heatrily.

Nay, 'pray you, throw none away; the skin is goot for your proken coxcomb. When you take occasion to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at them; that is all.

Pist. Good.

Flu. Ay, leeks is goot: - Hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate.

Pist. Me a groat!

Flu. Yes, verily, and in truth, you shall take it; or I hove another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

Pist. I take thy groat, in earnest of revenge. Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in cudgels; you shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels. God be, wi' you, Exit.

and keep you, and heal your pate. Pist. All hell shall stir for this.

Gow. Go, go; you are a counterfeit cowardly Will you mock at an ancient tradition, knave. - begun upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceas'd valour, - and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeking and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel: you find it otherwise; and, henceforth, let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition. Fare ye well.

Pist. Doth fortune play the huswife with me now?

News have I, that my Nell is dead i'the spital Of malady of France;
And there my rendezvous is quite cut off.
Old I do wax; and from my weary limbs
Hosour is cudgell'd. Well, bawd will I turn,
And something lean to cutpurse of quick hand.
To England will I steal, and there I'll steal:
And patches will I get unto these scars,
And swear, I got them in the gallia wars. [Exit.

#### SCENE II.

Troyes in Champagne. An apartment in the French King's Palace.

Enter, at one door, King Henry, Bedford, Gloster, Exeter, Warwick, Westmoreland, and other Lords: at another, the French King, Queen Isabel, the Princess Katha-Rine, Lords, Ladies, &c. the Duke of Burgundy, and his train.

K. Hen. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met!

Unto our brother France, — and to our sister,

### 106 KING HENRY V.

Health and fair time of day: joy and good wishes To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine; And (as a branch and member of this royalty, By whom this great assembly is contriv'd,) we do salute you, Duke of Burgundy; — And, Princes French, and Prers, health to you all!

Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold your face,

Most worthy brother England; fairly met: --So are you, Princes English, every one.

Q. Isa. So happy be the issue, brother England, of this good day, and of this gracious meeting, As we are now glad to behold your eyes; Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them Against the French, that met them in their bent, The fatal balls of murdering basilisks: The venom of such looks, we fairly hope, Have lost their quality; and that this day Shall change all griefs, and quarrels, into love.

K. Hen. To cry amen to that, thus we appear.
Q. Isa. You English Princes all, I do salute you.

Bur. My duty to you both, on equal love, Great Kings of France and England! That I have labour'd

With all my wits, my pains, and strong en-

To bring your most imperial Majesties
Unto this bar and royal interview,
Your mightiness on both parts best can witness.
Since then my office bath so far prevail'd,
That, face to face, and royal eye to eye,
You have congrected; let it not disgrace me,
If I demand, before this royal view,
What rub, or what impediment, there is,

Why that the naked, poor, and mangled peace, Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births, Should not, in this best garden of the world, Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage? Alas! she hath from France too long been

chas'd; And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps, Corrupting in its own fertility, Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart, Unpruned dies: her hedges even-pleach'd, -Like prisoners wildly over-grown with hair, Put forth disorder'd twigs: her fallow leas The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory, Doth root upon; while that the coulter rusts. That should deracinate such savagery: The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover, Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank, Conceives by idleness; and nothing teems, · But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs, Losing both beauty and utility, And as our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges .

Defective in their natures, grow to wildness; Even so our houses, and ourselves, and children, Have lost, or do not learn, for want of time, The sciences that should become our country; But grow, like savages, — as soldiers will, That nothing do but meditate on blood, — To swearing, and stern looks, diffus'd attire, And every thing that seems unnatural. Which to reduce into our former favour, You are assembled: and my speech entreats, That I may know the let, why gentle peace Should not expel these inconveniencies. And bless us with her former qualities.

#### 108 KING HENRY V

K. Hen. If, Duke of Burgundy, you would the peace,

Whose want gives gnowth to the imperfections Which you have cited, you must buy that peace With full accord to all our just demands; Whose tenours and particular effects You have, enscheduled briefly, in your hands.

\*\*Rus.\*\* The King hath heard them: to the which

Bur. The King hath heard them; to the which,

as yet,

There is no answer made.

K. Hen. Well then, the peace,

Which you before so urg'd, lies in his answer. Fr. Aing. I have but with a cursorary eye O'er-glanc'd the articles: pleaseth your Grace To appoint some of your council presently To sit with us once more, with better heed To re-survey them, we will, suddenly, Pass our accept, and peremptory answer.

K. Hen. Brother, we shalk - Go, uncle

Exeter, -

And brother Clarence, — and you, brother Gloster, —

Warwick, - and Huntington, - go with the

And take with you free power, to ratify, Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best Shall see advantageable for our dignity, Any thing in, or out of, our demands; And we'll consign thereto. — Will you, fair sister, Go with the Princes, or stay here with us?

Q. Isa. Our gracious brother, I will go with

Haply, a woman's voice may do some good,
When articles, too nicely urg'd, he stood on.
K. Hen. Yet leave our consin Katharine here,
with us;

She is our capital demand, compris'd Within the fore - rank of our articles.

Q. Isa. She hath good leave.

Exeunt all but HENRY, KATHARINE, and her Gentlewoman.

K. Hen. Fair Katharine, and most fair! Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms . Such as will enter at a lady's ear,

And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart? Kath. Your Majesty shall mock at me; I can-

not speak your England.

1 K. Hen. O fair Katharine, if you will love the soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it brokenly with your English tongue. Do you like me, Kate? Kath. Pardonnez moi, I cannot tell vat is -

like me. K. Hen. An angel is like you, Kate; and you

are like an angel. Kat:. Que dit-il? que je suis semblable a les anges?

Alice. Ouy, vrayment, (sauf vostre grace) ainsi dit il.

R. Hen. I said so, dear, Katharine; and I

must not blush to affirm it.

Kath. O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes sont pleines des tromperies.

K. Hen. What says she, fair on ? that the tongues of men are full of deceits?

Alice. Ouy; dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits: dat is de Princess.

K. Hen. The Princess is the better Englishwoman. I'faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for the understanding: I am glad, thou can'st speak no hetter English; for, if thou could'st, thou puld'st find me such a plain King, that thon would'st think, I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say — I loye you: then, if you urge ine further than to say — Do you in faith? I wear out my suit. Give me your answer; i'faith, do; and so clap hands, and a bargain: How say you, lady?

Kath. Sauf vostre honneur, me understand well.

K. Hen. Marry, if you would put me to verses, or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me: for the one, I have neither words nor measure; and for the other, I have no strength'in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armour on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife. Or, if I might buffet for my love, or bound · my horse for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher, and sit like a jack-an-apes, never off: but, before God, I cannot look greenly, nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation; only downright oaths, which I never use till urged, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun burning, that never looks in his glass for love of any thing he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier: If thou canst love me for this, take me: if not, to say to thee - that I shall die, is true; but - for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too. And while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy; for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places: for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favours, — they do always reason themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall; a straight back will stoop; a black beard will turn white; a curl'd pate will grow bald; a fair face will wither; a full eye will wax hollow: but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and moon; or, rather, the stin, and not the moon; for it shines bright, and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me: And take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a King: And what say'st thou then to my love? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

Kath. Is it possible dat I should love de enemy of France?

K. Hen. No; it is not possible, you should love the enemy of France, Kate: but, in loving me, you should love the friend of France; for I love France so well, that I will not part with a village of it; i will have it all mine: and. Kate, when France is mine, and I am yours, then yours is France, and you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell vat is dat.

K. Hen. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French; which I am sure will hang upon my tongue like a new married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. Quand j'ay la possession de France, et quand vous avez la posses-sion de moi, (let me sec, what then? Saint Dennis he my speed!) - donc vostre est France, et vous estes mienne. It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom: as to speak so much more French: I shall never move thee in French, unless it he to laugh at me.



# KING HENRY V.

Kath. Sauf vostre honneur, le François que vous parlez, est meilleur que l'Anglois lequel

je parle.

112

A. Hen. No, 'faith, is't not, Kate: but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most fruly falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English? Canst thou love me?

Kath. I cannot tell.

K. Hen. Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know, thou lovest me: and at night when you come into your closet, you'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will, to her, dispraise those parts in me, that you love with your heart: but, good Kate, mock me mercifully; the rather, gentle Princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou he'st mine, Kate, (as I have a saving faith within me, tells me, - thou shalt,) I get thee with scambling, and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldierbreeder: Shall not thou and I, between saint Dennis and saint George, compound a boy, half French, half English, that shall go to Constantinople, and take the Turk by the beard? shall we not? what say'st thou, my fair flowerde-luce?

Kath. I do not know dat.

K. Hen. No; 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise: do but now promise, Kate, you will endeavour for your French part of such a boy; and, for my English moiety, take the word of a King and a bachelor. How answer you, la plus belle Katharine du monde, montres chere et divine deesse?

Kath. Your Majesté 'sve fausse French enough

enough to deceive de most sage Damoiselle det is en France.

K. Hen. Now, fie upon my false French! By mine honour, in true English, I love thee, Kate: by which honour I dare not swear, thou lovest me; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering effect of my visage. Now heshrew my father's ambition! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me; therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies, I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear: my comfort is, that old age. that ill layer-up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face : thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me. if thou wear me, better and hetter; And therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an Empress; take me by the hand', and say - Harry of England, I am thine: which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud — England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantaganet is thine; who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best King, thou shalt find the best King of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken musick; for thy voice is musick, and thy English broken: therefore, Queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English, Wilt thou have me?

Rath. Dat is, as it shall please de roy mon pere.

K. Hen. Nay, it will please him well, Kate;
it shall please him, Kate.

Voz. X.

Kath. Den it shall also content me.

K. Hen. Upon that I will kiss your hand, and

I call you - my Queen.

Kath. Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, buissez: ma foy, je ne veux point que vous abbaissez vostre grandeur, en baisant la main d'une vostre indigne serviteure; excusez moy, je vous supplie, mon tres puissant seigneur.

K. Hen. Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

Kath. Les dames, et damoiselles, pour estre baisées devant leur nopces, il n'est pas le soutume de France.

K. Hen. Madam my interpreter, what says she? Alice. Dat it is not be de fashion pour les Ladies of France, - I cannot tell what is baiser. en English.

K. Hen. To kiss.

Alice. Your Majesty entendre hettre que moy. K. Hen. It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

Alice. Ouy, vrayment.

K. Hen. O, Kate, nice customs, curt'sy to great Kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list of a country's fashion: we are the makers of manners, Kate, and the liberty that follows our places, stops the mouths of all find-faults; as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country, in denying me a kiss: therefore, patiently, and yielding. [Kissing her.] You have witchcraft / in your lips, Kate: there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them, than in the tongues of the French council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England than a general petition of Monarchs. Here comes your father.

Enter the French King and Queen, BURGUNDY, WESTMORE-BEDFORD, GLOSTER, EXETER. LAND, and other French and English Lords.

God save your Majesty! my royal

cousin, teach you our Princess English?

K. Hen. I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her; and that is good English.

Bur. Is she not apt?

K. Hen. Our tongue is rough, coz; and my condition is not smooth: so that, having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love inher, that he will appear in his true likeness.

Bur. Pardon the frankness of my mirth; if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her you must make a circle: if conjure up love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked, and blind: Can you blame her then, being a maid yet rosed over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy in her naked seeing self? It were, my Lord, a hard condition for a maid to consign to.

K. Hen. Yet they do wink, and yield; as love is blind, and enforces.

Bur. They are then excused, my Lord, when

they see not what they do.

K. Hen. Then, good my Lord, teach your

consin to consent to winking.

Bur. I will wink on her to consent, my Lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for maids, well summer'd and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholomew-tide, blind, though they have their eyes; and then they will cudure



# KING HENRY V.

handling, which before would not abide looking on.

K. Hen. This moral ties me over to time. and a hot summer; and so I shall catch the fly, your cousin, in the latter end, and she must be blind too.

Bur. As love is , my Lord, before it loves.

K. Hen. It is so: and you may, some of you, thank love for my blindness; who cannot see many a fair French city, for one fair French .

maid that stends in my way.

Fr. King. Yes, my Lord, you see them perspectively, the cities turned into a maid: for they are all girdled with maiden walls, that war

hath never enter'd.

K. Hen. Shall Kate be my wife?

Fr. King. So please you.

K. Hen. I am content; so the maiden cities you talk of, may wait on her: so the maid, that stood in the way for my wish, shall show me the way to my will.

Fr. King. We have consented to all terms

of reason.

**1**16

K. Hen. Is't so, my Lords of England?
West. The King hath granted avery article: Ilis daughter, first; and then, in sequel, all, According to their firm proposed natures.

Exe. Only, he hath not yet subscribed this: - Where your Majesty demands, - That the King of France, having any occasion to write for matter of grant, shall name your Highness in this form, and with this addition, in French, - Notre tres cher filz Henry roy d'Angleterre, heretier de France; and thus in Latin, - Praeclarissimus filius noster Henricus, rex Angliae, et haeres Franciae.

Fr. King. 'Nor this I have not, brother, so deny'd,

But your request shall make me let it pass.

K. Hen. I pray you then, in love and dear alliance,

Let that one article rank with the rest:

And, thereupon, give me your daughter.

Fr. King. Take her, fair son; and from her
blood raise up

Issue to me: that the contending kingdoms

Of France and England, whose very shores

With envy of each other's happiness,
May cease their hatred; and this dear conjunction.
Plant neighbourhood and christian-like accord
In their sweet bosoms, and never war advance.
His bleeding sword 'twist England and fair
France.

All. Amen!

K. Hen. Now welcome; Kate: — and bean me witness all,

That here I kiss her as my sovereign Queen.

[Flourish.

Q. Isa. God, the best maker of all marriages, Combine your hearts in one, your realins in one! As man and wife, being two, are one in love, So be there 'twist your kingdomasuch a spousal, That never may ill office, or fell jealousy, Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage, Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms,

To make divorce of their incorporate league; That English may as French, French Engglishmen,

Receive each other! - God speak this Amen!

All. Amen!

# 118 KING HENRY V.

K. Hen. Prepare we for our marriage: —
on which day,
My Lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath,
And all the Peers', for surety of our leagues. —
Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me;
And may our oaths well kept and prosperous be!

[Execunt.

#### Entre CHORUS.

Thus far, with rough, and all unable pen,
Our bending author bath pursu'd the story;
In little room confining mighty men,
Mangling by starts the full course of their
glory.

Small time, but, in that small, most greatly liv'd, This star of England: fortune made his sword; By which the world's best garden he achiev'd, And of it left his son imperial lord. Henry the sixth, in infant bands crown'd King

Henry the sixth, in infant bands crown'd King Of France and England, did this King succeed;

Whose state so many had the managing, That they lost France, and made his England bleed:

Which oft our stage hath shown: and, for their sake,

In your fair minds let this acceptance take.

Exount.

# CING HENRY VI.

PARTL

# PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King Henry the Sixth.

Duke of Gloster, unclass the King, and Pretector,

Duke of Bedford, uncle to the King, and Re-, gent of France.

Thomas Beaufort, Duke of Exeter, great uncle' to the King.

Henry Beaufort, great uncle to the King, Bishop of Winchester, and afterwards Cardinal.

John Beaufort, Earl of Somerset; afterwards. Duke.

Richard Plantagenet, eldest son of Richard late Earl of Cambridge; afterwards Duke of York.

Earl of Warwick. Earl of Salisbury. Earl of Suffolk.

Lord Talbot, afterwards Earl of Shrewsbury: John Talbot, his son.

Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March.

Mortimer's Keeper, and a Lawyer.

Sir John Fastolfe. Sir William Lucy.

Sir William Glansdate. Sir Thomas Gargrave.

Mayor of London. Woodville, Lieutenant of the Tower.

Vernon, of the White Rose, or York faction.
Basset, of the Red Rose, or Lancaster faction.



Charles, Dauphin, and afterwards King of France.

Reignter, Duke of Anjou, and titular King of Naples.

Duke of Burgundy. Duke of Alencon. Governor of Paris. Balled of Orleans.

Master-Gunner of Orleans, and his son.

General of the French forces in Bourdeaux.

A French Sergeant. A Porter.

An old Shepherd, father to Joan la Pucelle.

Margaret, daughter to Reignier; afterwards married to King Henry.

Countess of Auvergne.

Joan la Pucelle, commonly called, Joan of Arc.

Fiends appearing to La Pucelle, Lords, Warders of the Tower, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and several Attendants both on the English and French.

SCENE, partly in England, and partly in France.

# KING HENRY VI.

#### ACT I. SCENE I.

Westminster Abbey.

Dead march. Corpse of King Henry the Fifth discovered, lying in state; attended on by the Dukes of Bedford, Gloster, and Exeter; the Earl of Warwick; the Bishop of Winchester, Heralds, &c.

Red. Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to night!

Comets, importing change of times and states, Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky; And with them scourge the bad revolting stars, That have consented unto Henry's death!
Henry the fifth, to famous to live long!
England ne'er lost a King of so much worth.

Glo. England ne'er had a King, until this time.

Virtue he had, deserving to command:
His brandish'd sword did blind men with his
beams;



124-

His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings;
His sparkling eyes replete with wrathful fire,
More dazzled and drove back his enemies,
Than mid-day sun, fierce bent against their faces,
What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech:
He ne'er lift up his hand, but conquered.

Exe. We mourn in black; Why mourn we not in blood?

Henry is dead, and never shall revive:
Upon a wooden coffin we attend;
And death's dishonourable victory
We with our stately presence glorify,
Like captives bound to a triumphant car.
What? shall we curse the planets of mishap.
That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?
Or shall we think the subtle-witted French
Conjurers, and sorcerers, that, afraid of him,
By magick verses have contrived his end?

Win. He was a King bless'd of the King of

Kings.
Unto the French the dreadful judgement day
So dreadful will not be, as was his sight.
The battles of the Lord of hosts he fought:
The church's prayers made him so prosperous.

Glo. The church! where is it? Had not church-

men pray'd,
His thread of life had not so soon decay'd:
None do you like but an effeminate Prince,
Whom, like a schoolboy, you may over-awe.

Whom, like a schoolboy, you may over-awe.

Win. Gloster, whate'er we like, thou art

Protector;

And lookest to command the Prince, and realm.
Thy wife is proud; she holdeth thee in awe,
More than God, or religious churchmen, may.
Glo. Name not religion, for thou lor'st the
flesh;

And ne'er throughout the year to church thou ' go'st,

Except it be to pray against thy foes.

Bed. Cease, cease these jars, and rest your minds in peace!

Let's to the altar: - Heralds, wait on us: -Instead of gold, we'll offer up our arms; Since arms avail not, now that Henry's dead. -Posterity, await for wretched years, When at their mothers' moist eyes babes shall suck :

Our isle be made a nourish of salt tears, And none but women left to wail the dead. - . Henry the fifth! thy ghost I invocate; Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils! Combat with adverse planets in the heavens! A far more glorious star thy soul will make, Than Julius Caesar, or bright ----

# - Enter a Messenger.

My honourable Lords, health to you all!

Sad tidings bring I to you out of France, Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture: Guienne, Champaigne, Rheims, Orleans, l'aris, Guysors, Poictiers, are all quite lost.

Bed. What say'st thou, man, before dead Henry's corse?

Speak softly; or the loss of those great towns Will make him burst his lead, and rise from death.

Glo. Is Paris lost? is Rouen yielded up? If Henry were recall'd to life again, These news would cause him once more yield the ghost-



Exe. How were they lost? what treachery was us'd?

Mess. No treachery; but want of men and money.

Among the soldiers this is muttered, —
That here you maintain several factions;
And, whilst a field should be despatch'd and
fought,

You are disputing of your generals.
One would have ling'ring wars, with little cost;
Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings;
A third man thinks, without expence at all,
By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.
Awake, awake, English nobility!
Let not sloth dim your honours, new-begot:
Cropp'd are the flower-de-luces in your arms;
Of England's coat one half is cut away.

Exe. Were our tears wanting to this funeral,
These tidings would call forth her flowing tides.
Bed. Me they concern; regent I am of

France: —
Give me my steeled coat, I'll fight for France. —
Away with these disgraceful wailing robes!
Wounds I will lend the French, instead of eyes,
To weep their intermissive miseries.

# Enter another Messenger.

2. Mess. Lords, view these letter, full of bad mischance,

France is revolted from the English quite; Except some petty towns of no import: The Dauphin Charles is crowned King in Rheims; The bastard of Orleans with him is join'd; Roignier, Duke of Anjou, doth take his part; The Duke of Alençon slieth to his side. Exc. The Dauphin crowned King! all fly to him!

O, whither shall we fly from this reproach?

Glo. We will not fly, but to our enemies'

throats: —

Bedford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.

Bed. Gloster, why doubt'st thou of my forwardness?

An army have I muster'd in my thoughts, Wherewith already France is over-run.

#### Enter a third Messenger.

- 3. Mess. My gracious Lords, to add to your laments, Wherewith you now bedew King Henry's hearse, I must inform you of a dismal fight, Betwixt the stout Lord Talbot and the French.

  Win. What! wherein Talbot overcame? is't
- 5, Mess. O, no; wherein Lord Talbot was o'erthrown:
  The circumstance I'll tell you more at large.
  The tenth of August last, this dreadful lord,
  Retiring from the siege of Orleans,
  Having full scarce six thousand of the French
  Was round encompassed and set upon:

Instead whereof, sharp stakes, pluck'd out of hedges,
They pitched in the ground confusedly,
To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.
More than three hours the fight continued;
Where valiant Talbott, above human thought,
Enacted wonders with his sword and lauce.

No leisure had he to enrank his men; He wanted pikes to set before his archers;



Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand him; Here, there, and every where, enrag'd he slew: The French exclaim'd, The devil was in arms; All the whole army stood agaz'd on him: His soldiers, spying his undaunted spirit, A Talbot, a Talbot! cried out amain, And rush'd into the bowels of the battle. . Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up, If sir John Fastolfe had not play'd the coward; He being in the vaward, (plac'd behind. With purpose to relieve and follow them,) Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke. Hence grew the general wreck and massacre; Enclosed were they with their enemies : A base Walloon, to win the Dauphin's grace, Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back; Whom all France, with their chief assembled strength,

Durst not presume to look once in the face.

Bed. Is Talbot slain? then I will slay myself,
For living idly here, in poinp and ease,
Whilst such a worthy leader wanting aid,
Unto his dastard foe-men is betray'd.

3. Mess. O no, he lives; but is took prisoner, And lord Scales with him, and lord Hungerford:

Most of the rest slaughter'd, or took; likewise.

Bed. His ransom there is none but I shall pay:
I'll hale the Dauphin headlong from his throne,
His crown shall be the ransom of my friend;
Four of their lords I'll change for one of

ours.——

Farewell, my Masters; to my task will I; Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make, To keep our great saint George's feast withal: Teu Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take, Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.

5. Mess. So you had need; for Orleans is besieg'd;

The English army is grown weak and faint: The Earl of Salisbury craveth supply And hardly keeps his men from mutiny, Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.

Exe. Remember, Lords, your oaths to Henry sworn;

Either to quell the Dauphin utterly, Or bring him in ohedience to your yoke.

Bed. I do remember it; and here take leave,
To go about my preparation. [Exit.

Glo. I'll to the Tower with all the haste I can, To view the artillery and munition; And then I will proclaim young Henry King.

Exe. To Eltham will I, where the young King is,

Being ordain'd his special governor; And for his safety there I'll best devise. [Exit.

Win. Each hath his place and function to attend:

I am left out; for me nothing remains, But long I will not be Jack-out-of-office; The King from Eltham I intend to send, And sit at chiefest stern of public weal.

Exit. Scene closes,

#### SCENE II

France. Before Orleans.

Enter CHARLES, with his forces; Alencon, Reignier, and Others.

Char. Mars his true moving, even as in the

So in the earth; to this day is not known;
Late, did he shine upon the English side;
Now we are victors; upon us he smiles.
What towns of any moment, but we have;
At pleasure here we lie, near Orleans;
Otherwhiles, the famish'd English, like pale

Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.

Alen. They want their porridge, and their

fat bull-beeves?

Either they must be dieted, like mules,
And have their provender ty'd to their mouths,
Or piteous they will look like drowned mice.

Reig. Let's raise the siege; Why live we idly

here?
Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear:
Remaineth none, but mad-brain'd Salisbury;
And he may well in fretting spend his gall,
Nor men, nor money, hath he to make war.

Char. Sound, sound alarum; we will rush on them.

Now for the honour of the forlorn French:

Him I forgive my death, that killeth me,

When he sees me go back one foot, or fly.

(Execunt.

# Alarums; Excursions; afterwards a Retreat.

Re-enter Charles, Alençon, Reignier, and Others.

Char. Who ever saw the like? what men have I?—
Dogs! cowards! dastards!—I would ne'er have fied,

But that they left me 'midst my enemies.

Reig. Salisbury is a desperage homicide,
He fighteth as one weary of his life.
The other lords, like lions wanting food,
Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.

Alen. Froisard, a countryman of ours, records,

England all Olivers and Rowlands bred,
During the time Edward the third did reign.
More truely now may this be verified;
For none but Sampsons, and Goliasses,
It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten!
Lean raw-bon'd rascals! who would e'er suppose
They had such courage and audacity?

Char. Let's leave this town! for they are hairbrain'd slaves,

And hunger will enforce them to be more eager:
Of old I know them; rather with their teeth
The walls they'll tear down, than forsake the
siege.

Reig. I think, by some odd gimmals or device,

Their arms are set, like clocks, still to strike on; Else ne'er could they hold out so, as they do. By my consent, we'll e'en let them alone.

Alen Be it so.



Enter the Bastard of Orleans.

Bast. Where's the Prince Dauphin? I have news for him.

Char. Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome

Char. Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.

Bast. Methinks, your looks are sad, your cheer appall'd;

Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?
Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand:
A holy maid hither with me I bring,
Which by a vision sent to her from heaven,
Ordained is to raise this tedious siege,
And drive the English forth the bounds of
France.

The spirit of deep prophecy she hath, Exceeding the nine sibyls of old Rome; What's past, and what's to come, she can descry. Speak, shall I call her in? Believe my words, For they are certain and infallible.

Char. Go, call her in: [Exit Bastard.] But, first, to try her skill, Reignier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place; Question her proudly, let thy looks he stern;——By this means shall we sound what skill she hath.

[Retires.

Enter LA Pucelle, Bastard of Orleans, and Others.

Reig. Fair maid, is't thou wilt do these wond rous feats?

Puc. Reignier, is't thou that thinkest to beguile me?

Where is the Dauphin? — come, come from

behind;
I know thee well, though never seen before.
Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me:

In private will I talk with thee apart; —— Stand back, you Lords, and give us leave awhile.

Reig. She takes upon her bravely at first dash. Puc. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter, My wit untrain'd in any kind of art. Heaven, and our Lady gracious, hath it pleas'd To shine on my contemptible estate: Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs, And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks, God's mother deigned to appear to me; And, in a vision full of majesty, Will'd me to leave my base vocation. And free my country from calamity: Her aid she promis'd, and assur'd success: In complete glory she reveal'd herself; . And, whereas I was black and swart before, With those clear rays which she infus'd on me. That beauty am I bless'd with, which you see. Ask me what question thou canst possible And I will answer unpremeditated: My courage try by combat, if thou dar'st, And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex. Resolve on this: Thou shalt be fortunate, If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

Char. Thou hast astomsh'd me with thy high

Only this proof I'll of thy valour make, — In single combat thou shalt buckle with me; And, if thou vanquishest, thy words are true; Otherwise, I renounce all confidence.

Puc. I am prepar'd; here is my keen-edg'd sword;

Deck'd with five flower-de-luces on each side;

PART OF

in saint Kalharine's church-yard, iron I chose forth. o'God's name, I fear no [ live, I'll ne'er fly from a They fight.

thy hands; thou art an Amazon, ie sword of Deborah.

ther helps me, else I were elps thee, 'tis thou that must

help me: with thy desire; ds thou hast at once subdu'd.

, if thy name be so, nt, and not sovereign, be;

)auphin sueth to thee thus. ot yield to any rites of love,

n's sacred from above : ised all thy foes from hence, ak upon a recompense.

ime, look gracious on thy pro strate thrall. ord, methinks, is very long

he shrives this woman her smock; ild he so long protract his spee we disturb him, since he keeps mean?

may mean more than we poor do know: a are shrewd tempters with tongues.

My Lord, where are you? what devise you on? a give over Orleans, or no?

Why, no, I say, distrustful recreants!
ght till the last gasp; I will be your guard.
Char. What she says, I'll confirm; we'll fight
it out,

Puc. Assign'd am I to be the English scourge. This night the siege assuredly I'll raise: Expect saint Martin's summer, halcyon days, Since I have entered into these wars.

Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to nought.
With Henry's death, the English circle ends;
Dispersed are the glories it included.
Now am I like that proud insulting ship.

Which Caesar and his fortune bare at once.

Char. Was Mahomet inspired with a dove?

Thou with an eagle art inspired then.

Helen, the mother of great Constantine,

Nor yet saint Philip's daughter, were like thee. Bright star of Venus, fall'n down on the earth, How may I reverently worship thee enough?

Alen. Leave off delays, and let us raise the

Reig. Woman, do what thou canst to save our honours;

Drive them from Orleans, and be immortaliz'd.

Char. Presently we'll try: — Come, let's away about it:

No prophet will I trust, if she prove false. Execunt.



136

#### SCENE III.

London. Hill before the Tower.

Enter, at the Gates, the Duke of GLOSTER, with his Servingmen in blue coats.

Glo. I am come to survey the Tower this day: Since Henry's death, I fear, there is conyevance.

Where he these warders, that they wait not here: Open the gates: it is Gloster that calls.

- [Servants knock.

  1. Ward. [Within.] Who is there that knocks
- so imperiously?

  1. Serv. It is the noble Duke of Gloster.
- 2. Ward. [Within.] Whoe'er he be, you may not be let in.
- 1. Serv. Villains, answer you so the lord Protector?
- 1. Ward. [Within.] The Lord protect him so we answer him:
- We do no otherwise than we are will'd.

  Glo. Who willed you? or whose will stands
  but mine?

There's no Protector of the realm, but I. —— Break up the gates, I'll be your warrantize: Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?

Servants rush at the Tower gates. Enter, to the gates, Woodville, the Lieutenant.

Wood. [Within.] What noise is this? what traitors have we here?

Glo. Lieutenant, is it you whose voice I hear?

Open the gates; here's Gloster that would enter.
Wood. [Within.] Have patience, noble Duke;

I may not open;
The Cardinal of Winchester forbids:
From him I have express commandement,
That thou, nor none of thine, shall be let in.

Glo. Faint-hearted Woodville, prizest him 'fore me?

Arrogant Winchester? that haughty Prelate, Whom Henry, our late Sovereign ne'er could brook?

Thou art no friend to God, or to the King:

Open the gates, or I'll shut thee out shortly.

1. Serv. Open the gates unto the lord Pro-

tector;

Or we'll burst them open, if that you come

Or we'll burst them open, if that you come not quickly.

Enter Winchester, attended by a train of Servants in tawny coats.

Win. How now, ambitious Humphry? what means this?

Glo. Piel'd priest, dost thou command me

Win. I do, thou most usurping proditor,
And not Protector of the King or realm.

Glo. Stand back, thou manifest conspirator; Thou, that contriv'dst to murder our dead lord; Thou, that giv'st whores indulgences to sin: I'll canvass the in thy broad Cardinal's hat,

If thou proceed in this thy insolence.

Win. Nay, stand thou back, I will not

budge a foot;
This be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain,
To slay thy brother Abel, if thou will.

Glo. I will not slay thee, but I'll drive thee hack:

Thy scarlet robes, as a child's bearing-cloth I'll use, to carry thee out of this place.

Win. Do what then dar'st; I heard thee to thy face.

Glo. What? am I dar'd, and bearded to my face? —

Draw, men, for all this privileged place; Blue-coats to tawny-coats. Priest, beware your beard;

[Gloster and his men attack the Bishop. I mean to tug it, and to cuff you soundly: Under my feet I stamp thy Cardinal's hat; In spite of Pope, or dignities of church, Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.

Win. Gloster, thou'tt answer this before

the Pope.

Glo. Winchester goose, I cry — a rope! a

Now heat them hence, Why do you let them stay? —

Thee I'll chase hence, thou wolfe in sheep's array. ——
Out. tawny coats! — out, scarlet hypocrite!

Here a great tumult. In the midst of it, En-

ter the Mayor of London, and Officers.

May. Fie, Lords! that you, being supreme magistrates,

Thus contumeliously should break the peace!

Glo. Peace, Mayor; thou know'st little of
my wrongst:

Here's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor King, Hath here distrain'd the Tower to his use. Win. Here's Gloster too, a foe to citizens; One that still motions war, and never peace, O'ercharging your free purses with large fines; That seeks to overthrow religion, Because he is Protector of the realm; And would have armour here out of the Tower, To crown himself King, and suppress the Prince.

Glo. I will not answer thee with words, but blows.

[Here they skirmish again.

May. Nought rests for me in this tumultuous strife,

Orr. All manner of men, assembled here in arms this day, against God's peace and the King's, we charge and command you, in his. Highness' name, to repair to your several dwelling-places; and not to wear, handle, or use, any sword, weapon, or dagger, henceforward, upon pain of death.

Glo. Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law: But we shall meet, and break our minds at large. Win. Gloster, we'll meet; to thy dear cost,

be sure:
Thy heart-blood I will have for this day's work,
May. I'll call for clubs, if you will not
away: --

This Cardinal is more haughty than the devil.

Glo. Mayor, farewell: thou dost but what
thou may'st.

Win. Abominable Gloster! guard thy head: For I intend to have it, ere long. Exeunt.



May.. See the coast clear'd, and then we will depart. —
Good God! that nobles should such stomachs bear!

I myself fight not once in forty years. [Exeunt.

#### SCENE IV.

France. Before Orleans.

Enter, on the walls, the Master-Gunner and his Son.

M. Gun. Sirrah, theu know'st hew Orleans
is besieg'd;

And how the English have the suburbs won.

Son. Father, I know; and oft have shot at them,

Howe'er, unfortunate, I miss'd my aim.

M. Gun: But now thou shalt not. Be thou
rul'd by me:

Cief master-gunner am I of this town;
Something I must do, to procure me grace.
The Prince's espials have informed me,
How the English, in the suburbs close intrench'd,
Wont, through a secret grate of iron bars
I youder tower, to overpeer the city;
And thence discover, how, with most advantage,
They may vex us, with shot, or with assault.
To intercept this inconvenience,
A piece of ordnance 'gainstit I have plac'd;
And fully even these three days have I watch'd,
If I could see them. Now, boy, do thou watch,
For I cam stay ne longer.
If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word;

And thou shalt find me at the governor's. (Exit.

Son. Father, I warrant you; take you no care; I'll never trouble you, if I may spy them.

Enter, in an upper chamber of a Tower, the Lords Salisbury and Talbot, Sir William Glansdale, Sir Thomas Gargnare, and Others.

Sal. Talbot, my life, my joy, again return'd!

How wert thou handled, being prisoner? Or by what means got'st thou to be releas'd?

Discourse, I pr'ythee, on this turret's top.

Tal. The Duke of Bedford had a prisoner,
Called — the brave lord Ponton de Santrailles;
For him I was exchang'd and ransomed.
But with a baser man of arms by far,
Once, in contempt, they would have barter'd me:
Which I, disdaining, scorn'd: and craved death
Rather than I would be so pil'd esteem'd.
In fine, redeem'd I was as I desir'd.
But, O! the treacherous Fastolfe wounds my
heart!

Whom with my bare fists I would execute,
If I now had him brought into my power.
Sal. Yet tell'st thou not, how thou wert
entertain'd.

Tal. With scoffs, and scorn's, and contumelious taunts.

In open market-place produc'd they me,
To be a publick spectacle to all;
Here, said they, is the terror of the French,
The scare-crow that affrights our children so.
Then broke I from the officers that led me;
And with my saits digg'd stones out of the
ground,

To harl at the beholders of my shame. My grisly countenance made others fly; None durst come near, for fear of sudden death. In iron walls they deem'd me not secure; So great fear of my name 'mongst them was

spread,
That they suppos'd, I could rend bars of steel,
And spurn in pieces post of adamant:
Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had,
That walk'd about me every minute-while;
And if I did but stir out of my bed,
Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

Sal. I grieve to hear what torments you en-

But we will be reveng'd sufficiently. Now it is supper-time in Orleans:

Here, through this grate, I can count every one, And view the Frenchmen how they fortify; Let us look in, the sight will much delight thee.——

Sir Thomas Gargrave, and Sir William Glassdale, Let me have your express opinions,

Where is best place to make our battery next. Gar. I think, at the north gate: for there

stand lords.

Glan. And I, here, at the bulwark of the bridge.

Tal. For aught I see, this city must be famish'd,

Or with light skirmishes enfeebled.

[Shot from the town. Salisbury and Sir Thomas Gargrave fall.

Sal. O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched sinners!

Gar. O Lord, have mercy on me, woful man!

Tal. What chance is this, that suddenly hath

cross'd us? ——
seek. Salishney: at least if they cance speek.

Speak, Salisbury; at least, if thou canst speak; How far'st thou, mirror of all martial men? One of thy eyes, and thy cheek's side struck

off! —

Accursed tower! accursed fatal hand,
That hath contriv'd this woful tragedy!
In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame;
Henry the fifth he first train'd to the wars:
Whilst any trump did sound, or drum struck up,
His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field.

Yet liv'st thou, Salisbury? though they speech
doth fail,

One eye thon hast to look to heaven for grace? The sun with one eye vieweth all the world. — Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive, If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands! — Bear hence his body, I will help to bury it. — Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life? Speak unto Talbot; nay, look up to him, Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort; Thou shalt not die, whiles — He beckons with his hand, and smiles on me; As who should say, When I am dead and gone, Remember to avenge me on the French. — Plantagenet, I will; and Nero-like, Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn: Wretched shall France be only in my name.

[Thunder heard; afterwards an alarum, What stir is this? What tumult's in the heavens? Whence cometh this alarum, and the noise?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lord, my Lord, the French have gather'd head:



The Dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle join'd,—A holy prophetess, new risen up,—
Is come with a great power to raise the siege.

[Salisbury, groans.

Tal. Hear, hear, how dying Salisbury doth groan!

It inks his heart, he cannot be reveng'd. —
Frenchmen, I'll be a Salisbury to you: —
Pucelle or puzzel, dolphin or degfish,
Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's heels,
And make a quagmire of your mingled brains. —
Convey me Salisbury into his tent.

And then we'll try what these dastard French-

men dare. ....
[Exeunt, bearing out the bodies....

# " SCENE V.

The same. Before one of the gates.

Alarum. Skirmiehings. Talbor pursueth the Dauphin, and driveth him in: then enter Joan la Pucelle, driving Englishmen before her. Then enter Talbor.

Tal. Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?
Our English troops retire, I cannot stay them.
A woman, clad in armour, chaseth them.

#### Enter LA PUCELLE.

Here, here she comes: — I'll have a bout withthee;

Devil, or devil's dam; I'll conjure thee: Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a witch,
And straightway give thy soul to him thou serv'st.

Puc. Come, come, 'tis only I that must disgrace thee. [They fight.

Tal. Heavens, can you suffer hell so to prevail?
My breast I'll burst with straining of my courage,
And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder,
But I will chastise this high-minded strumpet.

Puc. Talbot, farewell; thy hour is not yet come:

I must go victual Orleans forthwith.

()'ertake me, if thou canst; I scorn thy strength.

Go, go, cheer up thy hunger-starved men;

Help Salisbury to make his testament:

'This day is ours, as many more shall be.

[Pucelle enters the town, with Soldiers,

Tal. My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel;

I know not where I am, nor what I do: A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal, Drives back our troops, and conquers as she lists: So bees with smoke, and doves with noisome stench,

Are from their hives, and houses, driven away.

They call'd us, for our fierceness, English dogs;

Now, like to whelps, we crying run away.

[A short alarum.

Hark, countrymen! either renew the fight,
Or tear the lions out of England's coat;
Renounce your soil, give sheep in lions' stead:
Sheep run not half so timorous from the wolf,
Or horse, or oxen, from the leopard,
As you fly from your oft subdued slaves.

[Alarum. Another skirmish.

It will not be: — Retire into your trenckes: You all consented unto Salisbury's death, For none would strike a stroke in his revenge. — Pucelle is enter'd into Orleans, In spite of us, or aught that we could do. O, would I were to die with Salisbury! The shame hereof will make me hide my head.

[Alarum. Retreaf. Exeunt Talbor and his forces, &c.

# SCENE VI.

#### The same.

Enter, on the walls, Pucelie, Charles, Reignier, Alencon, and soldiers.

How shall I honour thee for this success?
Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,
That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the

France, triumph in thy glotious prophetess! — Recover'd is the town of Orleans: More blessed hap did ne'er befall our state. Reig. Why ring not out the bells throughout

Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires, And feast and banquet in the open streets, To celebrate the joy that God hath given us. Alen. All France will be replete with mirth and joy, When they shall hear how we have play'd the men.

Char. 'Tis Joan , not we , by whom the day

Char. 'Tis Joan, not we, by whom the day is won;

For which, I will divide my crown with her:
And all the priests and friars in my realm
Shall; in procession, sing her endless praise.
A statelier pyramis to her I'll rear,
Than Rhodope's, or Memphis', ever was:
In memory of her, when she is dead,
Her ashes, in an urn more precious
Than the rich-jewel'd coffer of Darius,
Transported shall be at high festivals
Before the Kings and Queens of France.
No longer on saint Dennis will we cry,
But Joan la Pacelle shall be France's saint.
Come in; and let us banquet royally.
After this golden day of victory.

[Flourish. Excunt.

#### ACT II. SCENE I.

The same.

Enter to the gates, a French Sergeant, and two Sentinels.

Serg. Sirs, take your places, and be vigilant: If any noise, or soldier, you perceive, Near to the dalls, by some apparent sign, Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.

1. Sent. Sergeant, you shall. [Exit Sergeant.] Thus are poor servitors.

(When others sleep upon their quiet beds,) Constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain, and cold.

Enter Talbot, Bedford, Burgundy, and Forces, with scaling ladders; their drums beating a dead march.

Tal Lord Regent, - and redoubted Burgundy, -

By whose approach, the regions of Artois, Walloon, and Picardy, are friends to us, — This happy night the Frenchmen are secure, Having all day carous'd and banqueted: Embrace we then this opportunity; As fitting beet to quittance their deceit,

Bed. Coward of France! — now much he

Bed. Coward of France! — Now much he wrongs his fame, Despairing of his own arm's fortitude,

To join with witches, and the help of hell.

Bur. Traitors have never other company.

But what's that Pucelle, whom they term so pure?

Tal. A maid, they say.

Bed. A maid! and be; so martial!

Bed. A maid! and be so martial!

Bur. Pray God, she prove not masculine ere long;

If underneath the standard of the French, She carry armour, as she hath begun.

Tal. Well, let them practise and converse with spirits:

God is our fortress; in whose conquering name, Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.

Bed. Ascend, brave Talbot; we will follow thee.

Tal. Not all together: better far, I guess, That we do make our entrance several ways;

That, if it chance the one of us do fail, The other yet may rise against their force.

Bed. Agreed; I'll to you corner.

Bur, And I this.

Tal. And here will Talbot mount, or make
his grave —
Now, Salisbury! for thee, and for the right

Of English Henry, shall this night appear. How much in duty I am bound to both.

[The English scale the walls, crying St. George! a Talbot! and all enter by the town.

Sent. [Within.] Arm, arm! the enemy doth make assault!

The French leap over the walls in their shirts.

Enter, several ways, BASTARD, ALENCON,
REIGNIER, half ready, and half sunready.

Alen. How now, my Lords? what, all unready so?

Bast. Unready? ay, and glad we 'scap'd so well.

Reig. 'Twas time, I trow, to wake, and leave our beds,

Hearing alarums at our chamber doors.

Alon. Of all exploits, since first I follow'd:
arms,

Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterprize

More venturous, or desperate than this.

Bast. I think, this Talbot is a fiend of helt.

Reig. If not of hell, the heavens, sure in-

vour him.

Alen. Here cometh Charles; I marvel, how he sped.



#### Enter CHARLES and LA PUCELLE.

Bast: Tut! holy Joan was his defensive guard. Char. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame? Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal, Make us partakers of a little gain, That now our loss might be ten times so much? Puc. Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend?

At all times will you have my poweralike? Sleeping, or waking, must I still prevail, Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?—
Improvident soldiers! had your watch been good,

This sudden mischief never could have fall'n, Char. Duke of Alencon, this was your default;

That, being captain of the watch to-night,
Did look no better to that weighty charge.

Alen. Had all your quarters been as safely
kept,

As that whereof I had the government,
We had not been thus shamefully surprized.

Back Mine was account.

Bast. Mine was secure.

Reig. And so was mine, my Lord.

Char. And, for myself, most part of all this night,

Within her quarter, and mine own precinct,
I was employ'd in passing to and fro,
About relieving of the sentinels:
Then how, or which way, should they first

Puc. Question, my Lords, no further of the case,
How, or which way; 'tis sure they found some place

Alarum. Enter an English Soldier crying, a Talbot! a Talbot! They fly, leaving their olothes behind.

Sold. I'll be so bold to take what they have left. The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword; For I have loaden me with many spoils, Using no other weapon but his name. [Exit.

#### SCENE H.

Orleans. Within the town.

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, a Captain, and Others.

Bed. The day begins to break, and night is fled.
Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.
Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.
[Retreat sounded.

Tal. Bring forth the body of old Salisbury;
And here advance it in the market-place.
The middle centre of this cursed town.

Now have I pay'd my vow unto his soul;
For every drop of blood was drawn from him,
There hath at least five Frenchmen dy'd to-night.
And, that hereafter ages may behold.
What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,
Within their chiefest temple l'll erect
A tomb, wherein his corpse shall be interv'd;

Upon the which, that every one may read, Shall be engrav'd the sack of Orleans; The treacherous manner of his mournful death, And what a terror he had been to France. But, Lords, in all our bloody massacre, I muse, we met not with the Dauphin's grace; His new-come champion, virtuous Joan of Arc; Nor any of his false confederates.

Bed. "Tis thought, Lord Talbot, when the fight began,

Rous'd on the sudden from their drowsy beds,
They did, amongst the troops of armed men,
Leap o'er the walls for refuge in the field.

Bur. Myself (as far as I could well discern,
For smoke, and dusky vapours of the night,)
Am sure, I scar'd the Dauphin, and his trull,
When arm in arm they both came swiftly run-

ning,
Like to a pair of loving turtle-dayes,
That could not live asunder day or night.
After that things are set in order here,
We'll follow them with all the power we have.

#### Enter a Messenger.

Mess. All hail, my Lords! which of this princely train

Call ye the warlike Talbot, for this acts

So much applauded through the realm of France?

Tal. Here is the Talbot; Who would speak with him?

Mess. The virtuous Lady, Countess of Auvergne,

With modesty admiring thy renown,
By me entreats, great Lord, thou woulded
wouchsafe
To visit her poor castle where she lies;

That she may boast, she hath beheld the man Whose glory fills the world with loud report.

Bur. Is it even so? Nay, then, I see, our

Will turn unto a peaceful comic with.

When ladies crave to be encountered with.

You may not, my Lord, despise her gentle suit.

Tal. Ne'er trust me then; for, when a world

of men
Could not prevail with all their oratory,
Yet hath a woman's kindness over-rul'd: —
And therefore tell her, I return great thanks;
And in submission will attend on her, ——
Will not your Honours hear me company?
Bed. No, truly; it is more than manners will:
And I have heard it said, — Unbidden guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone.
Tal. Well then, alone, since there's no remedy,
I mean to prove this lady's courtesy.
Come hither, Captain. [Whispers.] —— You

perceive my mind.

Capt. I do, my Lord; and mean accordingly.

[Execunt.

#### SCENE III.

Auvergne. Court of the Castle.

Enter the Countess and her Porter.

Count. Porter, remember what I gave in charge;
And, when you have done so, bring the keys to me.

Port. Madam, I will.

[Exit.

Count. The plot is laid: if all things fall out right,

I shall as famous be by this exploit,
As Scythian Thomyris by Cyrus' death.
Great is the pour of this dreadful knight,
And his ach sements of no less account:
Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ears,
To give their censure of these rare reports.

Enter Messenger and TALBOT.

Mess. Madam,

According as your Ladyship desir'd, By message crav'd, so is lord Talbot come. Count. And he is welcome. What! is this the

Mess. Madam, it is.

Count. Is this the scourge of France?

Is this the Talbot, so much scar'd abroad,
That with his name the mothers still their babes?
I see, report is fabulous and false:
I thought, I should have seen some Hercules,
A second Hector, for his grim aspect,
And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.
Alas! this is a child, a silly dwarf:
It cannot be, this weak and writhled shrimp
Should strike such terror to his enemies.

Tal. Madam, I have been bold to trouble you:

Tal. Madam, I have been bold to trouble you: But, since your Ladyship is not at leisure, I'll sort some other time to visit you.

Count. What means he now? — Go ask him, whither he goes.

Mess. Stay, my Lord Talbot; for my Lady craves

To know the cause of your abrupt departure.

Tal. Marry, for that she's in a wrong belief,

I go so certify her, Talbot's here.

#### Re-enter Porter, with keys.

Count. If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.

Tal. Prisoner! to whom? Count. To me, blood-thirsty Lord; And for that cause I train'd thee to my house. Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me. For in my gallery thy picture hangs: But now the substance shall endure the like; And I will chain these legs and arms of thine, That hast by tyranny, these many years, Wasted our country, slain our citizens, And sent our sons and husbands captivate,

Tal. Ha, ha, ha!

Count. Laughest thou, wretch? thy mirth shall turn to moan.

Tal. I laugh to see your Ladyship so fond, To think that you have aught but Talbots shadow,

Whereon to practice your severity.

Count. Why, art not thou the man? Tal. I am indeed.

Count. Then have I substance too. Tal. No, no, I am but shadow of myself:

You are deceiv'd, my substance is not here; For what you see, is but the smallest part

And least proportion of humanity:

I tell you, Madam, were the whole frame here, It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,

Your roof were not sufficient to contain it. Count. This is a riddling merchant for the

nonce; He will be here, and yet he is not here: How can these contraricties agree?

Tal. That will I show you presently.

He winds a horn. Drums heard; then a peal of ordnance. The gates being forced, enter Soldiers.

How say you, Madam? are you now persuaded, That Talbot is but shadow of himself? These are his substance, sinews, arms, and strength,

With which he yoketh your rebellious necks; Razeth your cities, and subverts your towns, And in a moment makes them desolate

And in a moment makes them desolate.

Count. Victorious Talbot! pardon my abuse:
I find, thou art no less than fame hath braited,
And more than may be gather'd by thy shape.
Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath;
For I am sorry, that with reverence
I did not entertain thee as thou art.

Tal. Be not dismay'd, fair Lady; nor misconstrue

The mind of Talbot, as you did mistake
The outward composition of his body.
What you have done, hath not offended me:
No other satisfaction do I crave,
But only (with your patience,) that we may
Taste of your wine, and see what cates you
have:

For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.

Count. With all my heart; and think me honoured

To feast so great a warrior in my house.

Exeunt.

### SCENE IV.

## London. The Temple Garden.

'Enter the Earls of Somerser, Suffolk, and Warwick; Richard, Plantagener, Vernon, and another Lawyer,

Plan. Great Lords, and Gentlemen, what means this silence?

Dare no man answer in a case of truth?

Suf. Within the Temple hall we were too loud;

The garden here is more convenient.

Plan. Then say at once, If I maintain'd the truth;

Or, else, was wrangling Somerset in the error?

Suf. 'Faith, I have been a truant in the law;
And never yet could frame my will to it;
And, therefore, frame the law unto my will.

Som. Judge you, my Lord of Warwick, then
between us.

War. Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch,

Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth, Between two blades, which bears the better temper,

Between two horses, which doth bear him best, Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye, I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgement:

But in these nice sharp quillets of the law, Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

Plan. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance:
The truth appears so taked on my side,
That any purblind eye may find it out.



## 158 FIRST PART OF

Som. And on my side it is so well apparell'd, So clear, so shining, and so evident,

That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.

Plan. Since you are tongue-ty'd, and so loath
to speak,

In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts:
Let him, that is a trueborn gentleman,
And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this briar pluck a white rose with me.
Som. Let him that is no coward, nor no

flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.
War. I love no colours; and, without all

Of base-insinuating flattery,
I pluck this white rose, with Plantagenet.
Suf. I pluck this red rose, with young So-

colour .

merset;
And say withal, I think he held the right.
Ver. Stay, Lords, and Gentlemen; and pluck

no more,
Till you conclude — that he, upon whose side
The fewest roses are cropp'd from the tree,

Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

Som. Good master Vernon, it is well objected;

Som. Good master Vernon, it is well objected If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.

Plan. And 1.

Ver. Then, for the truth and plainness of the case,

I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here, Giving my verdict on the white rose side.

Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it Lest, bleeding, you do paint the white ross and fall on my side so egainst your will.

er. If I, my Lord, for my opinion bleed, nion shall be surgeon to my hurt, keep me on the side where still I am. m.-Well, well, come on: Who else? aw. Unless my study and my books be false, argument you held, was wrong in you; [To Somerser, ign whereof, I pluck a white rose too. lan. Now, Somerset, where is your argument?

lan. Now, Somerset, where is your argument?
om. Here, in my scabbard; meditating that,
ll die your white in a bloody red.
lan. Mean time, your cheeks do counterfeit

our roses;

pale they look with fear, as witnessing truth on our side.
om. No, Plantagenet,

not for fear; but anger, — that thy cheeks in for pure same, to counterfeit our roses; I yet thy tongue will not confess thy error. lan. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset? om. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet? lan. Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain his truth:

iles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.

ρm. Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding roses,

t shall maintain what I have said is true, ere false Plantagenet dare not be seen.

Tan. Now, by this maiden blossom in my

orn thee and thy fashion, peevish boy.

"I Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet,"

"Ian. Proud Poole, I will; and scorn both him and thee.

% I'll turn my part thereof into by throat-

## 160 - FIRST PART OF

Som. Away, away, good William De la-Poole!

We grace the yeoman, by conversing with him.

War. Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st
him, Somerset;

His grandfather was Lionel Duke of Clarence, Third son to the third Edward King of England; Spring crestless yeomen from so deep a root? Plan. He bears him on the place's privilege,

Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus.

Som. By him that made me, I'll maintain

my words

On any plot of ground in Christendom: Was not thy father, Richard, Earl of Cambridge, For treason executed in our late King's daya? And, by his treason, stand'st not thou attainted, Corrupted, and exempt from ancient gentry?

His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood;

And, till thou be restor'd, thou art a yeoman.

Plan. My father was attached, not attainted;
Condemn'd 10 die for treason, but no traitor;
And that I'll prove on better men than So-

merset,
Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.
For your partaker Poole, and you yourself,
I'll note you in my book of memory,
To scourge you for this apprehension:
Look to it well; and say you are well warn'd

Look to it well; and say you are well warn'd.

Som. Ay, thou shalt find us ready for thee

still:

And know us by these colours, for thy foes; For these my friends, in spite of thee, shall wear.

Plan. And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose,

As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,

Will I for ever, and my faction, wear;
Until it wither with me to my grave,
Or flourish to the height of my degree.
Suf. Go forward, and be chok'd with thy
ambition!

And so farewell, until I meet thee next.

Som. Have with thee, Poole. — Farewell, ambitions Richard. [Exit.

Plan. How I am brav'd, and must perforce endure it!

War. This blot, that they object against your house,

Shall be wip'd out in the next parliament,
Call'd for the truce of Winchester and Gloster:
And, if thou be not then created York,
I will not live to be accounted Warwick.
Mean time, in signal of my love to thee,
Against proud Somerset, and William Poole,
Will I upon thy party wear this rose:
And here I propliecy, — This brawl to-day
Grown to this faction, in the Temple garden,
Shall send between the red rose and the white,
A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

Plan. Good Master Vernon, I am bound to

That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.

Ver. In your behalf still will I wear the same.

Law. And so will I.

Plan. Thanks, gentle Sir.

Come, let us four to dinner: I dare say,

This quarrel will drink blood another day.

[Execunt.

you,

#### SCENE V.

The came. A Room in the Tower.

Enter Monman, brought in a chair by two Keepers.

Mor. Kind keepers of my weak decaying lage,
Let dying Mertimer here rest himself.

Even like a man new baled from the rack,
So fare my limbs with long imprisonment:
And these grey locks, the poursuivants of death,
Nestor-like aged, in an age of care,
Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.

These eyes, — like lamps whose wasting oil is
spent, —

Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent:
Weak shoulders, overborne with burd'ning grief;
And pithless arms, like to a wither'd vine
That droops his sapless branches to the ground;—
Yet are these feet — whose strengthless stay is
numb,

Unable to support this lamp of clay, —
Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,
As witting I no other comfort have.

But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?

1. Keep. Richard Plantagenet, my Lord, will come:

We sent unto the Temple, to his chamber; Aud answer was return'd, that he will come. Mor. Enough; my soul shall then be satisfy'd.—

Poor gentleman! his wrong doth equal mine. Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign, (Before whose glory I was great in arms.) This loathsome sequestration have I had; And even since then hath Richard been obscur'd, Depriv'd of honour and inheritance: But now, the arbitrator of despairs, Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries, With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence; I would, his troubles likewise were expir'd, That so he might recover what was lost.

#### Enter RIGHARD PLANTAGENET.

Keep, My Lord, your loving nephew now is come.

Mor. Richard Plantagenet, my friend? Is he come?

Plan. Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly us'd, Your nephew, late-despised Richard, comes.

Mor. Direct mine arms, I may embrace his neck,

And in his bosom spend my latter gasp:
O, tell me, when my lips do touch his cheeks,
That I may kindly give one fainting kiss. —
And now declare, sweet stem from York's great
stock,

Why didst thou say - of late thou wert despis'd?

Plan. First, lean thine aged back against

mine arm;
And, in that ease, I'll tell thee my disease.
This day, in argument upon a case,
Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me:
Among which terms, he us'd his lavish tongue,
And did upbraid me with my father's death;
Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,
Else with the like I had requited him:
Therefore, good uncle, — for my father's sales,
In honour of a true Plantagenet,



#### FIRST PART OF

164

And for alliance' sace, — declare the cause
My father, Earl of Cambridge, lost his head.

Mor. That cause, fair nephew, that imprison'd me,

And hath detain'd me, all my flowring youth,
Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,
Was cursed instrument of his disease.

Plan. Discover more at large what cause

that was;

For I am ignorant, and cannot guess.

Mor. I will; if that my fading breath permit,
And death approach not ere my tale be done,
Henry the fourth, grandfather to this King,
Depos'd his nephew Richard; Edward's son,
The first-begotten, and the lawful heir
Of Edward King, the third of that descent:
During whose reign, the Percies of the north,
Finding his usurpation most unjust,
Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne:
The reason mov'd these warlike lords to this,
Was — for that (young King Richard thus re-

mov'd,

Leaving no heir begotten of his body,)

I was the next by birth and parenage;

For by my mother I derived am

From Lionel Duke of Clarence, the third son

To King Edward the third, whereas he,

From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,

Being but fourth of that heroick line.

But mark; as, in this laughty great attempt,

They laboured to plant the rightful heir,

I lost my liberty, and they their lives.

Long after this, when Henry the fifth, —

Succeeding his father Bolingbroke, — did reign,

Thy father, Earl of Cambridge, — then deriv'd

From famous Edmund Langley, Duke of York, —

Marrying my sister, that thy mother as, Again, in pity of my hard distress, Levied an army; weening to redeem, And have install'd me in the diadem: But, as the rest, so fell that noble Earl, And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers, In whom the title rested, were suppress'd.

Plan. Of which, my Lord, your Honour is the last.

Mor. True; and thou seest, that I no issue have:

And that my fainting words do warrant death: Thou art my heir; the rest, I wish thee gather: But yet be wary in thy studious care.

Plan. Thy grave admonishments prevail with me:

But yet, methinks, my father's execution. Was nothing less than bloody tyranny.

Mor. With silence, nephew, he thou politick; Strong-fixed is the house of Lancaster, And, like a mountain, not to be remov'd: But now thy uncle is removing hence; As Princes do their courts when they are cloy'd With long continuance in a settled place.

Plan. O, uncle, 'would some part of my young years

young years

Might but redeem the passage of your age!

Mor. Thou dost then wrong me; as the slaught rer doth,

Which giveth many wounds, when one will kill.

Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good;

Only, give order for my funeral;

And so farewell; and taix be all thy hopes;

And prosperous be thy life, in peace, and war.

Dies

166

Plan, peace, no war, befal thy par

In prison hast then spent a pilgrimage,
And like a hermistowerpass d thy days. —
Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast;
And what I do imagine let that rest. —
I eepers, convey him hence; and I myself
Will see his burial better than his life. —

[Excent Keepers, bearing out Montan

[Exeunt Keepers, bearing out Mortine Here dies the dusky touch of Mortimer, Chok'd with ambition of the meaner sort: — And, for those wrongs, those bitter injuries, Which Somerset hath offer'd to my house, I doubt not, but with honour to redress: And therefore haste I to the parliament; Either to be restored to my blood, Or make my ill the advantage of my good. [1]

## ACT III. SCENE I.

The same. The Parliament - House.

Flourish. Enter King Henry, Exeter, G TER, WARWICK, SOMERSET, and SUFFO the Bishop of Winchester, RICHARD P. TACENET, and Others. Gloster offers to up a bill; Winchester snatches it, tears it.

Win. Com'st thou with deep premedit lines,
With written pamphlets studiously devis'd Humphrey of Gloster? if thou caust accu

Or aught intend'st to lay unto my charge,

Do it without invention suddenly;

As I with sudden and extemporal speech

Purpose to answer what thou caust object

Glo. Presumptuous priest! this place com
mands my patience,

Or thou should'st find thou hast dishonour'd me. Think not, although in writing I preferr'd "The meaner of thy vile outrageous crimes, That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen: No Prelate; such is thy audacious wickedness, Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissentious pranks, As very infants prattle of thy pride. Thou art a most pernicious usurer; Froward by nature, enemy to peace; Lascivious, wanton, more than well beseems A man of thy profession, and degree; And for thy treachery, What's more manifest? In that thou laid'st a trap to take my life, As well at London bridge, as at the Tower? Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted, The King, the Sovereign, is not quite exempt From envious malice of thy swelling heart.

Win. Gloster, I do dely thee. - Lords,

To give me hearing what I shall reply.

If I were covetous, ambitious, or perverse,
As he will have me, How am I so poor?

Or how haps it, I seek not to advance
Or raise myself, but keep my wonted calling?

And for dissention, Who preferreth peace
More than I do, except I be provok'd?

No, my good Lords, it is not that offends;
It is not that, that hath incens'd the Duke:
It is, because no one should sway but he;

No one, but he, should be about the King; And that engenders thunder in his breast, And makes him roar these accusations forth. But he shall know, I am as good —

Glo. As good?
Thou bastard of my grandfather! —

Win. Ay, lordly Sir; For what are you, I pray, But one imperious in another's throne?

Glo. Am I not the Protector, saucy priest?
Win. And am not I a Prelate of the church?
Glo. Yes, as an outlaw in a castle keeps,

And useth it to patronage his theft.

Win, Unreverent Gloster!
Glo. Thou art reverent

Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life, Win. This Rome shall remedy.

War. Roam thither then.
Som. My Lord, it were your duty to forbear.

War. Ay, see the Bishop be not overborne, Som. Methinks, my Lord should be religious,

And know the office that belongs to such,

War. Methinks, his Lordship should be
humbler;

It fitteth not a Prelate so to plead,
Som, Yes, when his holy state is touch'd so

War. State holy, or unhallow'd, what of that? Is not his Grace Protector to the King?

Plan. Plantagenet, I see, must hold his tongue;

Lest it be said, Speak, sirrah, when you should; Must your bold verdict enter talk with lords? Else would I have a fling at Winchester. [Aside.

K. Hen. Uncles of Gloster, and of Winchester.
The special watchmen of our English weal;
I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,

To join your hearts in love and amity. O, what a scendal is it to our crown, That two such noble Peers as ye, should jar! Believe me, Lords, my tender years can tell, Civil dissention is a viperous worm, That gnaws the howels of the commenwealth. -

[A noise within; Down with the tawny coats!

What tumult's this?

An uproar, I dare warrant, Begun through malice of the Bishop's men. [A noise again; Stones! Stones!

Enter the Mayor of London, attended.

May, O, my good Lords, - and virtuous Henry, -Pity the city of London, pity us! The Bishop and the Duke of Gloster's men,

Forbidden late to carry any weapon, Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble-stones; And, banding themselves in contrary parts, Do pelt so fast at one another's pate, That many have their giddy brains knock'd out : Our windows are broke down in every street, And we, for fear, compell'd to shut our shops,

Enter, skirmishing, the retainers of GLOSTER and Winchester, with bloody pates.

K. Hen. We charge you, on allegiance to ourself, . To hold your slaught'ring hands, and keep the peace.

Pray, uncle Gloster, mitigate this strife.

1. Serv. Nay, if we be Forbidden stones, w'ell fall to it with our teeth2. Serv. Do what ye dare, we are as resolute. Skirmish again.

Glo. You of my household, leave this peer-

ish broil, And set this unaccustom'd fight aside.

3. Serv. My Lord, we know your Grace to be a man

Just and upright; and, for your royal birth, Inferior to none, but his Majesty: And, ere that we will suffer such a Prince, So kind a father of the commonweal, To be disgraced by an inkhorn mate, We, and our wives, and children, all will fight, And have our bodies slaughter'd by thy foes.

1. Serv. Ay, and the very parings of our nails Shall pitch a field, when we are dead.

[Skirmish again.

Glo. Stay, stay, I say!
And, if you love me, as you say you do

Led me persuade you to forbear a while. K. Hen. O, how this discord doth afflict my soul! -

"Can'you, my Lord of Winchester, behold My sighs and tears, and will not once relent? Who sould be pitiful, if you be not? Or who should study to prefer a peace,

If holy churchmen take delight in broits? War. My Lord Protector, yeild; - yeild

Winchester; . Except you mean, with obstinate repulse, To slay your Sovereign, and destroy the realm. You see what mischief, and what murder too,

Hath been enacted through your enmity; Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood. Win. He shall submit, or I will never

Glo. Compassion on the King commands me or, I would see his heart out, ere the priess

Should ever get the privilege of me.

War. Behold, my Lord of Winchester, the Duke

Hath banish'd moody discontented fury, As by his smoothed brow, it doth appear: vi Why look you still so stern and tragical? Glo. Here, Winchester, I offer thee my hand.

K. Hen. Fie, uncle Beaufort! I have heard

you preach, That malice was a great and grievous sin :-

And will not you maintain the thing you teach, But prove a chief offender in the same?

War. Sweet King! - the Bishop hath a kindly gird. --

For shame, my Lord of Winchester! relent; What, shall a child instruct you what to do? Win. Well, Duke of Gloster, I will yield to thee;

Love for thy love, and hand for hand I give. Glo. Ay; but, I fear me, with a hoflow heart. —

See here, my friends, and loving countrymen; This token serveth for a flag of truce, Betwixt ourselves, and all our followers: So help me God, as I dissemble not!

Win. So help me God, as I intend it not! [Aside.

K. Hen. Oloving uncle; kind Duke of Gloster, How joyful am I made by this contract! -Away, my Masters! trouble us no more; But join in friendship, as your lords have done.
1. Serv. Content; I'll to the surgeon's.

2. Serv. And so will I.

3. Serv. And I will see what physick the tavern affords.

[Exeunt Servants, Mayor, &c. War. Accept this scroll, most gracious Sovereign;

Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet We do exhibit to your Majesty.

We do exhibit to your Majesty.

Glo. Well urg'd, my Lord of Warwick; --for, sweet Prince,

An if your Grace mark every circumstance, You have great reason to do Richard right: Especially, for those occasions At Eltham-place I told your Majesty.

K. Hen. And those occasions, uncle, were of force:

Therefore, my loving Lords, our pleasure is, That Richard be restored to his blood.

War. Let Richard be restored to his blood; So shall his father's wrongs be recompens'd. Win. As will the rest, so willeth Winchester,

Win. As will the rest, so willeth Winchester.

K. Hen. If Richard will be true, not that alone,

But all the whole inheritance I give, That doth belong unto the house of York, From whence you spring by lineal descent.

Plan. Thy humble servant vows obedience, And humble service, till the point of death,

K. Hen. Stoop then, and set your knee against my foot:

And, in reguerdon of that duty done,
I girt thee with the valiant sword of York:
Rise, Richard, like a true l'lantagenet;
And rise created princely Duke of York.

Plan. And so thrive Richard, as thy foes may fall!

And as my duty springs, so, perish they.

That grudge one thought against your Majesty!

All. Welcome, high Prince, the mighty

Duke of York!

Som. Perish, base Prince, ignoble Duke of York!. [Aside.

Glo. Now will it best avail your Majesty, To cross the seas, and to be crown'd in France: The presence of a King engenders love Amongst his subjects, and his loyal friends; As it disanimates his enemies.

K. Hen. When Gloster says the word, King Henry goes;

For friendly counsel cuts off many foes,

Glo. Your ships already are in readiness.

[Execut all but Exerts.

Exe. Ay, we may march in England, or in France.

Not seeing what is likely to ensue:
This late dissention, grow betwixt the Peers,
Burns under feigned ashes of forg'd love,
And will at last break out into a flame:
As fester'd members rot but by degrees.
Till bones, and flesh, and sinews, fall away,
So will this base and envious discord breed.
And now I fear that fatal prophecy,
Which, in the time of Heary, nam'd the fifth,
Was in the mouth of every sucking babe,—
That Henry, born at Monmouth, should win all:
And Henry, born at Windsor, should lose all:
Which is so plain, that Exeter doth wish
His days may finish ere that hapless time.

[Exic.

Alarum: Excursions. Enter, from the town BEDFORD, brought in sick, in a chair, with TALBOT, BURGUNDY, and the English forces

Then, enter on the walls, LA PUCELLE CHARLES, BASTARD, ALENCON, and others.

Puc. Good morrow, gallants! want ve corr for bread?

I think, the Duke of Burgundy will fast, Before he'll buy again at such a rate: 'Twas full of darnel; Do you like the taste?

Bur. Scoff on, vile fiend, and shameless

courtezan! I trust, ere long to choke thee with thine own, And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.

Char. Your Grace may starve, perhaps, be-fore that time. Bed. O, let no words, but deeds; revenge

this treason!

Puc. What will you do, good grey-beard? And run a tilt at death within a chair?

Foul fiend of France, and hag of all despite,

Encompass'd with thy lustful paramours! Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age, And twit with cowardice a man half dead? Damsel, I'll have a bout with you again, Or else let Palhot perish with this shame.

Pac. Are you so hot, Sir? - Yet, Pucelle, hold thy peace;

If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow, -/TALBOT, and the rest, consult together. God speed the parliament! who shall be the

speaker?

# KING HENRY VI.

Tal. Dare you come forth, and me field?

Puc. Belike, your Lordship takes u fools.

To try if that our town be ours, or no Tal, I speak not to that railing Heca But unto thee, Alencon, and the rest; Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight Alen. Signior, no.

Tal. Signior, hang! — base mule France!

Like peasant foot-boys do they keep the t And dare not take up arms like gentlemen

Puc. Away, Captains: let's get us fre

For Talbot means no goodness, by his loc God be wi' you, my Lord! we came, Si to tell you

That we are here.

[Exeunt LA PUCELLE, &c. from the u
Tal. And there will we be too, ere it be
Or else reproch be Talbot's greatest fame!
Vow, Burgundy, by honour of thy house,
Prick'd on by publick wrongs, sustain
France,)

hither to get the town again, or die:

nd I, — as sure as English Henry lives,
nd as his father here was conqueror;
sure as in this late-betrayed town
reat Coeur-de-lion's heart was buried;
sure I swear, to get the town, or die.

Sur. My vows are equal partners with

'al. But, ere we go, regard this dying valiant Duke of Bedford: — Come, v. x.

#### FIRST PART OF

bestow you in some better place, r sickness, and for crazy age.
Lord Talbot, do not so dishonour me:
I I sit before the walls of Rouen,
I he partner of your weal, or woe.
Lourageous Bedford, let us now persuade
you.

Not to be gone from hence; for once I read, ut Pendragon, in his litter, sick,

the field, and vanquished his foes:

s, I should revive the soldiers' hearta,
I ever found them as myself.
Indaunted spirit in a dying breast!
it so: — Heavens keep old Bedford

sale!

no more ado, brave Burgundy, ir we our forces out of hand, upon our boasting enemy. cunt Burgundy, Talbor, and Forces, leaving Bedronn, and Others.

Excursions. Enter Sir John Fastolfe, and a Captain.

Whither away, Sir John Fastolfe, in such haste?
Whither away? to safe myself by flight; ike to have the overthrow again.
What! will you fly, and leave Lord Talbot?

ly,
albots in the world, to save my life.
[Exit.
lowardly knight! ill fortune follow
thee! [Exit.

Turet,
Yet,
Br
Enst.
Thy
Tr

I think Now What

That a Now will Placing And then For there Bur.

Retreat: Excursions. Enter from the town,
LA PUCELLE, ALENCON, CHARLES, &c. and
Excunt, flying.

Bed. Now, quiet soul, depart when heaven

For I have seen our enemies' overthrow.
What is the trust or strength of foolish man?
They, that of late were daring with their scoffs,
Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.
[Dies, and is carried off in his chair.

Alarum: Enter Talbot, Bungunde, and Others.

Tal. Lost, and recover'd in a day again!
This is a double honour, Burgundy:
Yet, heavens have glory for this victory!
Bur. Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy
Enshrines thee in his heart; and there erects
Thy poble deeds, as valour's monument.

Tal. Thanks, gentle Duke. But where is Pucelle now?

I think, her old familiar is asleep:
Now where's the Bastard's braves, and Charles
his gleeks?

What, all a-mort? Rouen hangs her head for grief,

That such a valiant company are field.

Now will we take some order in the town,

Placing therein some expert officers;

And then depart to Paris, to the King;

For there young Henry, with his nobles, lies.

Bur. What wills I and Talbat, pleaseth & wills I and Talbat, pleaseth & wills I and Talbat.

Bur. What wills Lord Talbot, pleaseth hargundy. Tal. But yet, before we go, let's not forget

## FIRST PART OF

Bu

The noble Duke of Bedford, late deceased, But see his exequies fulfill'd in Rouen; A braver soldier never couched lance, A gentler heart did never sway in court: But Kings, and mightiest Potentates, must die For that's the end of human misery. [Exeun]

#### SCENE III.

The same. The Plains near the City.

Enter CHARLES, the Bastard, ALENÇON, I PUCELLE, and Forces.

Pue. Dismay not, Princes, at this accident Nor grieve that Rouen is so recovered: Care is no cure, but rather corrosive, For things that are not to be remedy'd. Let frantick Talbot triumph for a while, And like a peacock sweep along his tail; We'll pull his plumes, and take away his trail If Dauphin, and the rest, will be but rul'd

Char. We have been guided by thee hithe And of thy cunning had no diffidence; One sudden foil shall never breed distrust,

Bast. Search out thy wit for secret poli And we will make thee famous throu world.

Alen. We'll set thy statue in some hol And have thee reverenc'd like a blessed s Employ thee then, sweet virgin, for our

Puc. Then thus it must be; this dievise:

By fair persuasions, mix'd with sugar

100

We will entice the Duke of Burgundy
To leave the Talbot, and to follow us.

Char. Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could
do that,

France were no place for Henry's warriers; Nor should that nation boast it so with us, But be extirped from our provinces.

Alen. For ever should they be expuls'd from France.

And not have title of an earldom here.

Puc. Your Honours shall perceive how F will work,

To bring this matter to the wished end.

[Drums heard. Hark! by the sound of drum, you may perceive Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward.

An English March. Enter and pass over, at a distance, Talbot and his Forces.

There goes the Talbot, with his colours spread; And all the troops of English after him.

A French March. Enter the Duke of BURGUNDY and Forces.

Now, in the rearward, comes the Duke, and his; Fortune, in favour, makes him lag behind. Summon a parley, we will talk with him.

[A parley sounded. Char. A parley with the Duke of Burgundy. Bur. Who craves a parley with the Burgundy? Puc. The princely Charles of France, the

Bur. What say'st thou, Charles? for I am marching hence.

Char. Speak, Pucelle; and enchant him with

Puc. Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France!
Stav. let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.

Bur. Speak on; but be not over-tedious.
Puo. Look on thy country, look on fertile

France,
And see the cities and the towns defac'd
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe!
As looks the mother on her lowly babe,
When death doth close his tender dying eyes,
See, see, the pining malady of France;
Behold the wounds, the most unnaturel wounds,
Which thou thyself hast given her woful breast!
O, turn thy edged sword another way;
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that
help!

One drop of blood, drawn from thy country's bosom,

Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore;

Return thee, therefore, with a flood of tears,

And wash away thy country's stained spots!

Bur. Either she hath bewitch'd me with her

Words,
Or nature makes me suddenly relent.

Puc. Besides, all French and France exclaims
on thee,

Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny.
Who join'st thou with, but with a lordly nation,

That will not trust thee, but for profit's sake?
When Talbot hath set footing once in France,
And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill,
Who then, but English Henry, will be lord,

And thou be thrust out, like a fugitive? Call we to mind, — and mark but this, for

Was not the Duke of Orleans thy foe?
And was he not in England prisoner?
But, when they heard he was thine enemy,
They set him free, without his ransom paid,
In spite of Burgundy, and all his friends.
See then! thou fight'st against thy countrymen,
And join'st with them will be thy slaughtermen.
Come, come, return; return, thou wand'ring
Lord;

Charles, and the rest, will take thee in their arms.

Bur. I am vanquish'd; these haughty words

Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-shot,
And made me almos: yield upon my knees. —
Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen!
And, Lords, accept this hearty kind embrace:
My forces and my power of men are yours; —
So, farewell, Talbot; I'll no longer trust thee.
Puc, Done like a Frenchman; turn, and turn

again!

Char. Welcome, brave Duke! thy friendship.

Bast. And doth beget new courage in our breasts.

Alen. Pucelle hath bravely play'd her part, in this,

And doth deserve a coronet of gold.

Char. Now let us on, my Lords, and join our

And seek how we may prejudice the foe. [Exeunt.

## SCENE IV.

Paris. M Room in the Palace.

Enter King Henry, Gloster, and other Lords, Vernon, Basset, &c. To them Talbot, and some of his officers.

Tal. My gracious Prince, — and honourable

Feers, —
Hearing of your arrival in this realm,
I have a while given truce unto my wars,
To do my duty to my Sovereign:
In sign whereof, this arm — that hath reclaim'd
To your obedience fifty fortresses,
Twelve cities, and seven walled towns of strength,
Beside five hundred prisoners of esteem, —
Lets fall his sword before your Highness' feet;
And, with submissive loyalty of heart,
Ascribes the glory of his conquest got,
First to my God, and next unto your Grace.

K. Hen. Is this the lord Talbot, uncle

Gloster,
That hath so long been resident in France?
Glo. Yes, if it please your Majesty, my Liege.
K. Hen. Welcome, brave Captain, and victorious Lord!

When I was young, (as yet I am not old,)
I do remember how my father said,
A stouter champion never handled sword.
Long since we were resolved of your truth,
Your faithful service, and your toil in war;
Yet never have you tasted our reward,
Or been reguerdon'd with so much as thanks,
Because till now we never saw your face:

#### KING HENRY

stand up; and, for these deserts, We here create you Earl of Shrewsbury; And in our coronation take your place.

Exeunt King HENRY, GLOSTER, TAL-BOT , and Nobles.

Fer. Now, Sir, to you, that were so hot at sea. Disgracing of these colours that I wear In honour of my noble lord of York, -Bar'st thou maintain the former words thou spak'st?

Bas. Yes, Sir; as well as you dare patronage The envious barking of your saucy tongue Against my lord, the Duke of Someraet. Ver. Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.

Bas. Why, what is he? as good a man as

York. Ver. Hark ye; not so: in witness, take ye that.

Strikes him. Bas. Villain, thou know'st, the law of arms is such,

That, who so draws a sword, 'tis present death; Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood.

But I'll unto his Majesty, and crave

I may have liberty to venge this wrong; When thou shalt see, I'll meet thee to thy cost. Ver. Well, miscreant, I'll be there as soon as you;

And, after, meet you sooner than you would. Exeunt.

#### ACT IV. SCÉNE I.

## The same. A Room of State.

Enter King Henry, Gloster, Exeter, York, Suffolk, Somerset, Wenchester, Warwick, Talbot, the Governour of Paris, and Others,

Glo. Lord Bishop, set the crown upon his head.
Win. God save King Henry, of that name the
sixth!

Gla. Now, Governour of Paris, take your oath, — [Governour kneels. That you elect no other King but him: Esteem none friends, but such as are his friends; And none your foes, but such as shall pretend Malicious practices against his state: This shall ye do, so help you righteous God!

[Execute Gov. and his Train.

## Enter Sir John Fastolfe.

Fast. My gracious Sovereign, as I rode from Calais,

To haste unto your coronation,
A letter was deliver'd to my hands
Writ to your Grace from the Duke of Burgundy,
Tal. Shame to the Duke of Burgundy, and
thee!

I vow'd, base knight, when I did meet thee next, To tear the garter from thy craven's leg, [Plucking it off.

(Which I have done) because unworthily
Thou wast installed in that high degree. —
Pardou me, princely Henry, and the rest:

This destard, at the battle of Patay, —
When but in all I was six thousand strong,
And that the French were almost ten to one;
Before we met, or that a stroke was given,
Like to a trusty squire, did run away;
In which assault we lost twelve hundred men;
Myself, and divers gentlemen beside,
Were there surprized, and taken prisoners.
Then judge, great Lords, if I have done amiss;
Or whether that such cowards ought to wear
This ornament of knighbood, yea, or no.

Glo. To say the truth, this fact was infamous, And ill beseeming any common man; Much more a knight, a captain, and a leader.

Tal. When first this order was ordain d, my Lords,

Knights of the garter were of noble birth:

Valiant, and virtuous, full of haughty conrage,

Such as were grown to credit by the wars:
Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,
But always resolute in most extremes.
He then, that is not furnish'd in this sort,
Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight,
Profaming this most honourable order;
And should (if I were worthy to be judge,)
Be quite begraded, like a hedge-born swain
That doth presume to boast gentle blood.

K. Hen. Stain to thy countrymen! thou hear'st thy doom:

Be packing therefore, thou that wast a knight; Henceforth we banish thee, on pain of death.— [Exit Fastoles.

And now, my Lord Protector, view the letter Sent from our uncle Duke of Burgundy.

Glo. What means his Grace, that he hath chang'd his stile?

[Viewing the superscription. No more but, plain and bluntly — To the

King?

Hath he forgot he is his Sovereign?

Or doth this churlish superscription

Presend some alteration in good will?
What's here; — I have, upon especial cause, —

[Reads. Mov'd with compassion of my country's wreck, Fogether with the pitiful complaints

Of such as your oppression feeds upon, —
Forsaken your pernicious faction,
And join'd with Charles, the rightful King
of France.

O monstrous treachery! Can this be so; That in alliance, amity, and oaths, There should be found such false dissembling guile?

K. Hen. 'What! doth my uncle Burgundy revolt?

Glo. He doth, my Lord; and is become your foe.

K. Hen. Is that the worst, this letter doth contain?

Glo. It is the worst, and all, my Lord, he writes.

K. Hen. Why then, lord Talbot there shall talk with him,

And give him chastisement for this abuse:

My Lord, how say you? are you not content?

Tal. Content, my Liege? Yes; but that I am

prevented,

I should have begg'd I might have been em-

K. Hen. Then gather strength, and march unto him straight:
Let him perceive, how ill we brook his treason;
And what offence it is, to flout his friends.
Tal. I go, my Lord; in heart desiring, still,
You may behold confusion of your foes. [Exit.

#### Enter VERNON and BASSET.

Ver. Grantme the combat, gracious Sovereign?

Bus. And me, my Lord, grant me the combat too

York. This is my servant; Hear him, noble Prince!

Som. And this is mine; Sweet Henry, favour him!

K. Hen. Be patient, Lords, and give them leave to speak. —

Say, Gentlemen, What makes you thus exclaim?

And wherefore crave you combat? or with whom?

Ver. With him, my Lord; for he hath done me wrong.

Bas. And I with him; for he hath done me wrong.

K. Hen. What is that wrong whereof you both complain?

First let me know and then I'll answer you.

Bas. Crossing the sea from England into
France,

This fellow here, with envious carping tongue, Upbraided me about the rose I wear; Saying — the sanguinc colour of the leaves Did represent my master's blushing cheeks, When stubbornly he did repugn the truth, About a sertain question in the law,

Argu'd betwixt the Duke of York and him i With other vile and ignominious terms: In confutation of which rude reproach. And in defence of my lord's worthiness,

I crave the benefit of law of arms.

Ver. And that is my petition, noble Lord: For though he seem, with forged quaint conceit, To set a gloss upon his bold intent, Yet know, my Lord, I was provok'd by him; And he first took exceptions at this badge, Propouncing — that the paleness of this flower Bewray'd the faintness of my master's heart.

York. Will not this malice, Somerset, he

Som. Your private grudge, my Lord of York, will out,

left?

Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it. K. Hen. Good Lord! what madness rules in brain-sick men;

When, for so slight and frivolous a cause, Such factious emulations shall arise! -Good cousins both, of York and Somerset, Quiet yourselves, I pray, and he at peace. York. Let this dissention first be trv'd by

fight, And then your Highness shall command a peace. Som. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone; Betwixt ourselves let as decide it then.

York. There is my pledge; accept it, Somerset.

Ver. Nay, let it rest where it began at first. Bas. Confirm it so, mine houourable Lord. Clo. Confirm it so? Confounded be your strife! And perish ye, with your audacious prate! Presumptuous vassals! are you not asham'd, With this immedest clamorous ontrage

To trouble and disturb the King and us?

And you, my Lords, — methinks, you do not well,

To bear with their perverse objections;
Much less, to take occasion from their mouths
To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves;
Let me persuade you take a better course.

Exe. It grieves his Highness; — Good n

Exe. It grieves his Highness; - Good my Lords, be friends.

K. Hen. Come hither, you that would be combatants:

Henceforth, I charge you, as you love our favour,

Quite to forget this quarrel, and the cause. — And you, my Lords, — remember where we are;

In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation:
If they perceive dissention in our looks,
And that within ourselves we disagree,
How will their grudging stomachs be provok'd
To wilful disobedience, and rebel?
Beside, What infamy will there arise,
When foreign Princes shall be certify'd,
That, for a toy, a thing of no regard,
King Henry's Peers, and chief nobility,
Destroy'd themselves, and lost the realm of
France?

O, think upon the conquest of my father, My tender years; and let us not forego That for a trifle, that was bought with blood! Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife. I see no reason, if I wear this rose,

[Putting on a red rose. That any one should therefore be suspicious I more incline to Somerset, than York.]
Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both:

As well they may upbraid me with my crown, Because, forsooth, the King of Scots is crown'd. But your discretions better can persuade, Than I am able to instruct or teach: And therefore, as we bither came in peace, So let us still continue peace and love. -Cousin of York, we institute your Grace To be our regent in these parts of France: --And good my Lord of Somerset, unite Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot;— And, like true subjects, sons of your progenitors, Go cheerfully together, and digest Your angry choler on your enemies. Ourself, my lord Protector, and the rest. After some respite, will return to Calais; From thence to England; where I hope ere long To be presented, by your victories, With Charles, Alencon, and that traiterous rout. Exeunt King HENRY , GLo. [Flourish.

Som. Win. Sur. and Basset.
War. My Lord of York, I promise you, the

King Prettily, methought, did play the orator.

York. And so he did; but yet I like it not, In that he wears the badge of Somerset.

War. Tush! that was but his fancy, blam him not;

I dare presume, sweet Prince, he thought r

York. And, if I wist, he did, - But 1 it rest;

Other affairs must now be managed.

Exe. Well didst thou, Richard, to support thy voice:

For, had the passions of thy heart burst o

I fear, we should have seen decipher'd there More rancorous spite, more furious raging broils.

Than yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd. But howsoe'er, no simple man that sees
This jarring discord of nobility,
This should'ring of each other in the court,
This factious bandying of their favourites,
But that it doth presage some ill event.
'Tis much, when scepters are in children's
hands:

But more, when envy breeds unkind division; There comes the ruin, there begins confusion.

[Exit.

#### SCENE II.

France. Before Bourdeaux.

Enter TALBOT, with his Forces.

Tal. Go to the gates of Bourdeaux, trumpeter, Summon their general unto the wall.

Trumpet sounds a parley. Enter, on the walls, the General of the French Forces, and Others.

English John Talbot, Captains, calls you forth, Servant in arms to Harry King of England; And thus he would, — Open your city gates, Be humble to us; call my Sovereign yours, And do him homage as obedient subjects, And I'll withdraw me and my bloody power. But, if you frown upon this proffer'd peace. You tempt the fury of my three attendants, Vol. x.

Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire; Who, in a moment, even with the earth Shall lay your stately and air-braying towers,

If your forsake the offer of their love. Gen. Thou onimous and fearful owl of death, Our nation's terror, and their bloody scourge! The period of thy tyranuy approacheth. On us thou canst not enter, but by death: For, I protest, we are well fortify'd, And strong enough to issue out and fight: If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed, Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee : On either hand thee there are squadrons pitch'd, To wall thee from the liberty of flight; And no way caust thou turn thee for redress, But death doth front thee witch apparent spoil, And pale destruction meets thee in the face. Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacrament, To rive their dangerous artillery Upon no christian soul but English Talbot. Lo! there'thou stand'st, a breathing valiant man, Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit: This is the latest glory of thy praise, That I, thy enemy, due thee withal; For ere the glass, that now begins to run. Finish the process of his sandy hour, These eyes, that see the now well-colour'd,

. Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale, and dead. Drum afar off.

Hark! hark! the Dauphin's drum, a warning bell . .

Sings heavy musick to thy timorous soul; And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.

[Exeunt General, &c. from the walls

Tal. He fables not, I hear the enemy; -

Out, some light horsemen and peruse their wings, --

O, negligent and heedless discipline!
How are we park'd, and bounded in a pale;
A little herd of England's timorous deer,
Maz'd with the yelping kennel of French curs!
If we be English deer, be then in blood:
Not rascal-like, to fall down with a pinch;
But rather moody mad, and desperate stags,
Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel,
And make the cowards stand aloof at bay:
Sell every man his life as dear as mine.
And they shall find dear deer of us, my friends.—
God, and saint George! Talbot, and England's

Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight!

# SCENÉ III.

Plains in Gascony.

Enter York, with Forces; to him a Messenger.

York. Are not the speedy scouts return'd

again,
That dogg'd the mighty army of the Dauphin?
Mess. They are return'd, my Lord; and

Mess. They are return'd, my Lord; and give it out,

That he is march'd to Bourdeaux with his power,

To fight with Talbot: As he march'd along,
By your espials were discovered
"wo mightier troops than that the Dauphin led;
Which join'd with him, and made their march

Fork. A plague upon that villain Somerset.

That thus delays my promised supply Of horsemen, that were levied for this siege! Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid; And I am louted by a traitor villain, And cannot help the noble chevalier: God comfort him in this necessity! If be miscarry, farewell wars in France.

#### Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY.

Lucy. Thou princely leader of our English strength,

Never so needful on the earth of France,
Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot;
Who now is girdled with a waist of iron,
And hemm'd about with grim destruction:
To Bourdeaux, warlike Duke! to Bourdeaux,
York!

Else, farewell Talbot, France, and England's honour.

York. O God! that Somerset — who in proud heart

Doth stop my cornets — were in Talbot's place!

So should we save a valiant gentleman,

By forfeiting a traitor and a coward.

Mad ire, and wrathful fury, makes me weep, That thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep.

Lucy. O, send some succour to the distress'd lord!

York. He dies, we lose; I break my warlike word:

We mourn, France smiles; we lose, they
daily get;
All 'long of this vile traiter Somerset.

Lucy. Then, God take mercy en brave Talbet's soul! And on his son young John; whom, two hours since,

I met in travel toward his warlike father!
This seven years did not Talbot see his son;
And now they meet where both their lives are
done.

York. Alas! what joy shall noble Talbot have, To bid his young son welcome to his grave? Away! vexation almost stops my breath, That sinder'd friends greetin the hour of death. — Lucy, farewell: no more my fortune can, But curse the cause I cannot aid the man. — Maine, Blois, Poictiers, and Tours, are won away,

Lives, honours, lands, and all, hurry to loss.

Lives, thus while the vulture of sedition feeds in the bosom of such great commanders, Sleeping neglection doth betray to loss. The conquest of our scarce-cold conqueror. That ever-living man of memory, Henry the fifth: — Whiles they each other cross, Lives, honours, lands, and all, hurry to loss. [Exit.]

#### SCENE IV.

Other Plains of Gascony.

Enter SOMERSET, with his Forces; an Officer of Talbor's with him.

Som. It is too late; I cannot send them now: his expediton was by York, and Talbot, so rashly plotted; all our general force she with a sally of the very town buckled with: the over-daring Talbot

Hath sullied all his gloss of former honour, By this unheedful, desperate, wild adventure. York set him on to fight, and die in shame, That, Talbot dead, great York might hear the name.

Off. Here is sir William Lucy, who with me Set from our o'er-match'd forces forth for sid.

### Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY.

Som. How now, Sir William? whither were you sent?

Lucy. Whither, my Lord? from bought and sold lord Talbot;

Who, ring'd about with bold adversity, Cries out for noble York and Somerset, To beat assailing death from his weak legions. And whiles the honourable captain there Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs, And, in advantage ling'ring, looks for rescue, You, his false hopes, the trust of England's honour,

Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.
Let not your private discord keep away
The levied succours that should lend him aid,
While he, renowned noble gentleman,
Yields up his life unto a world of odds:
Orleans the Bastard, Charles, and Burgundy,
Alençon, Reignier, compass him about,
And Talbot perisheth by your default.

Som. York set him on, York should have sent him aid,

Lucy. And York as fast upon your Grace exclaims;

Swearing, that you withold his levied bost,

Collected for this expedition,

Som. Nork lies; he might have sent, and had the horse:

I owe him little duty, and less love; And take foul scorn, to fawn on him by sending. Lucy. The fraud of England, not the force of France,

Hath, now entrapp'd the noble-minded Talbot: Never to England shall he bear his life; But dies, betray'd to fortune by your strife.

Som. Come, go; I will despatch the horsemen straight;

Within six hours they will be at his aid.

Lucy. Too late comes rescue; he is talen, or slain: For fly he could not, if he would have fled;

For fly he could not, if he would have fled; And fly would Talbot never, though he might.

Som. If he be dead, brave Talbot then adicu!

Lucy. His fame lives in the world, his shame
in you.

[Executs:

## SCENE V.

The English Camp near Bourdeaux.

Enter TALBOT and John his son.

Tal. O young John Talbot! I did send for thee,

To tutor thee in stratagems of war;

That Talbot's name might be in thee reviv'd,

When sapless age, and weak unable limbs,

Should bring thy father to his drooping chaix.

But, — O malignant and ill-boding stare.

Now thou art come unto a feast of death.

A terrible and unavoided danger.

Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest horse ;

And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape By sudden flight; come, dally not, begone.

John. Is my name Talbot? and am I your

son? And shall I fly? O, if you love my mother, Dishonour net her honourable name, To make a bastard, and a slave of me: The world will say - He is not Talbot's blood, That basely fled, when noble Talbot stood.

Tal, Fly, to revenge my death, if I be slain. John. He, that flies so, will ne'r return again. Tal. If we both stay, we both are sure to die. John, Then let me stay; and, father, do you fly:

Your loss is great, so your regard should be; My worth unknown, no loss is known in me. Upon my death the French can little boast; In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost. Flight cannot stain the honour you have won; But mine it will, that no exploit have done: You fled for vaniage, every one will swear; But, if I bow, they'll say — it was for fear. There is no hope that ever I will stay, If, the first hour, I shrink, and run away. Here, on my knee, I beg mortality, Rather than life preserv'd with infamy,

Tal. Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb?

John. Ay, rather than I'll shame my mother's womb, Tal. Upon my blessing I command thee go. John. To fight I will, but not to fly the for.
Tal. Part of thy father may be sav'd in

thee.

John. No part of him, but will be shame in me.

Tal. Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not lose it.

John. Yes, your renowned name; Shall flight

abuse it?

Tal. Thy father's charge shall clear thee from that stain.

John. You cannot witness for me, being slain, If death be so apparent, then both fly, Tal. And leave my followers here, to fight,

My age was never tainted with such shame.

John. And shall my youth be guilty of such blame?

No more can I be sever'd from your side, Than can yourself yourself in twain divide: Stay, go, do what you will, the like do 1; For live I will not, if my father die.

Tul. Then here I take my leave of thee,

Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon. Come, side by side together live and die; And soul with soul from France to heaven fly.

[Exeunt.

#### SCENE VI.

# A Field of Battle.

Alarum: Excursions, wherein Talbot's son is hemm'd about, and Talbot rescues him.

Tal. Saint George and victory! fight, sol-

The regent hath with Talbot broke his word And left us to the rage of France his sword Where is John Talbot? — pause, and take breath;

I gave thee life, and rescu'd thee from de

John. O twice my father! twice am I thy's The life thou gay'st me first, was lost done;

Till with thy warlike sword, despite of fate, To my determin'd time thou gav'st new dat

Tal. When from the Dauphin's crest sword struck fire, It warm'd thy father's heart with proud do Of bold-fac'd victory. Then leaden age, Quicken'd with youthful spleen, and war

Beat down Alengon, Orleans, Burgundy,
And from the pride of Gallia rescu'd thee.
The ireful bastard, Orleans — that drew bl
From thee, my boy; and had the maideuh
Of thy first fight — I soon encountered;
And, interchanging blows, I quickly shed
Some of his bastard blood; and, in disgrace
Bespoke him thus: Contaminated, base,
And misbegotten blood I spill of thine,
Mean and right poor; for that pure blood
mine,

Which thou didst force from Talbot, brave boy: -

Here, purposing the bastard to destroy, Came in strong rescue. Speak', thy fath care;

Art not thou weary, John? How dost thou is Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and Now thou art seal'd the son of chivalry?

## KING HENRY VI.

Fly, to revenge my death, when I am dead
The help of one stands me in little stead.
O, too much folly is it, well I wot,
To hazard all our lives in one small boat.
If I to-day die not with Frenchmen's rage,
To-morrow I shall die with mickle age:
By me they nothing gain, an if I stay,
'Tis but the short'ning of my life one day:
In thee thy mother dies, our household's name
My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's

All these, and more, we hazard by thy stay; All these are sav'd, if thou wilt fly away.

John. The sword of Orleans hath; not made me smart, These words of yours draw life-blood from my

heart :

On that advantage, hought with such a shame, (To save a paltry life, and slay bright fame,) Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly, The coward horse, that bears me, fall and die! And like me to the peasant boys of France; To be shame's scorn, and subject of mischance! Surely, by all the glory you have won, An if I fly, I am not Talbot's son: Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot; If son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.

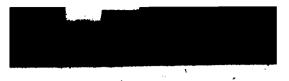
Tal. Then follow thou thy desperate airs of Crete,

Thou Icarus; thy life to me is sweet:

If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side;

And, commendable prov'd, let's die in pride,

Exeunt



# 204 FIRST PART OF

### SCENE VII.

Another Part of the same.

Marum: Excursions. Enter TALBOT wounded, supported by a Servant.

Where is my other life? - mine own is gone; — O, where's young Talbot? where is valiant John? -Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity! Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee : -When he perceiv'd me shrink, and on my knee, His bloody sword he brandish'd over me, And, like a hungry lion, did commence Rough deeds of rage, and stern impatience; But when my angry guardant stood alone, Tend'ring my ruin, and assail'd of none, Dizzy-ey'd fury, and great rage of heart, Suddenly made him from my side to start Into the clust'ring battle of the French: And in that sea of blood my boy did drench His overmounting spirit; and there dy'd My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride.

Enter Soldiers, bearing the body of JOHN TALBOT.

Serv. O my dear Lord! lo, where your son is borne!

Tal. Thou sntick death, which laugh'st us here to scorn,

Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,

Coupled in bonds tof perpetuity,

Two Talbots, winged through the lither sky,
In thy despite, shall 'scape mortality.—
O thou whose wounds become hard-favour'd
death,

Speak to thy father ere thou yield thy breath: Brave death by speaking, whether he will, or no; Imagine him a Frenchman and thy foe. —— Poor boy! he smiles, methinks; as who should say —

Hath death been French, then death had died to - day.

Come, come, and lay him in his father's arm's; My spirit can no longer bear these harms. Soldier's, adieu! I have what I would have, Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave.

Alarums. Excunt Soldiers and Servant, leaving the two bodies. Enter CHARLES, ALENCON, BURGUNDY, Bastard, LA PUCELLE, and Forces.

Char. IIad York and Somerset brought rescue in, We should have found a bloody day of this.

Bast. How the young whelp of Talbot's, rag-

ing-wood,
Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood?
Puc. Once I encounter'd him, and thus I said,

Thou maiden youth, be vanquish'd by a maid:
But — with a proud, majestical, high scorn, —
He answer'd thus; Young Talbot was not born
To be the pillage of a giglot wench:
So, rushing in the bowels of the French.
He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

Bur. Doubtless, he would have made a noble knight:

See, where he lies inhersed in the arms. Of the most bloody nurser of his harins.

Bast. Hew them to pieces, hack their bones asunder;

Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's wonder.

Char. O, no; forbear: for that which we have fled

During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

Enter Sir William Lucy, attended; a French Herald preceding.

Lucy. Herald, Conduct me to the Dauphin's tent; to know Who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.

Char. On what submissive message art thou

Lucy. Submission, Dauphin? 'tis a mere French word;

We English warriors wot not what it means. I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en, And to survey the bodies of the dead.

Char. For prisoners ask'st thou? hell our prison is.

But tell me whom thou seek'st.

Luc. Where is the great Alcides of the field, Valiant lord Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury! Created, for his rare success in arms,

Great Earl of Washford, Waterford, and Valence;

Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinfield, Lord Strange of Blackmere, lord Verdun of Alton, Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, lord Furnival of Sheffield.

The thrice victorious lord of Falconbridge; Knight of the noble order of saint George, Worthy saint Michael, and the golden fleece; Great Mareshal to Henry the sixth,

Of all his ways within the realm of France? Puc. Here is a sitly stately stile; indeed! The Turk, that two and fifty kingdoms hath, Writes not so tedious a stile as this.—

Him, that thou magnify st with all these titles, Stinking and fly-blown, lies here at our feet

Stinking, and fly-blown, lies here at our feet.

Lucy. Is Talbot slain; the Frenchmen's only

Your kingdom's terror and black Nemesis?
O, were mine eyeballs into bullets turn'd,
'That I, in rage, might shoot them at your faces!
O, that I could but call these dead to life!
It were enough to fright the realm of France:
Were but his picture left among you here,
It would amaze the proudest of you all.
Give me their bodies; that I may bear them

hence,
And give them burial as beseems their worth.

Puc. I think, this upstart is old Talbot's
ghost,

He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit.
For God's sake, let him have 'em; to keep
them here.

They would but stink, and putrefy the air.

Char. Go, take their bodies hence.

Lucy. I'll bear them hence:

But from their ashes shall be rear'd.

A phoenix that shall make all France aleard.

Char. So we be rid of them, do with 'emwhat thou wils.

And now to Paris, in this conquering vein;
All will be ours, now bloody Talbot's slain.

[Execunt.

## ACT V. SCENE I.

· London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, and EXETER.

K. Hen. Have you perus'd the letters from the Pope,

The Emperor, and the Earl of Armagnac?

Glo. I have, my Lord; and their intent is

this,—

They humbly sue unto your Excellence, To have a godly peace concluded of,

Between the realms of England and of France.

K. Hen. How doth your Grace affect their motion?

Glo. Well, my good Lord; and as the only

means
To stop effusion of our Christian blood,
And 'stablish quietness on every side,

K. Hen. Ay, marry, uncle; for I always thought.

It was both impious and unnatural, That such immanity and bloody strife Should reign among professors of one faith.

Glo. Beside, my Lord, — the sooner to

And surer bind, this knot of amity, --The Earl of Armagnac -- near knit to Charles,

A man of great authority in France, Proffers his only daughter to your Grace In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dowry. K. Hen. Marriage, uncle? alas! my years

are young; And fitter is my study and my books, Than wanton dalliance with a paramour. Yet, call the ambassadors; and, as you please, So let them have their answers every one: I shall be well content with any choice, Tends to God's glory, and my country's weal.

Enter a I egate, and two Ambassadors, with Winchester in a Cardinal's habit.

Exe. What! is my Lord of Winchester install'd.

And call'd unto a Cardinal's degree! Then, I perceive, that will be verify'd, Henry the fifth did sometime prophecy, If once he come to be a Cardinal, He'll make his cap co-equal with the crown. K. Hen. My Lords Ambassadors, your se-

veral suits Have been consider'd and debated on. Your purpose is both good and reasonable: And, therefore, are we certainly resolv'd To draw conditions of a friendly peace; Which, by my Lord of Winchester, we mean Shall be transported presently to France. Glo. And for the proffer of my lord your

master, I have inform'd his Highness so at large, As - liking of the Lady's virtuous gifts, Her beauty, and the value of her dower, He doth intend she shall be England's Queen VOL. X.

K. Hen. In argument and proof of which contract.

Bear her this jewel, [to the Amb.] pledge of my affection.

And so, my Lord Protector, see them guarded.

And so, my Lord Protector, see them guarded, And safely brought to Dover; where, inshipp'd, Commit them to the fortune of the sea.

Exernat King Henry and Train; Gloster, Exerge, and Ambassadors.

Win. Stay, my Lord Legate; you shall first

The sum of money, which I promised Should be deliver'd to his Holiness For clothing me in these grave ornaments.

Leg. I will attend upon your Lordship's

Win. Now Winchester will not submit, I trow,

Or be inferior to the proudest Peer. Humphrey of Gloster, thou shalt well perceive, That, neither in birth, or for authority, The Bishop will be overborne by thee: I'll either make thee stoop, and bend thy knee, Or sack this country with a mutiny. [Evennt.

#### SCENE II.

France. Plains in Anjon.

Enter Charles, Burgundy, Alencon, La Pucelle, and Forces, marching.

Char. These news, my Lords, may cheer our drooping spirits:

'Tis said, the stout Parisians do revolt,
And turn again unto the warlike French.

Alen. Then march to Paris, royal Charles
of France,
And keep not back your powers in dalliance.

Puc. Peace be amongst them, if they turn

to us;
Else, ruin combat with their palaces!

## Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Success unto our valiant general,
And happiness to his accomplices!
Char. What tidings send our scouts? I pr'ythee, speak.

Mess. The English army, that divided was Into two parts, is now conjoin'd in one; And means to give you battle presently.

Char. Somewhat too sudden, Sirs, the warn-

ing is;

But we will presently provide for them.

Bur. I trust, the ghost of Talbot is not there;

Now he is gone, my Lord, you need not fear.

Puc. Of all base passions, fear is most accurs'd:—

Command the conquest, Charles, it shall be thine;

Let Henry fret, and all the world repine.

Char. Then on, my Lords; And France be fortunate! [Exeunt.



### SCENE III.

The same. Before Angiers.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter LA PUCELLE.

Puc. The Regent conquers, and the Frenchmen fly. Now help, ye charming spells and periapts; And ye choice spirits that admonish me, And give me signs of future accidents!

[Thunder.

You speedy helpers, that are substitutes Under the lordly Monarch of the north, Appear, and aid me in this enterprize!

#### Enter Fiends.

This speedy and quick appearance argues proof Of your accustom'd diligence to me.
Now, ye familiar spirits, that are cull'd Out of the powerful regions under earth,
Help me this once, that France may get the field.

[They walk about, and speak not.

O, hold me not with silence over long!
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
I'll lop a member off, and give it you,
In earnest of a further benefit;
So you do condescend to help me now. —

[They hang their heads.

No hope to have redress? — My body shall

Pay accompanies if you will grant my suit

Pay recompense, if you will grant my suit.

[They shake their heads.
Cannot my body, nor blood sacrifice,

Cannot my body, nor blood sacrifice, Entreat you to your wonted furtherance? Then take my soul; my body, soul, and all, Before that England give the French the foil.

See! they forsake me. Now the time is come, That France must vail her lofty-plumed crest, And let her head fall into England's lap.

My ancient incantations are too weak,

And hell too strong for me to buckle with:

Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust.

Exi

Alarums. Enter French and English, fighting.

LA PUCELLE and York fight hand to hand.

LA PUCELLE is taken. The French fly.

York. Damsel of France, I think, I have you fast: Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms,

And try if they can gain your liberty. —
A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace!
See, how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,
As if, with Circe, she would change my shape.

Puc. Chang'd to a worser shape thou canst not be.

York. O, Charles the Dauphin is a proper man; No shape but his can please your dainty eye. Puc. A plagning this chief light on Charles, and thee!

And may ye both be suddenly surpriz'd

By bloody hands, in steeping on your beds!

York. Fell, banning hag! enchantress, hold

thy tongne.

Puc. I pr'ythee, give me leave to curse a while.

York. Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the stake. [Excunt.

Alarums. Enter Suffolk, leading in lady
MARGARET.

Suf. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.

[Gazes on here
Of airest beauty, do not fear, nor fly;
For I will touch thee but with reverent hands.

And lay them gently on thy tender side.

I kiss these fingers [Kissing her hand.] for evermal peace:

Who art thou? say, that I may honour thee.

Mar. Margaret my name; and daughter to
a King,

The King of Naples, whosoe'er thou art.

Suf. An Earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd:
Re not offended, nature's miracle,
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me:
So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,
Keeping them prisoners underneath her wings.

Yet, if this servile usage once offend, Go, and be free again, as Suffolk's friend. [She turns away as going.

[She turns away as going. O, stay! — I have no power to let her pass; My hand would free her, but my heart says — no. As plays the sun upon the glassy streams, Twinkling another counterfeited beam, So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes. Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak: I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind: Fie, De la Poole! disable not thyself; Hast not a tongue? is she not here thy prisoner? Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's fight? Ay; beauty's princely Majesty is such, Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses

Mar. Say, Earl of Suffolk, — if thy name be so, —

rough.

What ransom must I pay before I pass? For, I perceive, I am thy prisoner.

Suf. How canst thou tell, she will deny thy suit,

Before thou make a trial of her love? [Aside.

Mar. Why speak'st thou not? what ransom
must | pay?

Suf. She's beautiful; and therefore to b

She is a woman; therefore to be won. [Aside. Mar. Wilt thou accept of ransom, yea, or no? Suf. Fond man! remember, that thou hast a wife;

Then how can Margaret be thy paramour?

Aside.

Mar. I were best to leave him, for he will not hear.

Suf. There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling card.

Mar. He talks at random; sure, the man

Suf. And yet a dispensation may be had.

Mar. And yet I would that you would

answer me.

Suf. I'll win this lady Margaret. For whom? Why, for my King: Tush! that's a wooden thing.

Mar. He talks of wood: It is some carpenter. Suf. Yet so my fancy may be satisfy'd, And peace established between these realms. But there remains a scruple in that too: For though her father be the King of Naples, Duke of Anjou and Maine yet is he poor, And our nobility will scorn the match. [Aside. Mar. Hear ye, Captain? Are you not at leisure?

Suf. It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so much: Henry is youthful, and will quickly yield. — Madam, I have a secret to reveal.

Mar. What though I be entrall'd? he seems a knight,

And will not any way dishonour me. [Aside:
Suf. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.
Mar. Perhaps, I shall be rescuid by the
French;

And then I need not crave his courtesy. [Aside Suf. Sweet Madam, give me hearing in a cause ---

Mar. Tush! women have been captivate ere now. [Aside.

Suf. Lady, wherefore talk you so?

Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but quid for quo,
Suf. Say, gentle Princess, would you not

Your bondage happy, to be made a Queen?

Mar. To be made a Queen in bondage, is

more vile,
Than is a slave in base servility;

For Princes should be free,
Suf. And so shall you,
If happy England's royal King be free.

Mar. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?

Suf. I'll undertake to make thee Henry's

Queen;
To put a golden scepter in thy hand,

And set a golden scepter in thy hand,
And set a precious crown upon thy head,
If thou wilt condescend to be my

Mar. What?

Mar. What? Suf. His love.

Mar. I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.
Suf. No, gentle Madam; I unworthy am
To woo so fair a dame to be his wife.

And have no portion in the choice myself.

How say you, Madam; are you so content?

How say you, Madam; are you so content?

Mar. An if my father please, I am content.

Suf. Then call our Captains, and our colours,

forth:

And, Madam, at your father, a castle walls. We'll crave a parley, to confer with him.

Ley, so confer with him.

[Troops come larwa

A parley sounded. Enter REIGNIER on the walls.

Suf. See, Reignier, see, thy daughter prisoner, Reig. To whom?
Suf. To me.

Reig. Suffolk, what remedy?
I am a soldier; and unapt to weep,
Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness.
Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough, my Lord:

Consent, (and, for thy honour, give consent,)
Thy daughter shall be wedded to my King;
Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto;
And this her easy-held imprisonment

Hath gain'd thy daughter princely liberty.

Reig. Speaks Suffolk as he thinks?

Suf. Fair Margaret knows,

That Suffolk doth not flatter, face, or feign.

Reig. Upon thy princely warrant, I descend,
fo give thee answer of thy just demand.

Exit, from the walls. Suf, And here I will expect thy coming.

Trumpets sounded. Enter Reignien, below.

Reig. Welcome, brave Earl, into our terri-

Command in Anjou what your Honour pleases.

Suf. Thanks, Reignier, happy for so sweet a child,

Fit to be made companion with a King:
What answer makes your Grace unto my suit?
Reig. Since thou dost despute woo her little

Worth,

To be the princely bride of such a lord;

Upon condition I may quietly

Enjoy mine own, the county Maine, and Anjou.

Free from oppression, or the stroke of war, My daughter shall be Henry's, if he please. Suf. That is her ransom, I deliver her; And those two counties, I will undertake, Your Grace shall well and quietly enjoy.

Reig. And I again, — in Henry's royal name, As denuty unto that gracious King.

As deputy unto that gracious King, Give thee her hand, for sign of plighted faith.

Suf. Reignier of France, 1 give thee kingly thanks,

Because this is in traffick of a King:
And yet, methinks, I could be well content
To be mine own attorney in this case. [Aside
I'll over then to England with this news,

And make this marriage to be solemuiz'd: So, farewell; Reignier! Set this diamond safe In golden palaces, as it becomes.

In golden palaces, as it becomes.

Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Christian Prince, King Henry, were he
here.

Mar. Farewell, my Lord! Good wishes, praise, and prayers,

Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret. [Going. Suf. Farewell, sweet Madam! But hark you, Margaret;

No princely commendations to my King?

Mar. Such commendations as become a maid,

A virgin, and his servant, say to him.

Suf. Words sweetly plac'd, and modestly directed.

Rut, Madam, I must trouble you again, —
No loving token to his Majesty?

Mar. Yes, my good Lord; a pure unspotted heart,

Never yet taint with love, I send the King. Suf. And this withal, (Kisses her.

Mar. That for thyself; - I will not so presume,

To send such prevish tokens to a King.

[Exeunt REIGNIER and MARGARET.
Suf. O, wert thou for myself! — But, Suffolk,

Stay;
Thou may'st not wander in that labyrinth;
There Minotaurs, and ugly treasons, lurk.
Solbeit Henry with her wond rous praise:
Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount;
Mad, natural graces that extinguish art;

Repeat their semblance often on the seas,
That, when thou com'st to kneel at Henry's
feet,

Thou may'st bereave him of his wits with wonder. [Exit.

# SCENE IV.

Camp of the Duke of York, in Anjou.

Enter YORK, WARWICK, and Others.

York. Bring forth that sorceress, condemn'd to burn.

Enter LA Pucelle, guarded, and a Shepherd.

Shep. Ah, Joan! this kills thy father's heart outright!

Have I sought every country far and near,
And, now it is my chance to find thee out,
Must I behold thy timeless crucl death?
Ah, Joan, sweet daughter Joan, I'll die with
thee!

Puc. Decrepit miser! base ignoble wretch!

I am descended of a gentler blood; Thou art no father, nor no friend, of mine.

Shep. Out, out! - My lords, an please you I did beget her, all the parish knows:

Her mother liveth yet, can testify She was the first-fruit of my bachelorship.

.. War. Graceless! wilt thou deny thy parentas York. This argues what her kind of life h

been : Wicked and vile; and so her death concludes. Shep. Fie, Joan! that thou wilt be so obstac God knows, thou art a collop of my flesh; And for thy sake have I shed many a tear; Deny me not, I pr'ythee, gentle Joan.

Puc. Peasant, avaunt! - You have suborn this man,

Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.

Shep. 'Tis true, I gave a noble to the priest The morn that I was wedded to her mother. Kneel down and take my blessing, good my gi Wilt thou not stoop? Now cursed be the time Of thy nativity! I would, the milk Thy mother gave thee, when thou suck'dst I breast,

Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake! Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs field,

I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee! L)ost thou deny thy father, cursed drab? O, burn her, burn her; hanging is too good.  $[E_{\pi}]$ 

York. Take her away; for she hath liv'd : long, To fill the world with vicious qualities.

Puc. First, let me tell you whom you have condemn'd;

Not me begotten of a shepherd swain, But issu'd from the progeny of Kings; Virtuous, and holy; chosen from above, By inspiration of celestial grace, To work exceeding miracles on earth. I never had to do with wicked spirits: But you, - that are polluted with your lusts, Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents, Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices. Because you want the grace that others have, You, judge it straight a thing impossible To compass wonders, but by help of devils. No, misconceived! Joan of Arc hath been A virgin from her tender infancy. Chaste and immaculate in very thought; Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effus'd, Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.

York. Ay, ay; — away wish her to execution. War. And hark ye, Sirs; because she is a maid, Spare for no faggots, let there be enough: Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,

Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,
That so her torture may be shortened.

Puc. Will nothing turn your unrelenting

hearts? —
Then, Joan, discover thine infirmity;
That warranteth by law to be thy privilege, —
I am with child, ye bloody homicides:
Murder not then the fruit within my womb,
Although ye hale me to a violent death.

York: Now heaven forefend: the holy maid

War. The greatest miracle that e'en 3e wrought:

Is all your strict preciseness come to this? .

York. She and the Dauphin have been juggling:

I did imagine what would be her refuge.

War. Well, go to; we will have no bastards live;

Especially, since Charles must father it. Puc. You are deceiv'd; my child is none of his;

It was Alencon, that enjoy'd my love.

York. Alencon! that notorious Machiavel!

It dies, an if it had a thousand lives.

Puc. O, give me leave, I have deluded you; Twas neither Charles, nor yet the Duke I nam'd, But Reignier, King of Naples, that prevail'd.

War. A marry'd man! that's most intolerable. York. Why, here's a girl! I think, she knows

not well,

There were so many, whom she may accuse. War. It's sign, she hath been liberal and free. York. And, yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure.— Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat, and thee: Use no entreaty, for it is in vain.

Puc. Then lead me hence; - with whom I

leave my curse.

May never glorious sun reflex his beams Upon the country where you make abode! But darkness and the gloomy shade of death Environ you; till mischief, and despair, Drive you to break your necks, or hang your-

selves! [Exit, guarded. York. Break thou in pieces, and consume to

ashes. Thou foul accursed minister of hell!

Enter Cardinal BRAUFORT, attended.

Car. Lord Regent, I do greet your Excellence With letters of commission from the King.

For know, my Lords, the states of Christendom, Mov'd with remorse of these outrageous broils, Have earnestly implor'd a general peace Betwixt our nation and the aspiring French; And here at hand the Dauphin, and his train, Approacheth, to confer about some matter.

York. Is all our travail turn'd to this effect?
After the slaughter of so many Peers,
So many captains, gentlemen, and soldiers,
That in this quarrel have been overthrown,
And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,
Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?
Have we not lost most part of all the towns,
By treason, falsehood, and by treachery,
Our great progenitors had conquered?
O, Warwick, Warwick! I foresee with grief
The utter loss of all the realm of France.

War. Be patient, York; if we conclude a peace, It shall be with such strict and severe covenants, As little shall the Frenchmen gain thereby.

Enter Charles, attended; Alengon, Bastard, Reignier, and Others.

Char. Since, Lords of England, it is thus agreed, That peaceful truce shall be proclaim'd in France,

We come to be informed by yourselves
What the conditions of that league must be.
York. Speak, Winchester; for boiling chole

York. Speak, Winchester; for boiling choler chokes

The hollow passage of my prison'd voice, By sight of these our haleful enemies.

Win. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus.
That — in regard King Henry gives consent,
Of mere compassion, and of lenity,
To sase your country of distressful war.

And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace, — You shall become true liegemen to his crown: And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swea To pay him tribute, and submit thyself, Thou shalt be plac'd as viceroy under him, And still enjoy thy regal dignity.

Alen. Must be be then as shadow of himself Adorn his temples with a coronet; And yet, in substance and authority, Retain but privilege of a private man? This proffer is abourd and reasonless.

Char. Tis known, already that I am possess With more than half the Gallian territories, And therein reverenc'd for their lawful King: Shall I, for lucre of the rest unvanquish'd, Detract so much from that prerogative, As to be call'd but viceroy of the whole? No, Lord Ambassador; I'll rather keep That which I have, than, coveting for more, Be cast from possibility of all.

York. Insulting Charles! hast thou by secr

Us'd intercession to obtain a league;
And, now the matter grows to compromise,
Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison?
Either accept the title thou usurp'st,
Of benefit proceeding from our King,
And not of any challenge of desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant wars,

Reig. My Lord, you do not well in obstinate To cavil in the course of this contract:
If once it he neglected, ten to one,
We shall not find like opportunity.

Alen. To say the truth, it is your policy, To save your subjects from such massacre, And ruthless slaughters, as are daily seen

By our proceeding in hostility:
And therefore take this compact of a truce,
Although you break it when your pleasure serves.
[Aside, to Charles.

War. How say'st thou, Charles? shall our condition stand?

Char. It shall:

Ŧ

Only reserv'd, you claim no interest

In any of our towns of garrison.

York. Then swear allegiance to his Majesty; As thou art knight, never to disobey, Nor be rebellious to the crown of England, Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England.

[Charles, and the rest, give tokens of fealty. So, now dismiss your army when ye please; Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still, For here we extertain a solemn peace. [Exeunt.

#### SCENE V.

London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King Henry, in conference with Support; Gloster and Exeres following.

K. Hen. Your wond'rous rare description, noble Earl,
Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me:
Her virtues, graced with external gifts,
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart:
And like as rigour of tempestuous gusts
Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide;
So am I driven, by breath of her renown,
Either to suffer shipwreck, or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her love.
Suf. Tush, my good Lord! this superficialty
Is but a preface of her worthy praise.
Vol. x.

The chief perfections of that lovely dame (Had I sufficient skill to utter them.)
Would make a volume of enticing lines,
Able to ravish any dull conceit.
And, which is more, she is not so divine,
So full replete with choice of all delights,
But, with as humble lowliness of mind,
She is content to be at your command;
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,
To love and honour Henry as her lord.

K. Hon. And otherwise will Honny as

K. Hen. And otherwise will Henry ne'er presume.

Therefore, my Lord Protector, give consent, That Margaret may be England's royal Queen.

Glo. So should I give consent to flatter sin.
You know, my Lord, your Highness is betroth'd
Unto another lady of esteem;
How shall we then dispense with that contract,

And not deface your honour with reproach?

Suf. As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths;

Or one, that at a triumph having vow'd To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists By reason of his adversary's odds: A noor Earl's daughter is unequal odds

A poor Earl's daughter is unequal odds,

And therefore may be broke without offence.

Glo. Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more than that?

Her father is no better than an Earl, Although in glorious titles he excel.

Suf. Yes, my good Lord, her father is a King, The King of Naples, and Jerusalem; And of such great authority in France, As his alliance will confirm our peace, And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.

Glo. And so the Earl of Armagnac may do, Because he is near kimman unto Charles.

Exc. Beside, his wealth toth warrant liberal dower;

While Reignier sooner will receive, than give.

Suf. A dower, my Lords! disgrace not so your

King,

That he should be so abject, base, and poor, To choose for wealth, and not for perfect love. Henry is able to enrich his Queen, And not to seek a Queen to make him rich: So worthless peasants bargain for their wives, As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse. Marriage is a matter of more worth, Than to be dealt in by attorneyship; Not whom we will, but whom his Grace affects. Must be companion of his nuptial bed: And therefore, Lords, since he affects her most, It most of all these reasons bindeth us, In our opinions she should be preferr'd. For what is wedlock forced, but a hell, An age of discord and continual strife? Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss, And is a pattern of celestial peace. Whom should we match with Henry, being a

King,
But Margaret, that is daughter to a King?
Her peerless feature, joined with her birth
Approves her fit for none, but for a King:
Her valiant courage, and undaunted spirit
(More than in women commonly is seen,)
Will answer our hope in issue of a King;
For Henry, son unto a conqueror,
Is likely to beget more conquerors,
If with a Lady of so high resolve,
As is fair Margaret, he be link'd in love.
Then yield, my Lords; and here conclude
with me,

FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VY. That Margaret shall be Queen, and none but she. K. Hen. Whether it be through force of your My noble Lord of Suffolk; or for that My tender youth was hever yet attaint With any Passion of inflaming love, I cannot tell; but this I am assur'd, I feel such sharp dissention in my breast, Such fierce alarums both of hope and fear, As I am sick with working of my thoughts. my Lord to As I am sick with shipping; post, Take, therefore shipping; France; Agree to any covenants; and procure That I ady Margaret do youchsafe to come To cross the seas to England, and be crowned. King Henry's faithful and anointed Queen: For your expences and sufficient charge, Among the people gather up a tenth. Be gone, I say; for, till you do return, I rest berblexed with a thousand cares. And you, good uncle, banish all offence: If you do cemure me by what you were, Not what you are, I know it will excuse This sudden execution of my will. This sudden execution or my many, En And so conduct me where from company, En I may revolve and ruminate my grief.

I may revolve and ruminate my both at first

Glo. Ay, grief, Exeum GLOSTER and Exe Suf. Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd; and thu As did the youthful Paris once to Greece; With hope to find the like event in love, But prosper better than the Trojan did. Margaret shall now be Queen, and rule the But I will rule both her, the King

# SELECTION

OF THE

# MOST IMPORTANT NOTES

EXTRACTED '

FROM

THE BEST COMMENTATORS
TO THE PLAYS

nΨ

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME X.



ì

and the second of the second o

## NOTES TO

## KING HENRY V.

\*\*\*This play was writ (as appears from a passage in the chorus to the fifth Act) at the time of the Earl of Essex's commanding the forces in Ireland in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and not till after Henry the Sixth had been played, as may be seen by the conclusion of this play. Pops.

The transactions comprised in this historical

play commence about the latter end of the first, and terminate in the eight year of this King's reign: when he married Katharine Princess of France, and closed up the differences betwixt England and that crown. Theobald.

This play, in the quarto edition, 1608, is styled The Chronicle History of Henry, &c. which seems to have been the title anciently appropriated to all Shakspeare's historical dramas. So, in The Antipodes, a comedy, by R. Brome, 1638: "These lads can act the Emperors' lives all

"And Shakspeare's Chronicled Histories to

The players likewise in the folio edition, 1625, rank these pieces under the title of Histories. It is evident, that a play on this subject had been performed before the year 1592. Hash, w

Pierce Penniless his Supplication to the Devil, dated 1592, says: "—— what a glorious thing it is to have Henry the Fift represented on the stage, leading the French King prisoner, and forcing both him and the Dolphin to sweare fealte."

STEEVENS.

The piece to which Nash alludes, is the old anonymous play of King Henry V. which had been exhibited before the year 1589, Tarlton, the comedian, who performed in it both the parts of the Chief Justice and the Clown, having died in that year. It was entered on the Stationers' books in 1594, and, I believe, printed in that year, though I have not met with a copy of that date. An edition of it printed in 1598, was in the valuable collection of Dr. Wright.

The play before us appears to have been written in the middle of the year 1599. See An Attempt to ascertain the Order of Shak-peare's Plays.

The old King Henry V. may be found among Six old Plays on which Shakspeare founded, &c. printed for S. Leacroft, 1778. MALONE.

Page 3, line 2.3. O, for a muse of fire, that would ascend

The brightest heaven of invention! This goes upon the notion of the Peripatetic system, which imagines several heavens one above another; the last and highest of which was on fire.

WARBURTON.

It alludes likewise to the aspiring nature of fire, which, by its levity, at the separation of the chaos, took the highest seat of all the elements. JOHNSON.

P. 3, 1. 4. 5. ——— Princes to act,
And Monarchs to behold &c.] Shakspeare

does not seem to set distance enough between the

performers and spectators. Johnson.

P. 3, 1. 16. — this wooden O, ] Nothing shows more evidently the power of custom over language, than that the frequent use of calling a circle an O could so much hide the meanness of the metaphor from Shakspeare, that he has used it many times where he makes his most eager attempts at dignity of style, Johnson.

Johnson's criticism on Shakspeare's calling a circle an O, is rather injudiciously introduced in this place, where it was evidently the poet's intention to represent the circle in which they acted in as contemptible a light as he could.

M. MASON.

An allusion to the theatre where this history was exhibited, being, from its circular form, called the globe.

I know not whether Shakspeare calls the Globe playhouse a cock-pit, from its being a round building; or else from it's serving that purpose also: the latter appears probable, from his styling the floor an unworthy scaffold, which suggest the idea of its being temporary, and that the edifice answered both turns, by means of a slight alteration. HENLEY.

This theatre, like all our ancient ones, was denominated from its sign, viz. The Globe, and not from its shape. Had playhouses heen named with reference to their form of construction, what fort of building could have corresponded with the title of a Red Bull, a Curtain, a Fortune, Cross Keys, a Phoenix, &c.?

Shakspeare, meaning to degrade the stage has

was describing, may call it a cock-pit, because a cack-pit was the most diminutive enclosure present to his mind; or, perhaps, because there was a playhouse called The Cock-pit, at which King Henry V. might first have been acted. N. B. From Mr. Henley's own drawing of the Globe, the outside of it, at least, appears to have been octagonal. Stervens,

P. 3, 1, 16. — casques, i. e. helmets.

JOHNSON,

The very easques, does not mean the identical casques, but the casques only, the casques alone. M. Mason.

The very casques, are — even the casques or helmets; much less the men by whom they were worn. MALONE.

P. 3, l. 21. Imaginary for imaginative, or your powers of fancy. Active and passive words are by this author frequently confounded.

JOHNSON, P. 3, 1. 25. Perilous narrow, in hurlesque and common language, meant no more than very narrow. In old books this mode of expression occurs perpetually. A perilous broad brim to a hat, a perilous long sword, &c. STHEVENS.

The present reading is right, but there should be a comma between the words perilgus and narrow, as it was by no means Shakspeare's intention to join them together, and to make a burdlesque phrase of them, such as Steevens describes. The perilousness of the ocean to be passed by the army, before the meeting of the Kings, adds to the grandeur and interest of the scene; and it is well known that narrow seas are the most perilous. So the Chorus in the next act insimulates that it was necessary:

To charm the narrow seas

"To give them gentle pass."
And in The Merchant of Venice, the narrow seas are made the scene of shipwrecks, where Salarino says, "Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wrecked on the narrow seas; the Goodwins I think they call the place; a very dangerous flat, and fatal," &c. M. MASON.

P.3, last but one 1. Into a thousand parts divide one man, The meaning of this is, Suppose every man to represent a thousand; but it is very ill expressor.

M. MASON.

P. 3, last l. And make imaginary puissance:] This shows that Shakspeare was fully sensible of the absurdity of showing battles on the theatre, which indeed is never done but tragedy becomes farce. Nothing can be represented to the eye, but by something like it, and within a wooden O nothing very like a battle can be exhibited. Johnson.

P. 4, 1. 4 - 6. For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our Kings.

Carry them here and there;] We may read King for Kings. The prologue relates only to this single play. The mistake was made by referring them to Kings, which belongs to thoughts. The sense is, your thoughts must give the King his proper greatness; carry therefore your thoughts here and there, jumping over time, and crouding years into an hour.

I am not sure that Dr. Johnson's observation is just. In this play, the King of France as well as England makes his appearance; and the scase may be this — It must be to your image.

nations that our Kings are indebted for the royalty. Let the fancy of the spectator furn 3 out those appendages to greatness which the verty of our stage is unable to supply. The poe is still apologizing for the defects of theatrical representation. STREVENS.

Johnson is in my opinion mistaken also in his explanation of the remainder of the sentence. Carry them here and there, does not mean, as he supposes, Carry your thoughts here and there; for the Chorus not only calls upon the imagination of the audience to adorn his Kings, but to carry them also from one place to another. though by a common poetical license the copulative he omitted. M. Mason.

P. 5, l. 3. This first scene was added since the edition of 1608, which is much short of the present editions, wherein the speeches are generally enlarged and raised: several whole scenes besides, and all the chorusses also, where since

added by Shakspeare. Pore,

P. 5, I. 4. London.] It appears from Hall's and Holinshed's Chronicles that the business of this scene was transacted at Leicester, where King Henry V. held a parliament in the second year of his reign. But the Chorus at the beginning of the second act shows that the author intended to make London the place of his first scene. MALONE.

P. 5, 1. 5. Archbishop of Canterbury; Henry Chicheley, a Carthusian monk, recently pro-moted to the see of Canterbury, MALONE. moted to the see of Canterbury.

John Fordham,

P. 5, 1. 6. Biskop of Ely.] John consecrated 1388; died 1426. REED. P. 5, 1. 12. — the scambling and unquiettime in the household book of the 5th Earl of No.

humberland, there is a particular section appointing the order of service for the scambling days in Lent; that is, days on which no regular meals were provided, but every one scambled, i. e. scrambled and shifted for himself as well as he could. - So, in the old noted book intitled Leicester's Commonwealth, one of the marginal heads is, "Scambling between Leicester and Huntington at the upshot." Where in the text, the author says, "Hastings, for ought I see, when hee commeth to the scambling, is like to have no better luck by the beare [Leicester] then his ancestour had once by the boare." [K. Richard III.] edit. 1641, 12mo. p. 87. So again, Shak-speare himself makes King Henry V. say to the Princess Katharine, "I get thee with scambling, and thou must therefore prove a good soldierbreeder." Act V. PERCY.

Shakspeare uses the same word in Much Ado

about Nothing:

"Scambling, out-facing, fashion-mong'ring boys." STREVENS:
P. 5, 1. 13. — of further question.] i. c.

of further debate. MALONE.

P. 6, 1. 3. 4. And to the coffers of the King, beside,

A thousand pounds by the year: Hall, who appears to have been Shakspeare's authority, in the above enumeration, says, "and the Kyng to have clerely in his cofers twentie thousand poundes." REED.

P. 6. 1. 15. 16. Consideration like an angel

And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him; ] As paradise, when sin and Adam were driven out by the sa-

gel, hecame the habitation of celestial spirits, so the King's heart, since consideration has driven out his follies, is now the receptacle of wisdom and of virtue. Johnson.

Mr. Upton observes, that according to the scripture expression, the old Adam, or the old man, signified man in an unregenerated or gentile state. MALONE.

P. 6, 1. 20—24. Never came reformation in a flood, &c.] Alluding to the method by which Hercules cleansed the famous stables, when he turned a river through them. Hercules still is in our author's head

them. Hercules still is in our author's h when he mentions the Hydra. Johnson.

P. 6, 1. 26 and fol. Hear him but reason in divinity, &c. ] This speech seems to have been copied from King James's Prelates, speaking of their Solomon; when Archbishop Whitgift, who, as an eminent writer says, died soon afterwards, and probably doated then, at the Hampton-Court conference, declared himself verily persuaded, that his sacred Majesty spake by the spirit of Goil. And, in effect, this scene was added after King James's accession to the crown: so that we have no way of avoiding its being esteemed a compliment to him, but by supposing it a compliment to his bishops. Wareurton.

Why these lines should be divided from the rest of the speech and applied to King James, I am not able to conceive; nor why an opportunity should be so eagerly snatched to treat with contempt that part of his character which was the least contemptible. King James's theological knowledge was not inconsiderable. To preside at disputations is not very suitable to a King.

but to understand the questions is surely laudable. The poet, if he had James in his thoughts, was no skilful encomiast; for the mention of Harry's skill in war, forced upon the remembrance of his audience the great deficiency of · their present King; who yet with all his faults, and many faults he had, was such, that Sir Rohert Cotton says, he would be content that England should never have a better, provided that it should never have a worse. JOHNSON.

Those who are solicitous that justice should be done to the theological knowledge of our British Solomon, may very easily furnish them-selves with specimens of it from a book entitled, Rex Platonicus, sive de potentissimi. Principis Jacobi Britanniarum Regis ad illustrissimam Academiam Oxoniensem adventu, Aug. 27, Anno 1605. · Steevens.

P. 7, 1. 2. The air, a charter'd libertine, . is still, This line is exquisitely beautiful. JOHNSON.

P. 7, 1. 5. 6. So that the art and practick.

part of life

Must be the mistress of this theorick: He

discourses with so much skill on all subjects, that the art and practice of life must be the mistress or teacher of his theorick; that is, that his theory must have been taught by art and practice; which, says he, is strange, since he could see little of the true art or practice among his loose companions, nor ever retired to digest his practice into theory. Art is used by the author for practice, as distinguished from science or theory. JOHNSON.

Theorick is what terminates in speculation. STEEVENS In our author's time, this word was always used where we now use theory. MALONE.

P. 7, l. 10. — companies — is here used

for companions. MALONE.

P. 7, I. 14. — popularity.] i. e. plebeian intercourse; an unusual sense of the word: though perhaps the same idea was meant to be communicated by it in King Henry IV. Part I. where King Richard II. is represented as having

"Enfeoff'd himself to popularity. Steevens. P. 7, l. 16. — nettle: i. e. the wild fruit so called, that grows in the woods. Steevens. P. 7, l. 22. — crescive in his faculty.] In-

creasing in its proper power. Johnson.

P. 7, 1. 31. Swaying is inclining. MALONE. P. 8, 1. 10. The severals, and unhidden passages,] This line I sus-

pect of corruption, though it may be fairly enough explained: the pussages of his titles are the lines of succession by which his claims descend. Unhidden is open, clear. JOHNTON.

I believe we should read, several, instead of

severals. M. MASON.

P. 8, last l. K. Hen. Send for him, good
uncle.] The person here

addressed was Thomas Deaufort, Earl of Dorset, who was half-brother to King Henry IV. being one of the sons of John of Gaunt, by Katharine Swynford. Shakspeare is a little too early in giving him the title of Duke of Exeter; for when Harfleur was taken and he was appointed governour of the town, he was only Earl of Dorset. He was not made Duke of Exeter till the year after the battle of Agincourt, Nov. 14, 1416. MALONE.

Perhaps Shakspeare confounded this character

with that of John Holland, Duke of Exeter, who was married to Elizabeth the King's aunt. He was executed at Plashey in 1400: but with this circumstance our author might have been unacquinted. STEEVENS.

P. 9, first l. Here began the old play. POPE. P. 9, 1. 6. That task - i. e. keep busied with scruples and laborious disquisitions. Johnson.

P. u, 1. 20. Or nicely charge your understanding soul &c.] Take heed lest by nice and subtle sophistry you burthen your knowing soul, or knowingly burthen your soul, with the guilt of advancing a false title, or of maintaining, by specious fallacies, a claim. which, if shown in its native and true colours, would appear to be false. Johnson.

P. 9, 1. 21. — miscreate, — i. e. ill-be-gotten, illegitimate, spurious. Johnson.

P. q. l. 24, 25. Shall drop their blood in approbation &c. i. e. in proving and supporting that title which shall be now set up. MALONE.

P. 9, 1. 26. Therefore take heed how you impawn our person,

The whole drift of the King is to impress upon the Archbishop a due sense of the caution with which he is to speak. He tells him that the crime of unjust war, if the war be unjust, shall rest upon him:

Therefore take heed how you impawn your' : person.

So, I think, it should be read, Take heed how you pledge yourself, your honour, Jour bappiness in support of bad advice.

Dr. Warburton explains impown by engage,

and so escapes the difficulty. JOHNSON. Vot. x.

The allusion here is to the game of chess, and the disposition of the pumns with respect to the King, at the commencement of this mimetic contest. Hencey.

To engage and to pewn were in our author's time synonymous. See Minshew's Dictionary in v. engage. But the word pawn had not, I believe, at that time, its present signification. To impawn seems here to have the same meaning as the French phrase se commettre. Malons.

P. 10, h. 14. — gloze, i. e. expound, explain, and sometimes comment upon. Reen.

P.11, l. 11. To fine his title with some show of truth, I This is the reading of the quarto of 1608; that of the folio is — To find his title. I would read:

To line his title with some shew of truth. To line may signify at once to decorate and to strengthen. So, in Macbeth:

"With hidden help and vantage; ---"

Or. Warburton says, that to fine his title, is to refine or improve it. The reader is to judge.

I now believe that find is right; the jury finds for the plaintiff, or finds for the defendant; to find his title is, to determine in favour of his title with some show of truth. Johnson.

To fine his title, is to make it showy or specious by some appearance of justice. STEEVENS.

I betieve that fine is the right reading, and that the metaphor is taken from the fining of liquors. In the next line, that speaker says:

"Though in pure muth it was corrupt and naught."

It is the jury that finds a verdict, not the plaint-

iff or defendant, and therefore a man cannot find his own title. M. Mason.

P. 11, l. 14. Convey'd himself - ] i. e. Derived his title. MALONE.

P. 11, l. 17. By Charles the Great is meant the Emperor Charlemagne, son of Pepin; Charlemain is Charlechauve, or Charles the Bald, who, as well as Charles le Gros, assumed the title of Magnus. See Goldasti Animadversiones in Rinhardi praefationem. Edit. 1711, p. 157.
But then Charlechauve had only one daughter, named Judith, married, or, as some say, only betrothed, to our King Ethelwulf, and carried off, after his death, by Baldwin the forester, afterward Earl of Flanders, whom, it is very certain, Hugh Capet was neither heir to, nor any way descended from. This Judith, indeed, had a great-grand-daughter called Luitgarde: married to a Count Wichman, of whom nothing further is known. It was likewise the name of Charlemagne's fifth wife; but no such female as Lingare is to be met with in any French histo-rian. In fact, these fictitious personages and pedigrees seem to have been devised by the English heralds, to "fine a title with some shew of truth," which, "in pure truth was corrupt and naught." It was manifestly impossible that Henry, who hat no hereditary title to his own dominions, could derive one, by the same colour, to another person's. He merely proposes the invasion and conquest of France, in prosecution of the dying advice of his father:

Might want the memory of former days."

<sup>&</sup>quot;In foreign quarrels; that action, thence borne out,

that his subjects might have sufficient employment to mislead their attention from the nakedness of his title to the crown. The zeal and eloquence of the Archbishop are owing to similar motives. Ritson.

P. 11, 1. 18. King Lewis the tenth, The word ninth has been inserted by some of the modern editors. The old copies read tenth. Ninth is certainly wrong, and tenth certainly right. Isabel was the wife of Philip the second, father of Lewis the ninth, and grandfather of Lewis the tenth. RITSON.

This is a mistake, (as is observed in the Gen-'tleman's Maguzine, Vol. LIH. P. H. p. 588.,) into which Shakspeare was led by Holinshed, whom he copied. St. Lewis, (for he is the person here described,) the grandson of Queen Isabel, the wife of Philip II. King of France, was Lewis the Ninth. He was the son of Lewis VIII. by the Lady Blanch of Castile. MALONE.

P. 11, 1. 30. King Lewis his satisfaction,] He had told us just above, that Lewis could not wear the crown with a safe conscience, "till sa-

tisfy'd," &c. THEOBALD.

P. 12, first 1. Than amply to imbare their crooked titles

Pope reads: Than openly imbrace,

But where is the antithesis betwirt hide in the preceding line, and imbrace in this? The two old folios read:

Than amply to imbarre -

We certainly must read, as Mr. Warburton advised ine:

Than amply to imbare them surprized Mr.

Pope did not start this conjecture, as Mr. Rowe had led the way to it in his edition; who reads:

Than amply to make bare their crooked titles. THEORALD.

Mr. Theobald might have found, in the 4to.

of 1608, this reading:

Than amply to embrace their crooked causes: out of which line Mr. Pope formed his reading, erroneous indeed, but not merely capricious.

Johnson.

The quarto, 1600, reads — imbace.

I have met with no example of the word — imbare. To unbar is to open, and might have been the word set down by the poet, in opposition to — bar.

To embar, however, seems, from the following passage in the first book of Stanyhurst's translation of Virgil, 1583, to signify to break on cut off abruptly:

"Heere Venus embarring his tale," &c.
Yet, as to bar, in Much Ado about Nothing, is,
to strengthen, —

"--- that is stronger made,

"Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron," —

so, amply to unbar, may mean to weaken by an open display of invalidity.

As imbare, however, is not unintelligible, and is defended by the following able criticks, I have left it in the text. Steevens.

I have not doubt but imbare is the right reading. Though the editor who has adopted it, seems to argue against it, it makes the seems more clear than any of the other readings proposed: Imbare, in the last line, is naturally opposed to hide, in that which precedes, and

differs but liftle from the reading of the quarter 1600. The objection that there is no such word as imbare, can have but little weight. It is a word so fairly deduced? and so easily understood, that an author of much less celebrity than Shakspeare, had a right to coin it.

In the folio the word is spelt imbarre. Imbare is, I believe, the true reading. It is formed like impaint, impawn, and many other similar words used by Shakspeare. Malone.

P. 12, 1. 10 21. Whiles his most mighty father on a hill

Stood smiling, to behold his lion's whelp Foregoin blood of French nobility.]. This

Forego in blood of Franch nobility.] This alludes to the battle of Gressyn, as described by Holinshed, Vol. II. p. 372. Gol. ... Rowing

P. 12, 1. 25. — cold for action! This epithet all the commentators have passed by, and I am unable to explain. I remune bus sufficient it to be corrupt. A desire to distinguish themselves seems to merit the name of ardour, rether than the term here given to it. — If cold be the true reading, their conducts should arise from inaction; and therefore the meaning must be, orth for want of action; MALONE.

I always negarded the epithet cold as too clear to need explanation. The isoldiers were eagen to warm shemselves by action, and were cold for want of it. A more recondite meaning tingle deed may be found; a meaning which will be best allogitated by a line in Strada's imitation of Station:

of Stating:

11., Lyremosque artus animosum frigus habebat.

8 regrent.

P. 13, 1: 3-25. They know, your Grace hath cause, and means, and might;

So hath. your Highness; We should read:

which is carrying on the sense of the concluding words of Exeter:

As did the former lions of your blood; meaning Edward IIL and the Black Prince.

WARBURTON,

I do not see but the present reading may stand as I have pointed it. Johnson.

Warburton's amendment is unnecessary; but surely we should point the passage thus:

They know your Grace, hath cause; and means, and might,

So hath your Highness; Meaning that the King had not only a good cause, but force to support it. So, in this place, has the force of also, or likewise.

P. 13, l. 12. With blood, This and the foregoing line Dr. Warburton gives to Vestmore-land, but with so little reason that I have continued them to Canterbury. The credit of old copies, though not great, is yet more than nothing. Johnson.

P. 13, 1. 25. The marches are the borders, the limits, the confines. Hence the Lords Marchers, i. e. the Lords Presidents of the marchess. &c. Stervens.

P. 15, l. 29. Intendment is here perhaps used for intention, which in our author's time signified extreme exertion. The main intendment may, however, mean the general disposition.

Main intendment, I believe, signifies - exer-

tion in a body. The King opposes it to less consequential inroads of detached para

P. 13, l. 30 — giddy —] That is, inconstar changeable. Johnson.

P. 14, 1. 5. - fear'd - i. e. frightened.

P. 14, 1. 15. And make your chronicle a rich with praise,

As is the ooze and bottom of the sea With sunken wreck and sumless treasuries.

The similitude between the chronicle and the se consists only in this, that they are both full, an filled with something valuable. The quari has your, the folio their chronicle.

Your and their written by contraction yr an just alike, and her in the old hands is not muc unlike yr. I believe we should read her chronicle. Johnson.

Your chronicle means, I think, the chronic of your Kingdom, England. MALONE.

P. 14, l. 18. and fol. West, But there's a say ing, very old and true,

If that you will France win,
Then with Scotland first begin: &c
This speech, which is dissuasive of war wi
France, is absurdly given to one of the church
inen in confederacy to push the King upon i
as appears by the first scene in this act. Beside
the poet had here an eye to Hall, who giv
this observation to the Duke of Exeter. But the
editors have made Ely and Exeter change side
and speak one another's speeches: for this, which
is given to Ely, is Exeter's; and the following
given to Exeter, is Ely's. WARBURTON.
This speech is given in the folio to the Bu

of Ely. But it appears from Holinshed (whomour author followed,) and from Hall, that these words were the conclusion of the Earl of West-moreland's speech; to whom therefore I have assigned them. In the quarto Lord only is prefixed to this speech. Dr. Warburton and the subsequent editors attributed it to Exeter, but certainly without propriety; for he on the other hand maintained, that "he whiche would Scotland winne, with France must first beginne."

P. 14, l. 25. 26. Playing the mouse, in absence of the cut,

To spoil and havock more than she can eat.] It is not much the quality of the mouse to tear the food it comes at, but to run over it and defile it. The old quarto reads, spoile; and the two first folios, tame: from which last corrupted word, I think, I have retrieved the poet's genuine reading, taint. Theobald.

P. 14, 1, 29. Yet that is but a curs'd necessity.] So she old quarto [1600]. The folios read crush'd: neither of the words convey any tolerable idea; but give us a counter-reasoning, and not at all pertinent. We should read 'scus'd necessity. It is Exeter's business to show there is no real necessity for staying at home: he must therefore mean, that though there be a seeming necessity, yet it is one that may be well oxcus'd and got over. Warburron.

Neither the old readings nor the emendation seem very satisfactory. A curs'd necessity has no sense; a 'scus'd necessity is so barsh that one would not admit it, if any thing clee co

be found. A crush'd necessity may man necessity which is subdued and overpowers contrary reasons. We might read—a orude ceasity, a necessity not complete, or not considered and digested; but it is too hassh Sir. T. Hanner reads:

Yet that is not o'course a necessity.

A curs'd necessity means, I believe, an unfortunate necessity. Curs'd, in coquial phrase, signifies any thing unfortun So we say, such a one leads a cursed life; other has got into a cursed scrape. It may man a necessity to be execrated. Sterens.

Mr. M. Mason justly observes that this is pretation, though perhaps the true one, does agree with the context; [Yet that is but an fortunate necessity, since we, &c.] and the fore proposes to read.

Yet that is not a curs'd necessity.

But and not are so often confounded in t plays, that I think his conjecture extremely p able. It is certainly (as Dr. Warburton observed) the speaker's business to show there is no real necessity for staying at ho

P. 14, last I. I leavn from Dr. Burney, consent is connected harmony, in general, not confined to any specific consonance. I [says the same elegant and well-informed ter) concentio and concentus are both used Cicero for the union of voices or instrumin what we should now call a chorus, or coest. Steepens.

P. 15, I. 5-7. Setting endeavour invenual must motion 1.3

To which is fixed, as an aim or butt', Obedience: Neither the sense nor the conatruction of this passage is very obvious. The construction is, endeavour, - as an aim or butt to which endeavour, obedience is fixed. The sense is, that all endeavour is to terminate in obedience, to be subordinate to the publick , good and general design of government, Johnson, P. 15, 1. 8. 9. Creatures, that, by a rule

in nature, teach

The act of order to a peopled Kingdom. Act here means law, or statute; as appears from the old quarto, where the words are "—— Creatures that by awe ordain au act of order to a peopled Kingdom."

Mr. Pope changed act to art, and was followed

by all the subsequent editors. MALONE.

P. 15, l. 10. Officers of sorts means officers of different degrees. In a London haberdasher's bill to his customer in the country, I lately wast? the following charge: "To thread of sorts; i. e. ! of different kinds. STREVENS.

In confirmation of Mr. Steeven's opinion it may be observed, that in Atrue Relation of the admirable Voyage and Travel of William's Bush, &c. 4to. 1607, we have "—— drummes and sortes of musicke." REED.

P. 15, L 12. To venture trade is a phrase of the same import and structure as to hazard battle. Johnson.

P. 15, 1.r19: The singing masons building &c.) Our author probably had here two hunges is his thoughts. The hum of a bee is obvious. lieve he was also thinking of a common practice. among masons, who will work subset among frequently sing while at work: a practic could not have escaped his observation M.

P. 15, L 20, - civil - i. e. soher, gra

P. 15, l. 20. To knead the honey gi easy sense though not physically true. The do in sact knead the wax more than the but that Shakpeare perhaps did not know.

P. 15, l. 24. Executors is here used fo

cutioners. MALONE.

P. 16, h. 15. — in large and ample en This word, which signifies dominion, obsolete, though formerly in general use

P. 16, 1. 24. Not worship'd with a epitaph.] The 1608 reads, — with a paper epitaph.

Either a waxen or a paper epitaph is a taph easily obliterated or destroyed; one can confer no lasting honour on the dead.

To the ancient practice of writing on tablets Shakspeare again alludes in the firs of Timon of Athens:

"--- but moves itself

"In a wide sea of wax." STEEVEN
The second reading is more unintelligib
me at least, than the other: a grave not
nified with the slightest memorial. Jouns

I think this passage has been misuade Henry says, "he will either rule with full nion in France, or die in the attempt, at his bones in a paltry urn, without a towary remembrance over him." With a the alternative that he has just stated,

by way of opposition and illustration, "cither the English Chronicles shall speak, trumpettongued, to the world, of my victories in France, or, being defeated there, my death shall scarcely be mentioned in history; shall not be honoured by the best epitaph a Prince can have, the written account of his achievements." - A paper epitaph, therefore, or, in other words, an historical enlogy, instead of a slight token of respect, is mentioned by Henry as the most honourable memorial; and Dr. Johnson's objection, sounded on the incongruity of saying that his grave shall not be dignified by the slightest memorial, falls to the ground.

The misrepresentation, I conceive, arose from understanding a figurative expression literally, and supposing that a paper epitaph meant an epitaph written on a paper, to be affixed to a tomb.

Waxen, the reading of the folio, when it is used by Shakspeare metaphorically, signifies, soft, yielding, taking an impression easily. MA-LONG.

P. 17, l. 19. A galliard was an ancient dance, STEEVENS. now obsolete.

P. 17, 1. 26. Tennis-balls,] In the old play of King Henry V. already mentioned, this present consists of a gilded tun of tennis-balls and

a carpet. Steevens.

P. 18, 1. 2. Chace is a term at tennis.

JOHNSON.

The hazard is a place in the tennis-court into

which the ball is conclimes struck. Speakers.

P. 18, 1. 5. By the seat of England, the King, I believe, means, the throne. So, of roy. boasts that he is descended 'Trom mon of toy siege." Henry afterwards says, he will him in his throne of France. The words be in will keep my state." likewise confirm the interpretation. Malone.

P. 18. I. 6. - living hence,] This expression has alrength and energy: he never valued England, and therefore lived hence, i. e. as if absent from it. But the Oxford editor alters hence to here Warburton.

Living hence means, I believe, withdrawing from the court, the place in which he is now speaking.

Perhaps Prospero, in The Tempest, has more clearly expressed the same idea, when he says:

"The government I cast upon my brother,

"And to my state grew stranger."
STEEVENS.

In King Richard II. Act V. sc. ii. King Henry IV. complains that he had not seen his son for three months, and desires that he may be enquired for among the taverns, where he daily trequents,

"With unrestrain'd and loose companions."

MALONE.

P. 18, l. 13. For that I have laid by my majesty, To qualify myself for this undertaking, I have descended from my station, and studied the arts of life in a lower character. JOHNSON.

P. 16, l. 19. Hath turn'd his balls to gunstones; When ordnance was first used, they discharged balls, not of riron, but of stone. Johnson.

"From but of stone. Jonnson."

Soc. Holinshed, p. 947: "About waven of the clocke marched forward the light pieces of or"diames, with stone and powdent": Sameunes.

P. 19, 1. 22. I think Mr. Pope mistaken in transposing this chorus, [to the end of the first scene of the second act,] and Mr. Theobald in concluding the [first] act with it. The chorus evidently introduces that which follows, not comments on that which precedes, and therefore rather begins than ends the act; and so 1 have printed it. Johnson.

P. 20, l. 1-3. For now sits Expectation in

the air;

And hides a sword, from hilts unto the

With crowns imperial, crowns, and coronets,] The imagery
is wonderfully fine, and the thought exquisite.
Expectation sitting in the air designs the height
of their ambition; and the sword hid from the
hilt to the point with crowns and coronets,
that all sentiments of danger were lust in the
thoughts of glory. Warburton.

The idea is taken from the ancient representations of trophies in tapestry or painting. Among these it is very common to see swords

encircled with paval or mural crowns.

STEEVENS.

In the Horse Armoury in the Tower of London, Edward III. is represented with two crowns on his sword, alluding to the two Kingdoms, France and England, of both of which he was crowned heir. Perhaps the poet took the thought from a similar representation. Toller.

This image, it has been observed by Mr. Henley, is borrowed from a worden cut in the first edition of Holiushed's Chronicle. Marche.

P. 20, 1. 14. -- which he fills 1 i. c. the Kint of France. MALONE.

B. 20, L. 17. Richard Earl of Combe-Richard de Coninsbury, younger son of Eof Langley, Duke of York. He was far Richard, Duke of York, father of Edwar, Fourth. WALFOLE.

P. 20, 1.-18. Henry Lord Scroop of Ma. was a third husband of Joan, Duchess of ! (she had four,) mother in-law of Richard, of Cambridge. MALONE.

P. 20, 1. 20. Gilt, which in our author merally signifies a display of gold (as in play.

play,
"Our gayness and our gilt are all smirch'd")

in the present instance means golden mone.

P. 20, 1. 22. — this grace of Kings — ] he who does the greatest honour to the title the same kind of phraescology the usurpe Hamlet is called the Vice of Kings, i. e. opprobrium of them. WARDURTON.

P. 20, I. 26. To force a play, is to pro a play by compelling many circumstances

a narrow compass. Steevens.

P. 20, l. 22—30. And by their hands &c.
I suppose every one that reads these lines labout for a meaning which he cannot find. T is no connection of sense nor regularity of t sition from one thought to the other. It may suspected that some lines are lost, and in case the sense is irretrievable. I rather the meaning is obscured by an accidental to position, which I would reform thus:

And by their hands this grace of K must die,

If hell and treason hold their promis

The sum is paid, the traitors are agreed, The King is set from London, and the scene Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton,

Ere he take ship for France. And in Southampton

Linger your patience on, and well digest
The abuse of distance, while we force
a play.

There is the play-house now ----.
This alteration restores sense, and probably the true sense. The lines might be otherwise ranged, but this order pleases me best. Johnson.

P. 20, 1. 32-33. And bring you back, charming the narrow seas

To give you gentle pass; Though Ben Jonson, as we are told, was indebted to the kindness of Shakspeare for the introduction of his first piece, Every Man in his Humour, on the stage, and though our author performed a part in it, Jonson, in the prologue to that play, as in many other places, endeavoured to ridicule and depreciate him:

"He rather prays you will be pleas'd to see
"One such to-day, as other plays should be;
"Where neither chorus wasts you o'er the
seas," &c.

When this prologue was written is unknown. The envious author of it, however, did not publish it ill 1616, the year of Shakspeare's death.

MALONE.

P. 20, 1.34. We'll not offend one stomach with our play. That is you shall pass the sea without the qualms of seasickness. Johnson.

Vol. x.

P. 20, last but one l. But, till the King come forth, and not till then, i Here seems to be something omitted. Sir T.

Hammer reads:

But when the King comes forth, which, as the passage now stands, is necessary. These lines, obscure as they are, refute Mr. Pope's conjectures on the true place of the chorus; for they show that something is to intervene before the scene changes to Southampton.

Mr. Roderick would read — and but till then; that is, "till the King appear nest, you are to suppose the scene shifted to Southampton, and no longer; for as soon as be comes forth, it will shift to France." But this does not agree with the fact; for a scene in London intervenes.

MALONE

P. 21. At this scene begins the connection of this play with the latter part of King Henry IV. The characters would be indistinct, and the incidents unintelligible, without the knowledge of what passed in the two foregoing plays. Johnson.

P. 21, d. 9. 10. — when time shall serve, there shall be smiles; — but that shall be as it may.] I suspect smiles to be a marginal direction crept into the next. It is natural for a man, when he threatens, to break off abruptly, and conclude, But that shall be as it may. But this fantastical fellow is made to smile disdainfully while he threatens; which circumstance was marked, for the player's direction, in the margin.

I do not remember to have met with these marginal directions for expression of countemance in any of our ancient manuscript plays; meither do I see occasion for Dr. Warburton's emendation, as it is vain to seek the precise meaning of every whimsical phrase employed by this eccentric character. Nym, however, having expressed his indifference about the continuation of Pistol's friendship, might have added, when time serves, there shall be smiles, i. e. he should be merry, even though he was to lose it; or, that his face would be ready with a smile as often as occasion should call one out into service, though Pistol, who had excited so many, was no longer near him. Dr. Farmer, however, with great probability, would read, — smites, i. e. blows, a word used in the midland counties.

Perhaps Nym mesns only to say, I care not whether we are friends at present; however, when time shall serve, we shall be in good humour with each other: but be it as it may. MALONE.

P. 21, l. 16. — we'll be all three sworn brothers to France;] We should read, — we'll all go sworn brothers to France, or, we'll all

be sworn brothers in France. Johnson.

The humour of sworn brothers should be opened a little. In the times of adventure, it was usual for two chiefs to bind themselves to share in each other's fortune, and divide their acquisitions between them. So, in the Conqueror's expedition, Robert de Oily, and Roger de Ivery, were fratres jurati; and Rohert gave one of the honours he received to his sworn brother Roger. So these three secondrels cet out for France, as if they were going to make a conquest of the Kingdom, Whales.

P. 21, l. 20. I will do as I may: Smely we ought to read, "I will die as I may!" Mr. M. M.

P. 21, l. 20. — that is my rest, ] i. e. wh at I am resolved on. Steevens.

P. 21, l. 29. — though patience be a tired mare,] The folio reads, by corruption, tired name, from which Sir T. Hanner, sagaciously enough, derived tired dame. Mr. Theobald retrieved from the quarto tired mare, the true reading. Johnson.

reading. Johnson.

P. 22, 1. 3. Base tike; Tijk, is the Runic word for a little, or worthless dog. So, in King Lear.

"Or bobtail tike, or trundle-tail."

This word is still employed in Yorkshire, and means a clown, or rustic. Steevens.

In Minshen's Dictionary, 1617, tike is defined, "a worme that sucks the blood." It is now commonly spelt tick, an animal that infests sheep, dogs, &c. This may have been Pistol's term. Malone.

P. 22, d. 17. Iceland dog.] In the folio the word is spelt Island; in the quarto, Iseland.

MALONE.

I believe we should read, Iceland dog. He seems to allude to an account credited in Elizabeth's time, that in the north there was a nation with human bodies and dogs' heads.

JOHNSON.

The quartos confirm Dr. Johnson's conjecture.
STERVENS.

Iceland dog is probably the true reading; yet in Hakluyt's Poyages, we often meet with island. Drayton, in his Moon-calf, mentions waterdogs, and islands. And John Taylor dedicates his Sculler "To the whole kennel of Antichrist's hounds, priesse, friers, monks, and

jesuites, mastiffs, mongrels, islande, bloodhounds, hobtaile-tikes." FARMER.

Perhaps this kind of dog was then in vogue

for the ladies to carry about with them.

It appears from a proclamation in Rymer's Faedera, that in the reign of Henry V. the English had a fishery on the coasts of Norway and Iteland; and Holinshed, in his Description of Britain, p. 231, says, "we have sholts or curs dailie brought out of Iseland." STEEVENS.

Island [that is, Iceland] cur is again used as a term of contempt in Epigrams served out in fifty-two several dishes, no date, but apparently written in the time of James the first.

MALONE.

A prick-ear'd cur is likewise P. 22, l. 18, in the list of dogs enumerated in The Books. of Huntyng, &c. bl. 1. no date:

"--- trundle-tails and prick-ear'd curs." STERVENS.

"There were newly come to the citie two young men that were Romans, which ranged up and downe the streetes, with their ears upright." Painter's Palace of Pleasure. This is said of two sharpers, and seems to explain the term prick-ear'd. HENDERSON.

P. 22, l. 26. And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy;] Such was the coarse language once in use among vulgar brawlers. So, in The Life and Death of William Summers, &c.

"-- Thou lyest in thy throat and in BAKEN BEIGthy guts."

P. 22, l. 29. For I can take, I know not well what he can take. The quarte reads take In our author to take, is sometimes to blast, which sense may serve in this place. JOHNSON.

The old reading, I can take, is right, and means, I can take fire. Though Pistol's cock was up, yet if he did not take fire, no fleshing could ensue. The whole sentence consists in allusions to his name. M. Mason.

P. 22, 1, 31. Barbason is the name of a daemon mentioned in The Merry Wives of Windsor. The unmeaning tumour of Pistol's speech very naturally reminds Nym of the sounding nonsense uttered by conjurers. STREVENS.
P. 23, 1. 6. Exhale, I believe, here signifies

P. 23, 1. 6, Exhale, I believe, here signifies draw, or in Pistol's language, hale or lug out.

MALONE.

Therefore exhale means only — therefore breath your last, or die, a threat common enough among dramatick heroes of a higher rank than Pistol, who only expresses this idea in the fantastick language peculiar to his character.

P. 23, 1. 18. O hound of Crete, He means to insinuste that Nym thirsted for blood. The hounds of Crete described by our autor in A Midsummer Night's Dream, appear to have been bloodhounds. MALONE.

This is an ingenious supposition; and yet I cannot help thinking that Pistol on the present, as on many other occasions, makes use of words to which he had no determinate meaning.

P. 25, l. 10. 11. for, lambkins, we will live.]
That is, we will live as quietly and peaceably together as lambkins. The meaning has, I think, been obscured by a different punctuation: "for, lambkins, we will live." MALOXE.

Bambkins seems to me a fantastick title by which Pistol addresses his newy-reconciled friends, Nym and Bardolph. The words — we will live, may refer to what seems uppermost in his head, his expected profits from the camp, of which he has just given them reason to expect a share. I have not therefore departed from the old punctuation. Steryns.

P. 26, 1. 8. For which we have in head assembled them?] This is not an English phraseology. I am persuaded

Shakapeare wrote:

For which we have in aid assembled them?

alluding to the tenures of those times.

WARBURTON.

It is strange that the commentator should forget a word so eminently observable in this writer, as head for an army formed.

JOHNSON.

In head seems synonymous to the modern military term in force. MALONE.

P. 26, 1. 14. — in a fair consents with ours; In friendly concord; in unison with ours.

MALONE.

P. 26, l. 27. With hearts create of duty and of zeal.] Hearts compounded or made up of duty and zeal.

Johnson.

P. 27, I. 5. — on his more advice,] On his return to more coolness of mind. JOHNSON.

P. 27, l. 17. — proceeding on distemper, i.e. sudden passions. WARBURTON,

Perturbation of mind, Temper is equality of mind, from an equipoise or due mixture of passions. Distemper of mind is the predomin

Shall not be wink'd at, how When capital crimes, &c.) If we may not how wide must we open P. 27, 1. 28. Who are the late commission ppears from the sequel, who are the persons Press from the sequel, who are the personal values of M. Mason. rely appointed commissioners; M. MASON.
P. 28, 1. 16. Tornson
That is. living though the truth of it That is, living. Johnson. stands off as gross
Though the truth
Though and white,

be as apparent and visible as black off, is etre
contiguous to each other. to the eye,
contiguous to eprominent to the eye,
strong parts of a picture.
strong parts of a picture.
strong parts of a Working so grossly
p. 29, 1.12. Working so wisible connexion of
ably; with a plain and visible connexion stands off as gross with a plain and visible connexion of page and effect. ably; with a plain and visual forme and effect. Though temper'd may stand for the property of the author's word, for it answers better to suggest in the approxision.

the author's word, for it answers to the sending, for it answers reading, for it and for it answers reading, for it and it answers reading, for it answers reading, for it answers reading, for it answers reading, for it and it answers reading, for it and it answers reading, for it answers reading, for it answers reading, for it and it answers reading, for it and it answers reading, for it and it answers reading

## KINGHENRY V.

poqa "

s it me STEEDE

io.v.

P. 29, 1. 30. He might return in vasty To the fabled place of future punishment, Malon

uses this aggravation of the guilt of treachers quences of breach of trust is the diminution of the worst consequences. that confidence which makes the happiness of that connuence which makes the napprious of life, and the dissemination of suspicion, which is the poison of society. Jonnson.

Garnish'd and deck'd in modese Love's Labour's Lost, Act I. Complements, in the age of Shakspeare; meant the same as accomplishments in the present one STERVENS. By the epithet modest the King means that Scroop's accomplishments were not ostentationally display'd. MALONE.

King means to say of Scroop, that he was a Not working cautious man, who knew that fronti nulla fides, without the car, The cautious man, who knew that front nutta files, that a specious appearance was deceitful files, the ear, did not work with the eye, without man till he had trust the air or look of any

man till he had tried him by enquiry and conversation. JOHNSON. P. 30, 1. 8. \_ finely boulted,] i. c. refined Boulted is the same with sifted, and has con-

equently the meaning of refined. Journous.

1. 30, 1. 10. Best indued is a phrase equi-

valent to - gifted or endowed in the most extraerdinary manner. Strevens.

P. 30, 1, 30. The sooner to effect what I intended.] The intended scheme that he alludes to, was the taking off Henry, to make room for his brother-in-law.

MALONE.

P. 31, l. 2. My fault, but not my body, pardon, Sovereign.] One of the conspirators against Queen Elizabeth, I think Parry, concludes his letter to her with these words: "a culpa, but not a poena, absolve me, most dear lady." This letter was much read at that time, [1585,] and our author doubtless copied it.

This whole scene was much enlarged and improved after the first edition; the particular insections it would be tedious to mention, and

tedious without much use. Johnson.

The words of Parry's letter are, "Discharge

The words of Parry's letter are, "Discharge me a culpa, but not a poena, good ladie."

REED.

P. 31, l. 6, Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd,]
Mr. Ritson recommends the omission of this
word, which deforms the measure. STEEVENS.
P. 32, l. 6. — let me bring thee —] i. e. let

me attend, or accompany thee. REED.
P. 32, l. 17. — finer end, ] for final.

Every man that dies, makes a final end; but Mrs. Quickly means to describe Falstaff's behaviour at his exit, as uncommonly placid. "He made a fine end," is at this day a vulgar ext

pression, when any person dies with resolution and devotion. So Ophelia says of her father: "They say, he made a good end." M. MASON.

Our author has elsewhere used the comparative for the positive. Mrs. Quickly, however, needs no justification for not adhering to the rnles of grammar.

What seems to militate against Dr. Johnson's interpretation is, that the word final, which he aupposes to have been meant, is rather too

learned for the hostess. MALONE,

P. 32, l. 18. - it had been any christom child; The old quarto has it - crisomb'd child.

"The chrysom was no more than the whitecloth but on the new baptised child.". See

Johnson's Canons of Eccles. Law, 1720.

I have somewhere (but cannot recollect where) met with this further account of it; that the chrysom was allowed to be carried out of the church, to enwrap such children as were in too weak a condition to be borne thither; the chrysom being supposed to make every place holy. This custom would rather strengthen the allusion to the weak condition of Falstaff.

The child itself was sometimes called a chrysom, as appears from the following passage in The Fancies Chaste and Noble, 1638: — "the boy surely I ever said was a very chrisome in

the thing you wot." STEEVERS.

In the Liturgie, 2 E. VI. Form of private Baptism, is this direction: "Then the minister shall put the white vesture, commonly called the chrisome, upon the child," &c. The Glossary of Du Change, vide Chrismals, explains this ceremony thus: "Quippe olim ut t hodie, baptizatorum, statim atque chrismate n fronte ungebantur, ne chrisma deflueret, pita panno candido obvolvebantur, qui occava mum die ah iis auferebatur." During be mum die ab iia auferebetor,"

time therefore of their wearing this vesture, the children were, I suppose, called chrisomes One is registered under this description in the register of Thatcham, Berks, 1605. (Hearne Appendix to the History of Glastonbury, p. 275.) "A younge crisome being a neun child,

beinge found drowned, "&c. TYRWHITT.

The chrisom is properly explained as the white garment but upon the child at its baptism. this the child wore till the time the mother came to be churched, who was then to offer it to the minister. So that, truly speaking, a chrisom child was one that died after it had been baptized, and before its mother was churched. roneously, however, it was used for children that die before they are baptized; and by this denomination such children were entered in the hills of mortality down to the year 1726. have I not seen, in some edition, christom child? If that reading were supported by any copy of authority, I sould like it much. It agrees better with my dame's enuntiation, who was not very likely fo pronounce a hard word with propriety, and who just before had called Abraham - Arthur. WHALLEY,

Mr. Whalley is right in his conjecture. The first folio reads christom. Blount, in his GLos-BOGRAPHY, 1678, says, that chrisoms in the hills of mortality are such children as die within the month of birth, because during that time they use to wear the chrisom-cloth. MALONE.

P. 32, l. 18-20. - 'a parted even just be-tween twelve and one, e'en at turning o' the tide: It has been a very old opinion, which Mend, de imperio solis, quotes, as if he he lieved it, that nobody dies but in the time

## KING HENRY V.

**26**9

ehb: half the deaths in London confute the notion; but we find that it was common among the

women of the poet's time. Johnson.

P. 32, l. 20—22. — I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends] The same indication of approaching death is enumerated by Celsus, Lommius, Hippocrates and Galen. Gollins.

P. 52, l. 22. Iknew there was but one way; ]
I believe this phrase is proverbial. STERVENS.

P. 32, 1. 23. 24. — for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a babbled of green fields.] The old copy [i. e. the first folio,] reads — for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a table

of green fields. STREVENS.

These words, and a table of green fields, are not to be found in the old editions of 1600 and 1603. This nonsense got into all the following editions by a pleasant mistake of the stage editors, who printed from the common piece-meal written parts in the play-house. A table was here directed to be brought in, (it being a scene in a tavern where they drink at partug), and this direction crept into the text from the margin. Greenfield was the name of the property-man in that time, who furnished implements, &c. for the actors, A table of Greenfield's. Pors.

So reasonable an account of this blunder, Mn. Theobald could not acquiesce in. He thought a table of Greenfield's, part of the text, only corrupted, and that it should be read, he babbled of green-fields, because men do so in the ravings of a calenture. But he did not consider how ill this agrees with the nature of the knight's illness, who was now in no babbling horsowers and se far from wanting cooling in green fields.

ŀ

that his feet were very cold, and he just

expiring. WARBURTON.

Upon this passage Mr. Theobald has a note that fills a page, which I omit in pity to my readers, since he only endeavours to prove, what I think every reader perceives to be true, that at this time no table could be wanted. Mr. Pope, in an appendix to his own edition in 12mo. seems to admit Theobald's emendation, which we would have allowed to be uncommonly happy, had we not been prejudiced against it by Mr. Pope's first note, with which, as it excites mer-

riment, we are loath to part. Johnson.

Had the former editors been apprized, that table, in our author, signifies a pocket book, I believe they would have retained it with the fallowing alteration: — for his nose was as sharp as a pen upon a table of green fells ——— On table books, silver or steel pens, very sharp pointed, were formerly and still are fixed to the backs or covers. Mother Quickly compares Falstaff's nose (which in dying persos grows thin and sharp) to one of those pens, very properly, and she meant probably to have said, on a tablebook with a shagreen cover or shagreen table; hut, in her usual blundering way, she calls it a table of green fells, or a table covered with green-skin; which the blundering transcriber turned into green-fields; and our editors have turned the prettiest blunder in Shakspeare, quite out of doors Smits.

Dr. Warburton objects to Theobald's emendation, on the ground of the nature of Falstag's illness; "who was so far from babbling, or wanting cooling in green fields, that his feet were cold, and he was just expring," But has disorder had been a "burning quotidian tertian." It is, I think, a much stronger objection, that, the word Table, with a capital letter, (for so it appears in the old copy,) is very unlikely to have been printed instead of babbled. This reading, is, however, preferable to any that has been yet proposed.

On this difficult passage I had once a conjecture. It was, that the word table is right, and that the corrupted word is and, which may have been misprinted for in; a mistake that has happened elsewhere in these plays: and thus the passage will run—and his nose was as sharp as a pen in a table of green fields.— A pen may have been used for a pinfold, and a table

for a picture.

The pointed stakes of which pinfolds are sometimes formed, were perhaps in the poet's thoughts. MALONE.

It was been observed (particularly by the superstition of women,) of people near death, when they are delirious by a fever, that they talk of removing; as it has of those in a calenture, that they have their heads run on green fields.

P. 52, last l. — and all was as cold as any stone.] Such is the end of Falstaff, from whom Shakspeare had promised us in his epilogue to K. Henry IV. that we should receive more entertainment. It happened to Shakspeare, as to other writers, to have his imagination crowled with a tumultuary confusion of images, which, while they were yet unsorted and unexamined, seemed sufficient to furnish a long train of incidents, and a new variety of merrimens; but which, when he was to produce

them to view, shrunk suddenly from him, er could not be accommodated to his general design. That he once designed to have brought Falstaff on the scene again, we know from himself; but whether he could contrive no train of adventures suitable to his character, or could match him with no companions likely to quicken his humour, or could open no new vein of pleasantry, and was afraid to continue the same strain lest it should not find the same reception, he has here, for ever discarded him, and made haste to despatch him, perhaps for the same reason for which Addison killed Sir Roger, that no other hand might attempt to exhibit him.

Let meaner authors learn from this example, that it is daugerous to sell the bear which is yet not hunted; to promise to the publick what they have not written.

This disappointment probably inclined Queen Elizabeth to command the poet to produce him once again, and to show him in love or courtship. This was, indeed, a new source of humour, and produced a new play from the for-

mer characters. Johnson.
P. 53, I. 7. Quick. 'A could never abide carnation; &c.] Mrs. Quickly blunders, mistaking the word incurnate for a colour.

P. 35, l. 25. Let senses rule; I think this is wrong, but how to reform it I do not see Perhaps we may read:

Let sense us rule;
Pistol is taking leave of his wife, and giving her advice as he kisses her; he sees her rules; weeping than attending, and, supposing that is

her heart she is still longing to go with him part of the way, he cries, Let sense us rule, that is, let us not give way to foolish fondness, but be ruled by our better understanding. He then continues his directions for her conduct in Johnson. his absence.

Let senses rule evidently means, let prudence govern you: conduct yourself sensibly; and it agrees with what precedes and what follows. Mr. M. Mason would read, "Let sentences rule;" by which he means sayings, or pro-verbs; and accordingly (says he) Pistol gives us a string of them in the remainder of his speech. STEEVENS.

P. 33, l. 25. Pitch and pay;] The caution was a very proper one to Mrs. Quickly, who had suffered before, by letting Falstaff run in her debt. STEEVENS.

One of the old laws of Blackwell-hall was, that a "penny be paid by the owner of every bale of cloth for pitching." FARMER.

P. 33, l. 29. And hold-fast is the only dog,] Alluding to the proverbial saying, — "Brag is a good dog, but holdfast is a better." Dover.

P. 33, 1. 31. - clear thy chrystals.] Dry thine eyes: but I think it may better mean, in this place, wash thy glasses. Johnson.

The first explanation is certainly the true one. STEEVENS.

P. 34, l. 4. An anonymous writer supposes that by the words - keep close, Pistol means keep within doors. That this was not the meaning, is proved decisively by the words of the quarto. Malone.

Perhaps, the words - keep close, were rea-18

Vos. x.

dered perfectly intelligible by the action the accompanied them on the stage. Steryens.

P. 54, l. 14. More than carefully is with more than common care; a phrase of the same kind with better than well. Johnson.

P. 34, l. 30. For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom, —] i.e.

render it callous, insensible. Steevens.

P. 55, l. 18. How modest in exception, How diffident and decent in making objectious.

JOHNSON.

P. 35, 1. 20 - 22. — his vanities forespent Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus, Covering discretion with a coat of fully.]

Shakspeare not having given us, in the First or Second part of Henry IV. or in any other place but this, the remotest hint of the circumstance here alluded to, the comparison must heeds be a little obscure to those who do not know or reflect that some historians have told us, that Henry IV. had entertained a deep jealousy of prevent all umbrage, the Prince withdrew from public affairs, and amused himself in consorting with a dissolute crew of robbers. It seems to me, that Shakspeare was ignorant of this circumstance when he wrote the two parts of Henry IV. for it might have been so managed as to have given new ibeauties to the character of Hal, and great improvements to the plot. And with regard to these matters, Shakspeare generally tells us all he knew, and as soon as he knew it. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton, as usual, appears to me to refine too much. I believe, Shakapeare mean no more than that Henry, in his external a

pearance, was like the elder Brutus, wild and giddy, while in fact his understanding was good. Thomas Otterhourne and the translator of Titus Livius indeed say, that Henry the Fourth in his latter days was jealous of his son, and apprehended that he would attempt to depose him; to remove which suspicion, the Prince is said (from the relation of an Earl of Owmond, who was an eye witness of the fact,) to have gone with a great party of his friends to his father, in the twelfth year of his reign, and to have presented him with a dagger, which he desired the King to plunge into his breast, if he still entertained any doubts of his loyalty: but, I believe, it is no where said, that he threw himself into the company of dissolute persons to avoid giving umbrage to his father, or betook himself to irregular courses with a political view of quieting his suspicions. MALONE.

P. 35, 1. 31. Projection, I believe, is here used for fore-cast or preconseption. It may,

however, mean preparation. MALONB.

P. 36, l. 2. — strain, lineage. REED.
P. 36, l. 3. To haunt is a word of the utmost.
horror, which shows that they dreaded the English as goblins and spirits. Johnson.

P. 36, 1. 17. His fate, is what is allotted him by destiny, or what he is fated to perform.

Johnson.

P. 36, 1. 26-28. — for coward dogs Most spend their mouths, That is, bark; the sportsman's term. JOHNSON.

P. 57, l. 17. He sends you this most memoraable line. This gonealogy; this deduction of his lineage. P. 38, 1. 1-4. ——— on your head Turn he the widows' tears, the orphan's cries,

The dead men's blood, the pining maiden' groups, The disposition of the images were more regular, if we were to read thus:

upon your head

Turning the dead men's blood, the widow's tears, The orphans' cries, the pining maidens'

greans. Johnson.
P. 58, 1. 27. To chide is to resound, to scho.
STEEVEL

P. 39, l. 24. 25. The well-appointed King at Hampton pier

Embark his royalty;] Well-appointed i. e. well furnished with all the necessaries of war. Streevens.

All the editions downwards, implicitly, after the first folio, read — Dover pier. But could the poet possibly be so discordant from himself (and the Chronicles, which he copied) to make the King here embark at Dover: when he has before told us so precisely, and that so often over, that he embarked at Southampton? I dare acquit the poet from so flagram a variation. The indolence of a transcriber, or a compositor at press, must give rise to such an error. They, seeing pier at the end of the verse, unluckily thought of Dover pier, as the best known to them; and se unawares corrupted the text. Theobald.

Among the records of the town of Southempeon, they have a minute and authentick account (drawn up at that time) of the encampment of

the Fifth mear the down, before this kment for France. It is remarkable, that lace where the army was encamped, then level plain or a down, is now entirely d with sea, and called Westport.

T. WARTON. io, l. 2. upon the rivage, i. e. the

or shore. JOHNSON.

ю, 1. 6. Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy ; The stern the hinder part of the ship, the meaning

t your minds follow close after the navy. STRUKENS. spect the author wrote, steerage, MALONE.

o, l. 24. Linstock is the staff to which atch is fixed when ordnance is fixed. Jounson.

are from Smith's Sea Grammar, 1627, ie "Lint-stock is a handsome carved stick, than halfe yard long, with a cocke at the ud, to hold fast his match," &c.

STEEVERS. o, l. 25. Chambers are small pieces of nce. STEEVENS.

o, last l. and P. 41, first l. Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more; r close the wall up with our English dead! ] Here is appa-

a chasm. One line at least is lost, which ned the other part of a disjunctive preon. The King's speech is, dear friends. win the town, or close up the wall with

The old quarto gives no help. Jonneson. not perceive the chasm which De. Johnmplains of. What the King means to , - Re-enter the breach you have roade or fill if up with your own dead bo dies; Pursue your advantage, or give it up with lives, — Mount the breach in the wall, o pair it by leaving your own carcases in lieu of the stones you have displaced: in short — Be one thing or the other. Steevens.

P. 41, 1. 9. Les it pry through the portage of the head.] Portage open space, from port, a gate. Let the eye appear in the head as cannon through the battlements, or embrasures, of a fortification.

Johnson. So we now say — the port-holes of a ship.

P. 41, 1. 11. 12. As fearfully, as doth a galled rock

O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,]
The force of the verb to jutty, when applied to
a rock projecting into the sea, is not felt by
those who are unaware that this word antiently
signified a mole raised to withstand the encroachment of the tide. In an act, 1 Edw. VI.
c. 14, provision is made for "the maintenamecof
piers, jutties, walles, and bankes against the
rages of the sea." Holy White.

Jutty-heads, in sea-language, are platforms standing on piles, near the docks, and projecting without the wherfs, for the more convenient docking and undocking ships. See Chamber's Dict. Steevens.

His confounded base, i. e. his worn or wasted base. Johnson.

One of the senses of to confound, in one suthor's time, was, to destroy. See Minden's DICT. in v. MALONE. F. 41, h 15. — bend up every spirit

To his full height!] A metaphor from the

DW. JOHNSON.

P. 41, l. 21. — argument.] Is matter, on eubject. Johnson,

1. 41, 1. 54. Slips are a contrivance of leather, to start two dogs at the same time. C.

P. 42, l. 10. — corporal, Whe should read lieutenant, It is Bardolph to whom he speaks.

STREET.

Though Bardolph is only a corporal in King Henry IV. as our author has in this play, from inadvertence or design, made him a lieutenant, I think with Mr. Steevens, that we should read-lieutenant. The truth is, I believe, that the variations in his title proceeded merely from Shakspeare's inattention. MALONE.

P; 42, 1: 12. I have not a case of lives: A set of lives, of which, when one is worp out, another may serve. Johnson.

Rerhaps only two; as a case of pistols; and, in Ben Jonson, a case of masques. WHALLEY.

I believe Mr. Whalley's explanation is the trueone. A case of pistols, which was the currentphrase for a pair or brace of pistols, in our author's time, is at this day the term always used in Ireland, where much of the language of the age of Elizabeth is yet retained. Malonz.

P. 42, 1. 27. 28. As duly, but not as truly, as bird doth sing on bough.] This should be printed as verse, being perhaps the remainder of Piscol's song. Dougs.

P. 42, 1.29. Fluellen is only the Welsh pronaudation of Linellen. Thus also Filoyd and mead of Lloyd. STRENEWS? P. 43, first l. — great Duke, That is, great commander.

The Trojan Duke is only a translation of dur Trojanus. So also in many of our old poems, Duke Theseus, Duke Hannibal, &c. In Pistol'a mouth the word has here peculiar propriety,

P. 43, l. 2. — to men of mould! To men of earth, to poor mortal men. Johnson.

P. 45, 1. 8, — your Honour wins bad his mours.] In a former scene Nym says, "the King hath run bad humours on the knight." We should therefore perhaps read runs here also. But there is little certainty in any conjecture concerning the dialect of Nym or Pictol.

P. 43, l. 22. — men of few words are the best men; That is, bravest; so in the next lines, good deeds are brave actions. Johnson.

P. 43, 1, 34. — the men would carry coals. It appears that in Shakspeare's age, to carry coals was, I know not why, to endure affronts. So, in Romeo and Juliet, one serving—man asks another whether he will carry coals.

P. 44, l. 17. — th' athversary is digt himself four yards under the countermines: ] Fluellen means, that the enemy had digged himself countermines four yards under the mines.

JOHNSON,
P. 44, l. 18. — 'a will plow up all,] That
is, he will blow up all, JOHNSON.

P. 45, 1. 29. — and I sall quit you with gud leve,] That is, I shall, with your permission, requite you, that is, answer you, ex

interpose with my arguments, as I shall find

opportunity. Johnson.

P. 47, l. 2. It were to be wished, that the poor incriment of this dialogue had not been purchased with so much profaneness. JOHNSON.
P. 47, last but one l. — all fell feats

Enlink'd to waste and desolation? All the savage practices naturally concernitant to the

sack of cities. Johnson.

P. 48, 1. 12-13. Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace filthy and contagious clouds &c.] This is a cry harsh metaphor. To overblow is, to drive

very harsh metaphor. To overblow is, to drive away, or to keep off. Johnson.

P. 49, 1. 6. — addrest. — i. e. prepared.
Syenvens,

P. 49, 1.8. I have left this ridiculous scene as I have found it; and am sorry to have no colour left, from any of the editions, to imagine it,

interpolated. WARBURTON.

Sir T. Hanmer has rejected it. The scene is indeed mean enough, when it is read; but the grimaces of two French women, and the old accent with which they uttered the English, made it divert upon the stage. It may be observed, that there is in it not only the French language, but the French spirit. Alice compliments the Princess upon her knowledge of four words, and tells her that she pronounces like the English: themselves. The Princess suspects no deficiency in her instructress, nor the instructress in herself. Throughout the whole scene there may, he found French servility, and French vanity.

I cannot forbear to transcribe the first sentence

NOTES

282

of this dialogue, from the edition of 1608, that of this cratogue, from the squitton or 1005, this copies, may judge of the strange negligents with کز

Alice venedia, pous opes cates en, which they are printed. wou parte fort bon Angloys englatora, won parte fort bon Angloys engioners, Joenson, sue palla von la main en francoy, that the early sue palla von la main en general, that the

We may observe in general, that the early such many balf the quantity; and every for several reasons,

sentence, or rather every word, most ridious sentence, These, for several reasons, the house of the several reasons, the several reason fourly blundered. These, for several reasons, could not possibly be published by the author; and it is extremely probable that the French wheldry was at first inserted by a different hand,

riussury was at hise meather by a dinerent nature at the many additions most certainly were fitted he had left she stage.

Indeed, every fitted he had left she had he manner will not patily helians that he had he manner will not patily helians. be had for sue stage.

to his memory will not easily believe, Kathawas acquaisted with the scene between Kathawas acquaisted 1.3 was acquained with the sound netween naturely. h

Months were pass admissed andp Housenes, Annea, that authors in the time Shalespeare did net correct the press for the Housense. FARMER.

solves I hardly even saw in one of the old p surrence of either Latin, Italian, or Free without the most ridiculous blunders.

P. 5% kralls The emptying of off fa

as in others, luxury means lust. Johnson P. 51, 1. 32. sense for silvan, where Franch original sense is for silvan, we have the first three for silvan or sil the Franch original sense; for silvan, vated, the same with wild. Johnson.

P. 51, 1, 30. In that nook-shotten Albion. Shot fee any thing projected; so nook-sh

is an isle that shoots out into capes, promontories, and necks of land, the very figure of Great-Britain. WARBURTON.

P. 59, l. 4. A drench for sur-rein'd jades,] The exact meaning of sur-reyn'd I do not know. It is common to give horses over-pidden or ferverish, ground man and hot water mixed, which is called a mash. To this be alludes. Jahnson.

l suppose, sur-rein'd means over-ridden; horses on whom the rein has remained too long. MALONE,

P. 5a, l. 9. Upon our houses' thatch, ] I connot help supposing, for the sake of metre, that Shakspeare wrote — house thatch. Hausetop is an expression which the reader will find in St. Matthew, xxiv. 17. Strevens.

P. 52, 1. 20. And teach lavoltas high, Sir T. Hanmer observes, that in this dance there was much turning and much capering. Shak-speare mentions it more than once. Strevens.

P. 52, l. 28-53. Charles De-la-bret, &c.] Milton somewhere bids the English take notice how their names are mispelt by foreigners, and seems to think that we may lawfully treat foreign names in return with the same neglect. This privilege seems to be exercised in this catalogue of French names, which, since the sense of the author is not affected, I have left as I found it.

In have changed the spelling; for I know not why we should heave, blunders or antiquated orthography in the proper names, when we have been so careful to remove them hoth from all other parts of the text. Instead of Charles De-la bret, we should read Charles & Albret; but the metric will not allow of it. Strayans.

Shakspeare followed Holinshed's Chronicle, in which the Constable is called *Delabreth*, as he here is in the folio, MALONE.

P. 53, 1. 2. Pennons armorial were small flags, on which the arms, device and mosto of a

knight were painted.

Ponnon is the same as pendant. STREVESS. P. 55, 1.3-5. Rush on his host, as deth

the melted snow

Upon the vallies; &cc. The poet has here defeated himself by passing too soon from one image to another. To bid the French rush upon the English as the torrents formed from melted snow stream from the Alps, was at once vehement and proper, but its force is destroyed by the grossuess of the thought in the next line.

P. 53, 1. 14. And, for achievement, offer us his ranson. I can make no sense of these words as they stand, though it is to be supposed that the editors understood them, since they have passed them by unnoticed. I have little doubt but the words his and for, in the last line, have been misplaced, and that the line should run thus:

And his achievement offer us for ransom.

And accordingly the King of France sends to Henry to know what ransom he will give. By his achievement is meant the town of Harfleur, which Henry had taken. In the former part of this act he says:

"I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur,
"Till in her ashes she be buried.

Instead of achieving a victory over us, make

a proposal to pay us a certain sum as a ransom,

P. 54, 1. 25. Of buxom valour, i. e. valour under good command, obedient to its superiors. STEEVENS.

P. 54, 1. 27. 28. That goldess blind,

That stands upon the rolling restless stone, -- ] Fortube is described by Cebes, and by Pacuvius in the fragments of Latin authors, p. 60, and the first book of the Pieces to Herennius, precisely in these words of our poet. It is unnecessary to

quote them. S. W. P. 34, 1. 30. 31. Fortune is painted plind, with a muffler before her eyes, to signify to you that fortune is plind: | Here the fool of a player was for making a joke, as Hamlet says, not set down for him, and showing a most pitiful ambition to be witty. For Fluellen, though he speaks with his country accent, yet is all the way represented as a man of good plain Therefore, as it appears he knew the meaning of the term plind, by his use of it, he could never have said that Fortune was painted plind, to signify she was plind. He might as well have said afterwards, that she was painted inconstant, to signify she was inconstant. But there he speaks sense; and so, unquestionably, he did here. We should therefore strike out the first plind, and read:

Fortune is painted with a muffler, &c.

WARBURTON.

The old reading is the true one. Fortune the Goddess is represented blind, to show that fortune, or the chance of life, is without discernment: STERVENS.

This picture of Fortune is taken from the old history of Fortunatus: where she is described to be a fair woman, muffled over the eyes.

FARMER.

A muffler appears to have been a fold of linen which partially covered a woman's face.

Minshen in his Dictionary, 1617, explains "a woman's muffler," by the French word cachenez, which Cotgrave defines "a kind of mask for the lace;" yet, I believe is was made of linen, and that Minsheu only means to compare it to a mask, because they both might conceal part of the lace. It was, I believe, a kind of hood, of the same form as the riding-hood now cometimes worn by men, that covered the shoulders, and a great part of the face. This agrees with the only other passage in which the word occurs in these plays: "—— I spy a great beard under her muffler." Merry Wives of Windsor. Malong.

P. 25, 1. 7. For he hath stell'n a pix,] The old editions read—pax. "And his is conformable to history," says Mr. Pope, "a soldier (as liall tells us) being hanged at this time for such a fact." — Both Hall and Holinshed agree as to the point of the the/t; but as to the thing stolen, there is not that conformity betwixt them and Mr. Pope. It was an ancient custem, at the celebration of mass, that when the priest pronounced these words, Tax Domini sit semper volviscum! both clerg, and people kiss'd one another. And this was called osculum pacis, the secretain image is now presented to be kind which is called a Pax. But it was not the

image which Berdolph stole; it was a pix, or little chest (from the Latin word, pixis, a box,) in which the consecrated hast was used to be kept. "A feelish soldier," says Hall expressly, and Holinshed after him, "stole a pix out of a church, and unreversetly did eat the holy hostes within the same contained." Theobally.

What Theohald says is true, but might have been told in fewer words: I have examined the passage in Mall. Yet Dr. Warburton rejected that continued Pope's note without unimod ewision.

It is pax in the folio, 1623, but altered to pix by Theobald and Sir T. Hanner. They signified the same thing. See Pux at Mass, Minshew's Guide into the Tongues. Pix or pax was a little box is which were kept the consecrated wafers.

Pix, is apparently right. In Henry the VIlth's will, it is said, "Forasmoch as we have often and many tymes to our inwarde regrete and displeasure seen at our Jen, in diverse many churches of oure reame, the holie sacrament of the aulter, hept in farl simple, and inhonest pixes, spicially pixes of copre and tymbre; we have appointed and commanded the treasurer of our chambre, and maistre of our juell-houss, to cause to be made furthwith, pixes of silver and gilt, in a greate nombre, for the keeping of the holie sacrament of the aultre, after the fashion of

## NOTES TO

that we have caused to be delivered to their y of the said pixes, to be of the value of garnished with our armes, and rede roses poart-colis crowned." P. 58. REED. e old copies have pax, which was a piece pard on which was the image of Christ on the ; which the people used to kiss after the ce was ended. linshed (whom our author followed) says, olish soldier stole a pixe out of a church, which cause he was apprehended, and the would not once remove till the box was red, and the offender strangled." MALONE. 55, 1. 29. The fig of Spain!] This is no ion to the fico already explained in King' y IF. Part II.; but to the custom of giving n'd figs to those who were the objects either anish or Italian revenge. STEEVENS. elieve the Fig of Spain is here used only erm of contempt. REED. 56, l. 7. -- a sconce, appears to have some hasty, rude, inconsiderable kind of

i

•

3

<

, Palstaff, in The Merry Wives of Wind"I will ensconce (i. e. entrench) myself
d the arras." BLACKSTONE.

56, l. 12. And what a beard of the genecut, I tappears from an old ballad inser
a miscellary, entitled Le Prince d'Am

660, that our ancestors were very cr
fashion of their beards, and that a
form was appropriated to the sold
, the judge, the clown, &c. T'
, and perhaps the stiletto-beard
original to the first of these cha
rvable, that our author's patt

cation. STEEVENS.

Earl of Southampton, who spent much of his time in camps, is drawn with the latter of these beards; and his unfortunate friend, Lord Essex, is constantly represented with the former.

P. 56, l. 12. — a horrid suit of the camp.] Thus the folio. The quartos 1600, &c. read — a horrid shout of the camp. Steevens.

Suit, I have no doubt, is the true reading. Soldiers shout in a field of battle, but not in a camp. Suit in our author's time appears to have been pronounced shoot: hence probably the corrupt reading of the quarto. Malone.

P. 55, l. 15. — but you must learn to know such slanders of the age,] This was a character very troublesome to wise men in our author's time. "It is the practice with him (says Ascam) to be warlike, though he never looked enemy in the face; yet some warlike sign must be used, as a slovenly buskin, or an over-staring frownced head, as though out of every hair's top should auddenly start a good big oath." Johnson.

P. 56, 1. 23. "Speak with him from the pridge, Mr. Pope tells us, is added to the latter editions; but that it is plain from the sequel, that the scene here continues, and the affair of the bridge is over." This is a most inaccurate criticism. Though the affair of the bridge be over; is that a reason, that the King must receive no intelligence from thence? Fluellen, who comes from the bridge, wants to acquaint the King with the transactions that had happened there. This he calls speaking to the King from the bridge. Theobald.

With this Dr. Warburton concurs. IGHERON.
P. 57, l. 11. — but his nose is executed.
Vol. x.

It appears from what Pistol has just said to Fluellen, that Bardolph was not yet executed; or at least, that Fluellen did not know that he was executed. But Fluellen's language must not be too strictly examined. MALONE.

P. 57, 1. 11. — and his fire's out.] This is the last time that any sport can be made with the red face of Bardolph, which, to confess the truth, seems to have taken more hold on Shakspeare's imagination than on any other. The conception is very cold to the solitary reader, though it may be somewhat invigorated by the exhibition on the stage. This poet is always more careful about the present than the future, about his audience than his readers. Johnson.

P. 57, l. 20. Mont-joie is the title of the first King at arms in France, as Garter is in our own country. Streevens.

P. 57, l. 21. You know me by my habit.] That is, by his herald's coat. The person of a herald being inviolable, was distinguished in those times of formality by a peculiar dress, which is likewise yet worn on particular occasions. Johnson.

P. 57, l. 32. — now we speak upon our cue,]
i. e. in our turn. This phrase the author learned among players, and has imparted it to Kings.

JOHNSON.

P. 58, 1. 20. Without impeachment: ] i. e. hindrance. Empechement, French. Steevens.-Impeachment, in the same sense, has always been used as a legal word in deeds, as — "without impeachment of waste;" i. e. without restraint or hindrance of waste. Reev.

P. 58, last line. God before , This was at

expression in that age for God being my guide, or, when used to another, God be thy guide.

JOHNSON.

P. 59, 1. 3. There's for thy labour, &c. 1
It appears from many ancient books that it was always customary to reward a herald, whether he brought defiance or congratulation.

P. 60, l. 7. 8. He bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs; Alluding to the bounding of tennis-balls, which were stuffed with hair, as appears from Much Ado about Nothing: "And the old organient of his cheek hath already stuff'd tennis-balls." WARBURTON.

P. 60, 1. 20. — and all other jades you may call — beasts.] It is plain that jades and beasts should change places, it being the first word and not the last, which is the term of reproach; as afterwards it is said:

"I had as lief have my mistress' a jade."

WARBURTON.

There is no occasion for this change.

Jade is sometimes used for a post-horse. Beast is always employed as a contemptuous distinction. Steevens.

I agree with Warburton in supposing that the words — beasts and jades, have changed places. Steevens says, that beast is always employed as a contemptuous distinction, and to support this assertion he quotes a passage from Macbeth, and another from Timon, in which it appears that men were called beasts, where abuse was intended. But though the word beast he a contemptuous distinction, as he terms it, when applied to a man, it does not follow that a should be so when applied to a horse.

He forgets the following speech in Homler which militates strongly against his assertion:

"-- he grew unto his seat,

"And to such wond'rous doing brought his

"As he had been incorps'd, and demi-natur'd "With the brave beast."

But the word jade is always us'd in a contempttions sense; and in the passage which Steevens quotes from the Second Part of Henry IV. the able house is called a poor jade, merely because the poor beast was supposed to he jaded. The word is there an expression of pity, not of contempt. M. Mason.

I cannot forbear subjoining two queries to

In the passage quoted by Mr. M. Mason from Hamlet, is not the epithet brave added, to exempt the word beast from being received in a slight sense of degradation?

Is not, in the instance quoted by me from Henry IV. the epithet poor supplied, to render jade an object of compassion?

Jade is a term of no very decided meaning. It sometimes signifies a hackney, sometimes a vicious horse, and sometimes a tired one; and yet I cannot help thinking, in the present instance, that as a horse is degraded by being called a jade, so a jade is vilified by heing termed a beast. Stephens

I do not think there is any ground for the transposition proposed by Dr. Warburton, who would make judes and beasts change places. Words under the hand of either a transcriber or compositor, never thus leap out of their places. The Dauphin evidently means, that we other

horse has so good a title as his, to the appellation peculiarly appropriated to that fine and useful animal. The general term for quadrupeds may suffice for all other horses. MALONE.

P. 61, first l. I once writ a sonnet in his praise, and began thus: Wonder of nature, -

Here, I suppose, some foolish posm of our author's time is ridiculed; which indeed partly appears from the answer. WARBURTON.

The phrase is only reprehensible through its misapplication. It is surely proper when applied to a woman, but ridiculous indeed when addressed to a horse. Steevens.

P. 61, l. 17. — in your strait trossers.] This word, which very frequently occurs in the old dramatick writers, is still preserved, but now written — trowsers. Steevens.

P. 63, l. 12. — never any body saw it, but his lacquey. ] He has beaten nobody but his footboy. Johnson.

P. 63, 1. 12. 13. — 'tis a hooded valour; and, when it appears, it will bate.] This is said with allusion to falcons which are kept hooded when they are not to fly at game, sud, as soon as the hood is off, bait or flap the wing. The meaning is, the Dauphin's valour has never been let loose upon an enemy, yet, when he makes his first essay, we shall see how he will flutter. Johnson.

P. 63, 1. 15. I will cap that proverb] Alluding to the practice of capping verses.

JOHNSON.

P. 63, last 1. - peevish -] in ancient language, signified - foolish, silly. Structure. P. 65, 1. 4. 5. When creeping murmur, and the poring dark,

Fills the wide ressel of the universe.] Universe for horison for we are not to think Shakspeare so ignorant as to imagine it was night over the whole globe at once. He intima-

tes he knew otherwise, by that fine line in The Midsummer Night's Dream:

"-- following darkness like a dream."

Besides, the image he employs shows he meant but half the globe; the horizon round, which has the shape of a vessel or goblet.

WARBURTON.

There is a better proof, that Shakspeare knew the order of night and day, in Macbeth:

"Now o'er the one half world.

"Nature scems dead."
But there was no great need of any justification. The universe, in its original sense, no more means this globe singly than the circuit of the horison; but, however large in its philosophical sense, it may be poetically used for as much of the world as falls under observation. Let me remark further, that ignorance cannot be certainly inferred from inaccuracy. Knowledge is not always present. Johnson.

The wide vessel of the universe is derived, I apprehend, from a different source than that which Dr. Warburton supposes. Shakspeare in another play stiles night the bl. nket of the dark: it is probable that the affinity between blanket and sheet suggested to him the further relation between sheet and vessel, which occurs in the Acts, ch. x. v. 11: \_\_\_\_\_\_ 'and saw heaven opened, and a certain vessel descending unto him, as it

it had been a great SHEET, knit at the four corners, and let down unto the earth."

P. 65, 1. 8. \_\_\_\_ stilly sounds,] i. e. gently, lowly. So, in the Sacred writings: "a still small voice." MALONE.

P. 65, I. 11. 12. — and through their paly flames,

Back battle sees the other's umber'd face: ]
Of this epithet used by Shakspeare in his description of fires reflected by night, Mr. Pope
knew the value, and has transplanted it into
the Iliad on a like occasion:

:

-

"Whose umber'd arms by turns thick fashes send."

Umber is a brown colour. So, in As you like, if:

"And with a kind of umber smirch my face." The distant visages of the soldiers would certainly appear of this bue, when beheld through the light of midnight fires. STREVENS. Umber'd certainly means here discoloured by the gleam of the fires. Umber is a dark yellow earth brought from Umbria in Italy, which being mixed with water produces such a dusky yellow colour as the gleam of fire by night gives to the countenance. - Our author's profession probably furnished him with this epithet; for from an old manuscript play in my possession, entitled The Telltale, it appears that umber was used in the stage-exhibitions of his time. In that piece one of the marginal divections is, "He umbers her face." MALONE.

P. 65, 1. 18. 19. The country cocks do crow, the clocks do tall,

6

And the third hour of drows name.] The

- nam'd. STEEVENS. How much better might we read th

The country cocks do crow, do toll, And the third hour of drows

name. I have admitted this very necessar gant emendation. Steevens.

Sir T. Hanmer, with almost equal; reads:

And the third hour of drowsy

nam'd. MAI P. 65, 1. 21. —— over-lusty —]

Stéevens. saucy. P. 65, 1. 22. Do the low-rated E

at dice; them away at dice. WARBURTON.

P. 65, I. 29. 30. - and their gesti Investing lank-lean cheeks, and

coats, A;

vesting cheeks and coats is nonsense. read :

Invest in lan -lean cheeks which is sense, i. e. their sad g cloath'd, or set off, in fean checks coats. The image is strong and pictur

I fancy Shakspeare might have writ In fasting, lank-lean cheeks, & Change is unnecessary. The harshness taphor is what offends, which means their looks are invested in mouraful

Gesture only relates to their c

which word there should be a comma, as in

P. 66, 1, 26.) To mind is the same as to call

to remembrance. Johnson.

P. 67, 1: 9. Dress us, I believe, means here, address us; i. e. prepare ourselves. MALONE.

Bress, in its common acceptation, may be

the true reading. STEEVENS.

P. 67, 1: 13. Sir Thomas Erpingham came ever with Bolingbroke from Bretagne, and was one of the commissioners to receive King Richard's abdication. Enwards's MS.

Sir Thomas Erpingham was in Henry V's time warden of Dover castle. His arms are still visible on one side of the Roman pharos.

P. 67, 1. 25. Slough is the skin which the serpent annually throws off, and by the change of which he is supposed to regain new vigour and fresh youth. Legerity is lightness, nimbleness.

P. 68, l. rg. An imp is a shoot in its primitive sense, but means a son in Shakspeare.

STEEVENS.

2. 69, 1. 4. It sorts - ] i. e. it agrees.

P. 69, 1. 13. 14. — that there is no tiddle taddle, nor pibble pabble, in Pompey's camp; &c.] Amongst the laws and ordinances militarie set down by Robert Earl of Leicester in the Low Countries, printed at Leyden. 1586, one is, that "No man shall make snie outerie or noise in any watch; ward, ambush, or anie other place where silence is requisite, and necessarie, upon paine, of losse of life or limb at the general discretion." REED.

P: 70, 1. 22. conditions: ] we qualified to the meaning is, that objects are represented by his senses to him, as to other men by theirs What is danger to another is danger likewise bin; and, when he feels fear, it is like the far

P. 70, 1. 25. — they stoop with the like wing il of meaner mortals. Jourson. This passage alludes to the ancient sport of latcourt. When the hawk, after soaring alok, or

mounting high, descended in its flight, it was and to stoop. Bates. Ay, or more than we er: This sentiment does not correspond with what Bates has just before said. should seek after : ] The speech, I believe, should be given to Court. MALONE

ь

de

111 P

**S**1

ŧ 1

P. 71, 1. 21. at the latter day,] i. e. the last day, the day of judgement. Our author has, in

other instauces, used the comparative for the superlative. STEEVENS.

P. 71, 1. 26. - some upon their children That is, without preparation; What is not matured is raw. rawly left.] JOHNSON. hastily, suddenly. Brzeck.

Rawly left, is left young and helpless.

P. 72, 1. 20. — native punishment, Phat is, punishment in their native country. Hears.

Native punishment is such as they are horn to

R. 72, 1. 30. 31. Every subject's duty is he if they offend. STREVENS. King's; but every subject's soul is his own. I This is a very list distinction, and property coarse P. 72, 1. 33. - wash every moie out of his

eluled. Johnson.

enecience: 1 Old copy — moth, which was only the ancient spelling of mote. I suspected, but did not know, this to be the case, when I'proposed the true reading of a passage in K. John.

Matons.

P. 73, 1. 5. 'Tis certain, &c.] In the quartuthis little speech is not given to the same soldier
who endeavours to prove that the King was and
swerable for the mischiefs of war; and who afterwards gives his glove to Henry. The persons
are indeed there only distinguished by figures,
1, 2, 3. — But this circumstance, as well as
the tenour of the present speech, shews, that itdoes not belong to Williams, who has just been
maintaining, contrary doctrine. It might with
propriety be transferred to Court, who is on the
scene, and says scarcely a word. MADONS.
P. 73, 1. 17. To pay in old language meant

P. 73; 1. 17. To pay in old language meant to thrash or beat; and here signifies to bring to account, to punish. The text is here made out.

from the folio and quarto. MALONE.

P. 73, 1. 18. 19. That's a perilous shot out of an elder gun, that a poor and private displeasure can do against a monarch! In the old play [the quarto, 1600,] the thought is more opened. It is a great displeasure that an elder gun can do against a cannon, or a subject against a monarch. Johnson.

P. 75, 1. 24. Your reproof is something too round; i. c. too rough, too unceremonious.

STEEVENS.

P. 74, 1. 15. 16. — the French may lay twenty French crowns to one, 1 This conceit, rather too low for a King, has been already explained, as alluding to the venerest disease.

There is surely no necessity for supposing allusion in this passage to the veneral disa. The conceit here seems to turn merely up the equivocal sense of crown, which significant a coin, or a head. TYRWHITT.

P. 74, k 21. and fol. Upon the King!

us our lives, &c.] T
beautiful speech was added after the first e
tion. Pope.

There is something very striking and sole in this soldoquy, into which the King been immediately as soon as he is left alone. Sor thing like this, on less occasions, every broken felt. Reflection and seriousness rush up the mind upon the separation of a gay com my, and especially after forced and unwill merriment. Johnson.

P. 75, first 1. What is the soul of adoratio

The first copy reads,

What? is thy soul of adoration? This is incorrect, but I think we may dis ver the true reading easily enough to be,

What is thy soul, O adoration? That is, O reverence paid to Kings, what thou within? What are thy real quality What is thy intrinsic value? Jounson.

I have received Mr. Malone's amendm which he thus explains: — "What is the worth and intrinsick value of adoration?"

The quarto has not this speech. The i reads,

What? is thy soul of adoration?

The latter word was corrected in the se folio. For the other emendation, now me

im answersble. Thy, thee, and they, are frequently contounded in the old copies.

Dr. Johnson reads,

What is thy soul, O advertion?
But the mistake appears to me more likely to
have happened in the word thy than in of.
MALONE.

P. 75, l. 21. The farced title running fore
the hing,] Farced is
stuffed. The turnid puffy titles with which a
King's name is always introduced. This I think
is the sense. Johnson.

P. 75, 1. 25-33. Not all these, laid in bed majestical,

Can sleep so soundly as the wreiched slave; &c.] These lines are exquisitely pleasing. To sweat in the eye of Phoebus, and to sleep in Elysium, are expressions very poetical. Johnson.

P. 76, 1.5-8. The slave, a member of the country's peace,
Enjoys it; but in gross train little wots,
What watch the King keeps to maintain

Whose hours the peasant best advantages.] The sense of this passage, which is expressed with some slight obscurity, seems to be — He little knows at the expense of how much royal vigilance, that peace, which brings most advantage to the peasant, is maintained. To advantage, is a verb elsewhere used by Shak-

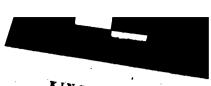
speare. STEEVENS.

P. 76, l. 19-22. — take from them now The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers is very obscure. The slight congiven [lest the opposed numbers—and easy. TREOBALD.

The change is admitted by D and rightly. Sir T. Hanmer reads—the opposed numbers—which stand before them.

This reading he borrowed from which gives the passage thus:

Take from them now the sens That the opposed multitude before the May not appal their courage.



### KING HENRY V.

that, if the sense of reckoning, in consequence of the King's petition, was taken from them, the numbers opposed to them would be no longer formidable. When they could no more count their enemies, they could no longer fear them.

It will be the lot of few criticks to retire with advantage gained over the remarks of my lamented friend, Mr. Tyrwhit. STEEVE'S.

The old reading appears to be right. The King Prays that his men may be Bunble to rickon the enemy's force, that their hearts (i. e. their sense and passions) may be taken from them : that they may be as brave as a total absence of all feeling and reflection cau make them. explanation which seems to be countenanced by

the old quarto. Ritson.

P. 70, 4. 33. Two chantries.] One of these monasteries was for Carehusian monks, and was alled Besidehem; the other was for religious ren and women of the order of Saint Bridget, nen and women or the order of Saint Bridger, and was named Sion. They were on opposite des of the Thames, and adjoined the royal anor of Sheene, now called Richmond.

Imploring pardon.] We must observe, that

ry IV. had committed an injustice, of which nd his son reap'd the fruits. But reason tells Justice demands that they who share the proof iniquity, shall share also in the punish-

Scripture again tells us, that when men sinned, the grace of God gives frequency the land of divines, are styled calls. These, if ed, or carelessly dallied with, are, ac length, irrecoverably withdrawn, and then repentance comes too late. All this shows that the unintelligible reading of the text should be corrected thus:

- comes after call. WARBURTON.

I wish the commentator had explained his meaning a little better; for his comment is to me less intelligible than the text. I know not what he thinks of the King's positence, whether coming in consequence of call, it is sufficient; or whether coming when calis have ceased, it is ineffectual. The first sense will suit but ill with the position, that all which he can do is nothing worth; and the latter as ill with the intention of Shakspeare, who certainly does not mean to represent the King as abandoned and reprobate.

The old reading is in my opinion easy and right. I do all this, says the king, though all that I can do is nothing worth, is so far from an adequate expiation of the crime, that penitence comes after all, imploring pardon both for

the crime and the expiation. Jourson.

I am sensible that every thing of this kind (works of piety and charity,) which I have done or can do, will avail nothing towards the remission of this sin; since I well know that after all this is done, true penitence, and imploring pardon, are previously and indispensably necessary towards my obtaining it. HEATH.

I should not have reprinted Dr. Warburton's note, but for the sake of Dr. Johnson's reply. Mr. Malone, however, thinks Mr. Heath's expli-cation more correct. STREVENE.

Cation more correct. Strevens.
P. 77, 1. 18. Via is an old hortatory exclamation, as allons! Jounson.

Der Johnson is right. So, in K. Edwardrk!!. **∡5**q6 : ...

"Then Via! for the spacious bounds of France!" STEEVENS.

P. 77, 1. 27. 28. That their hot blood may spin in English eyes, And dout them with superfluous courage!]

The first folio reads - doubt, which, perhaps, anay have been used for to make to doubt; to

terrefle. TYRWHITT. Tondbubt, or ('as it ought to have been spell-

ed) dout, is a word still used in Warwicksbire, "and signifies to do but for extinguish. For this information I was indebted to my late friend, the Reverend P. Homer. STEEVENS.

In the lotto, where alone this passage is found, the word is written doubt. To dout, for to do nown, is a common phrase at this day in Devonshire and the other western counties; where they often say, dout the fire, that is, put out the fire. Many other words of the same structure are used by our author; as, to don, i.e. to de

on, to doff, i. e. to do off, &c. Mr. Pope for doubt substituted daunt, which was adopted in the subsequent editions, For the emendation now made I imagined I should have been answerable; but on looking into Mr. Rowe's edition I find he has anticipated ma, and has printed the world as it is now exhibited

in the text. MALONE. P. 78, 1. 20. To purge this field of such a bilding foe . Hilding

or hinderling, is a low wretch. Johnson.

the trumpets P. 78, 1. 25 - 27. Then let sound '

The tucket sonuance, and the note to

For our approach shall so much dare the field.] He uses terms of the field as if they were going out only to the chace for sport. To dare the field is a phrase in falconry. Birds are dared when by the falcon in the air they are terrified from rising, so that they will be sometimes taken by the hand.

Such an easy capture the lords expected to

make of the English. Johnson.

The tucket sonuance was, I believe, the name of an introductory flourish on the trumpet, as toccata in Italien is the prelude of a sonata on the harpsichord, and toccar la tromba is to blow the trumpet. STEEVENS.

P. 78, last 1. By their ragged curtains, and

meant their colours. M. MASON.

P. 79, 1. 4. 5. Their horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks

With torch-staves in their hand: Grandpré alludes to the form of ancient candlesticks, which frequently represented human figures holding the sockets for the lights in their extended hands.

The following is an exact representation of one of these candlesticks, now in the possession of Francis Donce, Esq. The receptacles for the candles are wanting in the original. The socket in which they were to be placed are in the outstretched hands of the figure.



imilar image occurs in Vittoria Corombona,

"—he show'd like a pewter candlestick,
ued like a man in armour, holding a till,
if in his hand little bigger than a candle."

The form of torch-staves may be asc hy a wooden cut in Winter's Tale, Act I'

Gimmal is in the wester P. 79, L. 10. ties, a ring; a gingia bit is therefore which the parts plated one within anoth

in the sell plat of the though different

the Third, 130 askills their jacks of gymola "Nor lay askills their jacks of gymola "nor lay askills their mail means armo

Commid or ginman, mail means armo posed of links like they of a chain, we its flexibility fitted it to the shape of the more exactly than defensive covering . other contrivance. There was a suit of .

seen in the Therry Spouser, in his Queen, Book I the Talls it woven may graw woven haif all armed warily

Distinct of the princip of the princ rings with two dr more links." Malon P. 79, 1. 12. And their executors, the.

The crows of The crows of The cro are to have the disposal of what they sha

their hides, and their flesh Johnson, . R. 79, L. 33. I stay but for my guar s ... seems, by what follows; that guard

place means rather something of orname andistinction, than a body of attendants, 4 12 The following quotation from Holins 554, will hest elucidate this passage: "Fi

of Brabant when his standard was caused a banner to be taken from a trun stened upon a spear, the which he commanded be borne before him instead of a standard." In the second part of Reywood's Iron Age, 32, Menelaus, after having cummerated to Pyrus the treasures of his father Achilles, as his yrmidons, &c. adds:

"His sword, spurs, armour, guard, pa-

vilion."
om this last passage it should appear that ard was part of the defensive armour; perhaps at we call at passage it should appear that we call at passage in the gorget. Straums. By his guard, I believe, the constable means, t any part of his dress, but the guard that ually attended with his banner to simply the afterwards says, that he will be about from a trumpet, and use it for haste. It appears from a passage in the last one of the fourth act, that the principal nointy, and the Princes, had all their respective nnews, and of course their guards:

"Of Princes in this number,

"And nobles pearing banners, there be

dead
"One hundred," &c. M. Mason.
P. 79, last but one l. Salisbury, Thomas
ontacute, Earl of Salisbury. Malone.

P. 80, 1. 14. And my. kind kinsman,] This 1st be addressed to Westmoreland: But how 1s that nobleman related to Salisbury? True is, that the latter had married one of the ters and co-heirs of Edmund Earl of Kent, d that another of them was wife to West-preland's eldest son. Salisbury's daughter was fewise married to a younger son of Westmore-id's, who, in her right, was afterward Early islishury, and appears in the Second and third

Parts of K. Henry VI. The present speaker is Thomas Montacute, who is killed by a shot in the next play. But these connections do not seem to make him akin to Westmoreland.

P. 80, 1. 52. 55. God's will! I pray thee,
wish not one man more,

By Jove, &c.] The King prays like a christian, and swears like a heathen. Johnson.

I believe the player editors alone are answerable for this monstrous incongruity. In consequence of the Stat. 3. James I. c. xxi. against introducing the sacred name on the stage, &c. they omitted it where they could; and in verse, (where the metre would not allow omission,) they substituted some other word in its place. The author, I have not the least doubt, wrote here — By heaven, ——. Malone.

P. 80, last l. To yearn is to grieve or vex.

Steevess.

P. 81, l. 16. This day's call'd — the feast of Crispian: ] The battle of Agincourt was fought upon the 25th of Octo-

ber, St. Crispin's day. Grev.

P. 81, 1. 21. — on the eigil — i. e. the evening before this festival. STREVENS.

P. 81, 1. 25 - 27. Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,

But he'll remember, with advantages,

What feats he did that day:] Old men, notwithstanding the natural forgetfulness of age, shall remember their feats of this day, and remember to tell them with advantage. Age is commonly boastful, and inclined to magnify pass acts and past times. Joneson.

P. 81, last lines. And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,

From this day to the ending of the world, But we in it shall be remembered.] It may be observed that we are apt to promise to ourselves a more lasting memory than the changing state of human things admits. This prediction is not verified; the feast of Crispin passes by without any mention of Agincourt. Late events obligerate the former: the civil wars have left in this mation scarcely any tradition of more ancient history, it Johnson.

This day shall gentle kis connew year daids and dition. This day shall advance him to the rank of a gentleman.

JOHNSON.
King Henry V. inhibited any person but such
as had a right by inheritance, or grant, to assumme weath of arms, except those who fought
with him at the battle of Agincourt; and, I think
softhose last were allowed the chief seats of honour

at all feasts and publick meetings. TOLLET. That Mr. Tollet is right in his account, is proved by the original writ to the Sheriff of Southampton and others, printed in Rymer's Foedera, anno 5 Henry V. Vol. IX. p. 457.

P. 82, 1. 8. This speech, like many others of the declaratory kind, is too long. Had it been contracted to about half the number of lines, it might have gained force, and lost none of the sentiments. Johnson.

P. 82, 1. 12. — bravely -- is splendidly, ostentatiously. Johnson.

P. 82, I. 13. - expedience -- ] i. e. expedience -- ] i. e. expedience

Why, now thou hast unwish'd P. 82, 1. 25. five thousand men; by wishing only thyself and me, thou hast wished five thousand men away. -Shakspeare never thinks of such trifles as numbers. In the last scene the French are said to be full threescore thousand, which Exeter declares to be five to one; but by the King's account, they are twelve JOHNSON. to one.

Holinshed makes the English army consist of 15,000, and the French of bo,000 horse, besides foot, &c. in all 100,000; while Walsingham and Hardling represent the English as but 9000; and other authors say that the number of French amounted to 150,000. STEEVENS

Fabian says the French were 40,000, and the

English only 7000.

Dr. Johnson, however, I apprehend, misune derstood the King's words. He supposes that Henry means to say, that Westmoreland, ing himself and Henry alone to fight the battle out with the French, had wished away the whole English army, consisting of five thousand men But Henry's meaning was, I conceive, very dif-Westmoreland had before expressed a wish that ten thousand of those who were idle at that moment in England were added to the King's army; a wish, for which when it was uttered, Henry, whether from policy or spirit, reprimanded him. Westenoreland now says, he should be glad that he and the King alone, without any other aid whatsoever, were to fight, the battle out against the French. "Bravely said, (replies Henry;) you have now half ston-ed for your former timid-wish for ten thousan additional troops. You have winished balf of

what you wish'd before. The King is speaking figuratively, and Dr. Johnson understood him liberally, 577, Shakspeare therefore, though often inattentive to, ffeuch trifles, as numbers," is here, not inaccurate, He undoubtedly meant to represent the English army, (according to Exeter's state of it,) as consisting of about twelve thousand men; and according to the best accounts this was nearly the number that Henry had in the field, Hardyng, who was himself, at the battle of Agincourt, says that the French army consisted of one hundred thousand; but the account is probably exaggerated. MALONE, P. 82, last 1. - mind, i. e, remind.

STEEVENS. We are but marriors for the working-day: We are P. 83, 1. 30,

soldiers but coarsely dressed; we have not on our holiday appared. Jounson.

Ap. 33, 1.31.— our gilt,— is e. Golden show, superficial gilding. Obsolete. Steerens, Printing Ly, Duke of York. This personage is the same, who appears in our author's kind Richard II. by, the title of Duke of Aumelle. His objection name was Edward. He will he eldest our of Edward.

eldest son of Edmond of Langley, Dul Duke of

rose, who is introduced in the same play, and who, was the fifth son of king Edward III. Richard Egri, and Cambridge, who appears in the seanch act, of this play, was youn er brother to this Edward Duke of York. Maloke a similar of the Edward Duke of York. Maloke a similar of the same at the s

33 -- 46 & every more out of his

ing, and Armorie, written originally by Julian Barnes, and republished by Gervase Markham, 1595. The first chapter of the Booke of Armorie, is, "the difference twixt Churles and Gentlemen;" and it ends thus: "From the of-spring of gentlemanly Japhat came Abraham, Moyees, Aaron, and the Prophets; and also the King of the right line of Mary, of whom that only absolute gentleman, Jesus, was horne: — gentleman, by his mother Mary, princesse of cost armor." Farmer.

P. 85, 1. 8. — thou diest on point of fox,] For is an old cant word for a sword. STERVENS.

P. 85, 1. 15, For I will fetch thy rim out at thy throat, We should

read:

Or, I will fetch thy ransome out of thy throat. WARRURTPE.

I know not what to do with rim. The measure gives reason to suppose that it stands for some monographic; and, besides, ransome is a word not likely to have been corrupted. JOHNSON.

Rypio is at this day a vulgar expression for money; — ready ryno, means, ready money. This was probably the expression that Pistol meant to use; and I should suppose ryno, instead of yym, to be the true reading. M. Mason.

P. 85, 1. 17-19. Fr. Sol. Est il impossible d'eschapper la force de ton brus?

Pist. Brass, cur! Either Shakspeard had very little knowledge in the French languing; or his over-fondness for punning fled him in this piece, contrary to his own judgement, into an effor. Almost every one knows that the French word bras is pronounced bran; and what resemblines of sound does this bear to brass, that The

should reply Brass, cur? The joke would appear to a reader, but could scarce be discovered in the performance of the play. Sir W. RAWLINSON.

If the pronunciation of the French language be not changed since Shakspeare's time, which is not unlikely, it may be suspected some other man wrote the French scenes. Johnson.

Dr. Johnson makes a doubt, whether the pronunciation of the French language may not be changed since Shakspeare's time; "if not (says he) it may be suspected that some other man wrote the French scenes;" but this does not appear to be the case, at least in this termination, from the rules of the grammarians, or the practice of the poets. I am certain of the former from the French Alphabeth of De la Mothe, and the Orthoepia Gallica of John Eliot; and of the latter from the rhymel of Marot, Ronsard, and Du Bartas -Connections of this kind were very common. Shakspeare himself assisted Ben Jonson in his Sejanus, as it was originally written; and Fletcher in his Two Noble Kinsmen. FARMER.

Mr. Bowle has at least rendered doubtful the question concerning the different pronunciation of the French language. See Archaeologia, Vol. VI. p. 76. Douce.

P. 85, l. 20. Luxarious means lascivious.

STEEVENS.

P. 85, l. 24. — is that a ton of moys? Moy is a piece of money; whence moi d'or, or moi of gold. Johnson.

P. 85, 1. 30. - I'll fer him, and firk him,] The word firk, is so variously used by the old writers, that it is almost impossible to ascertain On this occasion it may its precise meaning. nean to chastise. STEEVENS.

P. 87, 1. 6-8. — ten times more verthis roaring devil i'the old play, tons may pare his nails with a wooder. In modern puppet-shows, which seem pied from the old farces, Punch somet the devil, and always overcomes him pose the pice of the old farce, to who succeeds, used to fight the devil with dagger. Johnson.

The devil, in the old mysteries, is lest and vain-glorious as Pistol. MAL P. 87, 1. 28. Perdurable is lasting.

eontique. Steevens. P. 88, 1. 12. Unto these English, c

I have restored from the quartos, 1500 The Constable of France is throughout represented as a brave and generous en therefore we should not deprive him a lution which agrees so well with his ch

P. 89, 1. 15. — raught —] i. e. re

P. 89, 1. 50. With mistful eyes, The mixtful. The passage is not in the qu

The poet must have wrote — mistful: ready to over-run with tears. The wor from his observation of nature: for, jut the bursting out of tears, the eyes grow if in a mist. Wangurton.

P. 89, L. 51. — what new alarum

which Henry ordered the prisoners to was sounded by the all ighted runners own camp, who hrought intelligent

French had got behind him, and had pillaged it. See a subsequent note. Not knowing the extent of his danger, he gave the order here mentioned, that every soldier should kill his prisoners.

After Henry speaks those words, "what new alarum is this same?" Shakspeare probably intended that a messenger should enter, and secretly communicate this intelligence to him; though by some negligence no such marginal di-

rection appears. MALONE.

P. 90. first I. Here, in the other editions, they begin the fourth act, very absurdly, since both the place and time evidently continue, and the words of Flucilen immediately follow those of the King just before. Page.

of the King just before. Pope.

1. 90, I. 4. Kill the poys and the luggage! The haggage, during the battle (as King Henry had no men to spare) was guarded only by boys and lacqueys; which some French runaways getting notice of, they came down upon the campboys, whom they kill'd, and plundered, and burn'd the baggage: in resentment of which villainy it was, that the King, contrary to his wonted lenity, order'd all prisoners' throats to be cut. And to this villainy of the French runaways Fluellen is alluding, when he says, Kill the poys and the luggage! The fact is set out both by Hall and Holinshed. Tredsald.

Dihappily the King gives one reason for his collect to kill the prisoners, and Gower mother.

Tabappily the King gives one reason for his order to kill the prisoners, and Gower another. The King killed his prisoners because he expected another battle, and he had not then and here to guard one army and fight another.

er declares that the gallant King has worthily ordered the prisoners to be destroyed, because

the luggage was plundered, and the boys were slain. Johnson.

P. 91, l. 10. and fol. As Alexander is kizhis friend Clytus, &c.] I should suspect that Shakspeare, who was well read in Sir Thoma. North's translation of Plutarch, meant these speeches of Fluellen as a ridicule on the parallels of the Greek author; in which, circumstaces common to all men are assembled in opposition, and one great action is forced into somparison with another, though as totally different in themselves, as was the behaviour of Harry Monmouth, from that of Alexander the Great

P. 91, l. 23. — the fat knight — ] This is the last time that Falstaff can make sport. The poet was loath to part with him, and has continued his memory as long as he could. Johnson.

P. 91, 1. 31. WARWICK, Richard Beauchamp' Earl of Warwick. He did not, however, obtain that title till 1417, two years after the era of

this play. MALONE.

P. 92, 1. 7. - we'll cut the throats of those we have; The King is in a very bloody disposition. He has already cut the throats of his prisoners, and threatens now to cut them again. No haste of composition could produce such negligence; neither was this play, which is the second draught of the same design, written in haste. There must be some distocation of the scenes. If we place these lines at the beginning of the twelfth scene, the shouldity will be removed, and the action will procred in a regular series. This transposition might easily happen in copies written for the Yet it must not be concealed, that is players.

the imperfect play of 1608 the order of the scenes is the same as here. Johnson.

Johnson's long note on this passage is owing to his inattention. — The prisoners whom the King had already put to death, were those which were taken in the first action; and those whom he had now in his power, and threatens to destroy, are the prisoners that were taken in the subsequent desperate charge made by Bourbon, Orleans, &c. And accordingly we find, in the next scene but one, an account of those prisoners amounting to upwards of 1500, with Bourbon and Orleans at the head of the list. It was this second attack that compelled the King to kill the prisoners whom he had taken in the first. M. Mason.

P. 93, 1. 20, Monmouth caps were formerly much worn. From the following stanza in an old ballad of The Caps, printed in The Antidote against Melancholy, 1661, p. 31, it appears they were particularly worn by soldiers:

"The soldiers that the Monmouth wear,

"On castle's tops their cusigns rear.

"The seaman with the thrumb doth stand "On higher parts than all the land." REED:

"The best caps, (says Fuller, in his Worthies of Wales, p. 50,) were formerly made at Monnouth, where the Capper's chapel doth still remain. — If (he adds) at this day [1660] the phrase of wearing a Monmouth cap be taken in a bad acception, I hope the inhabitants of that town will endeavour to disprove the seems ion thereof." MALQNE.

P. 94, l. 27. - a gentleman of great sort,

i. e. high rank. Jourson.

P. 94, l. 27. — quite from the answer of his degree.] A munt of such station as is not bound to hazard his person to answer to a challenge from one of the soldier's

P. 94, 1. 33. — a jack - sauce; i. c. saucy Jack. Malone.

P. 95, l. 10. When Alencon and myself were down together, &c.) This circumstance is not an invention of Shakspeare . Henry was lolled to the ground at the battle of Agincount by the Duke of Alencon, but recovered and slew two of the Duke's attendants. Afterwards Alencon was killed by the King's guard, courrant to Henry's intention, who wished to have saved him. Malone.

him. MALONE.

P. 96, l. 24. 25. I will give treason his payment into plows.] Mr. Heath very plausibly reads — in two plows. Johnson.

The quarto reads — I will give treason his due presently. We might therefore read — in due plows, i. e. in the beating that is so well

his due.

Fuller, in his Church History, p. 139, speaks of the task - masters of largel, "on whose back

of the task masters of largel, "on whose back the number of bricks wanting were ealy segred in blows." Steevens.

The Scotch both in speaking and in writing, frequently use into for in. However, if it should be thought necessary to amend the text, the readiest way would be to omit a syllable and

P. 97, l. 27. Give me thy glove, It must be — give me my glove; for of the soldier's glove the King had not the fellow. Johnson.

ve me my glove," cannot be right, for the and not yet acknowledged the glove to be his. M. MASON.

text is certainly right. By "thy glove," ng means-the glove that thou hast now in p; i. e. Henry's glove, which he had given liams, (see Act IV. sc. i.) and of which he ained the fellow. MALONE.

3, 1.31.32. — your shoes is not so goot:] e most minute particulars we find Shakespeare rvant as in matters of the highest moment. are, above any other article of dress, an of attention to the common soldier, and iable to be worn out. MALONE.

1. 1. 5 - 10. Charles Duke of Orleans &c.] st is copied from Hall. Pore. taken from Holinshed. MALONE.

o, l. 21. Mercenaries are in this place n soldiers, or hired soldiers. The gentlerved at their own charge in consequence of nures. Johnson.

ubt the accuracy of Dr. Johnson's assertion. e gentlemen served at their own charge in ience of their tenures;" as, I take it, this , which was always confined to those hold-knights' service, and to the term of forty had fallen into complete disuse long before the Fifth's time; and personal service would t that period, have excused the subsidies were paid in lieu of it. Even the nobility for the most part, retained by contract to with the numbers, for the time, and at 3es, specified in the indenture. Ritson.
3, 1. 26. Charles de la bret, as is already

d, should be Charles D' Albret, would sure permit of such a change. Holimbed sometimes apologizes for the omission of foreign names, on account of his inability to spell them, but always calls this nobleman "the lord de la Breth, constable of France." See p. 283, note to P. 52, l. 28-33. Steevens.

P. 100, l. 3-5. Edward the Duke of York,

&q.] This and the two following lines in the quartos, are given to Exeter. STERVENS.

P. 100, 1. 4. Daey Gam, esquire: ]. This gentleman being sent by Henry before the battle, to reconnoitre the enemy of and to find out: their strength, made this report: "May it please you, my Liege, there are chough to be killed, enough to be taken prisoners, and enough to run, away." He saved the King's life in the field. Had our poet been apprized of this circumstance, this brave Welshman would probably have been more particularly noticed, and not have been merely registered in a muster-roll of names. MALORE.

P. 100, k 26. 27. K. Hen. Do we all holy rites;

Let there be sung Non nobis, and Te Deum.]
The King (say the Chronicles) caused the psalm,
In exitu Israel de Aegyto (in which, according
to the vulgare, is included de psalm, Non nobis,
Domine, &c.) to be sung after the victory.

Pore

P. 101, l. 17. A whiffler is an officer who walks first in processions, or before persons in high stations, on occasions of ceremony. The name is still retained in London, and there is an officer to called that walks before their companies at times of public solemnity. It seems a corruption from the French word huissier. HANNER.

P. 101, l. 26. Giving full trophy, signal, and ostent,

Quite from himself, to God.] Transferring all the honours of conquest, all trophies, tokens, and shows, from himself to God. Jonnson.

P. 102, first l. As, by a lower but by loving likelihood, Likelihood.

for similitude. WARBURTON.

The later editors, in hope of mending the measure of this line, have injured the sense. The folio reads as I have printed; but all the books since revisal became fashionable, and editors have been more diligent to display themselves than to illustrate their author, have given the line thus:

As by a low, but loving likelihood.

Thus they have destroyed the praise which the poet designed for Essex; for who would think himself honoured by the epithet low? The poet, desirons to celebrate that great man, whose popularity was then his boast, and afterwards his destruction, compares him to King Harry; but being afraid to offend the rival courtiers, or perhaps the Queen herself, he confesses that he is lower than a King, but would never have represented him absolutely as low. Johnson.

P. 102, l. 2. -- the general of our gracious Empress. The Earl of Essex in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Pors.

Few noblemen of his age were more courted by poets. From Spenser, to the lowest rhymer, he was the subject of numerous sonnets or popular ballads. I will not except Sydney. I could produce evidence to prove, that he scarce exer went out of England, or left London, on the most frivolous enterprize, without a pastoral in his praise, or a panegyric in metre, which were sold and sung in the streets. T. WARTON.

P. 102, l. 4. — broached — i. e. spitted, transfixed. Johnson.

P. 102, l. 11. The Emperor's coming —] The Emperor Sigismond, who was married to Henry's second cousin. MALONE.

P. 102, l. 21. This scene ought, in my opinion, to conclude the fourth act, and be placed before the last chorus. There is no English camp in this act; the quarrel apparently happened before the return of the army to England, and not after so long an interval as the chorus has supplied. Johnson.

Fluellen presently says, that he wore his leek in consequence of an affront he had received but the day before from Pistol. Their present quarrel has therefore no reference to that begun in the sixth scene of the third act. Steevens.

P. 103, l. 12. 14. — dost thou thirst, —
To have me fold up parca's fatal web?]
Dost thou desire to have me put thee to death.

Тоймом.

P. 103, l. 31. I will make you a squire of low degree.] That is, I will bring thee to the ground. Johnson.

The Squire of Low Degree is the title of an old romance, enumerated among other books in a letter concerning Queen Elizabeth's Entertainment at Kenelworth. - Steeyens.

This metrical romance, which was very popular among our countrymen in ancient times, was burlesqued by Chancer in his rhyme of Six Thopas, and begins thus: "It was a squyre of lowe degre,

"That loved the King's daughter of Hungre." See Reliques of English Poetry, Vol. III. p. 30, 2d edition. Percy.

P. 103, l. 33. — you have astonish'd him.] That is, you have stunned him with the blow.

JOHNSON.

Rather, you have confounded him.

M. MASON.

Dr. Johnson's explanation is the true one. So, in the Second Book of The Destruction of Troy:

"Theseus smote again upon his enemy, which, &c. — and struck Theseus so fiercely with his sword — that he was astonished with the stroke."

STEEVENS.

P. 104, 1. 8. I eat, and eat, I swear.] Thus the first folio, for which the later editors have put, I eat and swear. We should read, I suppose, in the frigid tumour of l'istol's dialect:

I eat, and eke I swear. Johnson. Perhaps, "I eat, and eating swear."

P. 104, last l. I have seen you gleeking i. e. scoffing, sneering. Gleek was a game at cards.

STEEVENS.

P. 105, l. 5. 6.—let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition.] Condition is temper, disposition of mind. STERVENS.

P. 105, l. 8. Doth fortune play the huswife that is, the jilt. Huswife is here in an ill sense.

JOHNSON.

P. 105, l. 10. — that my Nell is dead] Old copy — Doll. STEEVERS.

We must read - my Nell is dead. [In a for-mer scene Pistol says: "Nor shall my Nell keep

lodgers." MALONE.] Doll Tearsheet was so little the favourite of Pistol, that he offered her in contempt to Nym. Nor would her death have cut of his rendezvous; that is, deprived him of a home. Perhaps the poet forgot his plan. Johnson.

P. 105, 1. 18. The comic scenes of The History of Henry the Fourth and Fifth are now at an end, and all the comic personages are now dismissed. Falstaff and Mrs. Quickly are dead; Nym and Bardol; hare hanged; Gadshill was lost immediately after the robbery; Poins and Peto have vanished since, one knows not how; and Pistol is now beaten into obscurity. I believe every reader regrets their departure. JOHNSON.

P. 105, l. 20. Troves in Champagne. Henry some time before his marriage with Katharine, accompanied by his brothers, uncles, &c. had a conference with her, the French King and Oneca, the Duke of Burgundy, &c. in a field near Me-Inn, where two pavilions were erected for the poyal families, and a third between them for the council to assemble in and deliberate on the artieles of peace. "The Frenchmen, (says the Chronicle,) ditched, trenched, and paled their lodgings for fear of after - clappes; but the Englishmen had their parte of the field only barred and parted." But the treaty was then broken off. Sometime afterwards they again met in St Peter's church at Troves in Champagne, where Katharine was affianced to Henry, and the articles of peace between France and England finally concluded. -Shakspeare, having mentioned in the course of this scene. "a bor and royal interview," seems to have had the former place of meeting in his thoughts; the description of the field near Melus in the Chronicle somewhat corresponding to the of a Lar or harriers. But the place of the present 'come is certainly Troyes in Champagne. However, as St. Peter's church would not admit of the French King and Queen, &c. retiring, and then appearing again on the scene, I have supposed, with the foringe editors, the interview to take place in a palace. Malone.

P. 105, l. 28. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met!

Peace, for which we are here met, be to this meeting.

Here, after the chorus, the fifth Act seems na-

turally to begin. Jourson.
P. 106, 1. 30. Unto this bar —] To this bar-

rier; to this place of congress. Jourson.
P. 107, 1. 9. 10. Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,

Unprimed dies: We must read, lies; for neglect of pruning does not kill the vine, but causes it to ramify immoderately, and grow wild; by which the requisite nourishment is withdrawn from its fruit. WAREURTON.

This emendation is physically right, but poetically the vine may be well enough said to die, which crases to bear fruit. Jounson,

which crases to bear fruit. Johnson.
P. 107, l. 10-12. — her hedges evenpleach'd, —

Like prisoners wildly over-grown with hair, Put forth disorder'd twigs: This image of prisoners is oddly introduced. A hedge evenpleach'd is more properly imprisoned than when it inxuriates in impruned exuberance. Johnson.

Johnson's criticism on this passage has no just foundation. The King compares the disorderly shoots of an unclipped hedge, to the heir and beard of a prisoner, which he has neglected to

trim; a neglect natural to a person who lives alone, and in a dejected state of mind.

M. MASON.

The learned commentator (Dr. Johnson) misapprehended, I believe, our author's sentiment. He ges are pleached, that is, their long branches, being cut off, are twisted and woven through the lower part of the hedge, in order to thicken and strengthen the feuce. The following year, when the hedge shoots out, it is customary in many places to clip the shoots, so as to render them even. The Duke of Burgundy therefore, among other instances of the neglect of husbandry, mentions this; that the hedges, which were evenpleached, for want of trimming put forth irregular twigs; like prisoners, who in their confinement have neglected the use of the razor, and in consequence are wildly overgrown with hair. The hedge in its cultivated state, when it is evenpleached, is compared to the prisoner: in its "wild exuberance," it resembles the prisoner "overgrown with hair."

As a hedge, however, that is even-pleached or woven-together, and one that is clipt, are alike reduced to an even surface, our author with his usual licence might have meant only by even-pleached, "our hedges which were heretofore clipp'd smooth and even."

The line "Like prisoners" &c. it should be observed, relates to the one which follows, and not to that which precedes it. The construction is, Her even-pleached hedges put forth disordered twigs, resembling persons in prison, whose faces are from neglect over-grown with hair.



#### KING HENRY V.

P. 107, I. 15. To deracinate is to force up by the roots. Stenvens.

P. 107, l. 22-24. And as our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges, Defective in their natures, grow to wildness; Nature had been changed by some of the editors into nurture, but, as Mr. Upton observes, unnecessarily. Sua deficiuntur natura. They were not defective in their crescive nature, for they grew to wildness; but they were defective in their proper and far vourable nature, which was to bring forth food for man, Streevens.

P. 107, I. 30. — diffus'd attire,] Diffus'd, for extravagant. The military habit of those times was extremely so. Act III. Gower says, And what a beard of the general's cut, and a horrid suit of the camp, will do amongst, &c. is wonderful to be thought on. WARBURTON.

Diffus'd is so much used by our author for wild, irregular, and strange, that in The Merry Wives of Windsor he applies it to a song supposed to be sung by fairies. Johnson.

P. 107, l. 32. — former favour,] i. e. former

appearance. Johnson.

P. 108, 1. 17. 18. - we will, suddenly,

Pass our accept, and peremptory unswer.]
As the French King desires more time to consider deliberately of the articles, 'tis odd and absurd for him to say absolutely, that he would accept them all. He certainly must mean, that he would at once wave and decline what he dislik'd, and consign to such as he approved of. Our author uses pass in this manner in other places; as in King John:

"But if you fondly pass our profier'd love. ... WARBURTON

If any change were to be made, I would rather read, — "Pass or except," &c. i. e., agree to or except against the articles, as I should either

approve or dislike them. MALONE.

Pass our accept, and paremptory answer. i. e. we will pass our acceptance of what we approve, and we will pass a peremptory answer to the rest. Politeness might forbid his saying, we will pass a denial, but his own dignity required more time for deliberation. Besides, if we read pass or accept, is not peremptory answer superfluous, and plainly implied in the former words?

TOLLET.

P. 108, 1. 21. 25. Neither Clarence nor Huntington, whom the King here addresses, has been enumerated in the Dramatis Personae, as neither of them speaks a word. Huntington was John Holland, Earl of Huntington, who afterwards married the widow of Edmond Mortiner, Earl of March. MALONE.

P. 109, 1. 31. — dat is de Princess. ] Surely this should be — "Dat says de Princess. This is in answer to the King, who asks, "What says she, fair one?" M. MASON.

P. 109, last I. and fol.—thou would'st find me such a plain King; I know not why Shakspeare now gives the King nearly such a character as he made him formerly ridicule in Percy. This military grossness and unskifulness in all the softer arts does not suit very well with the gaieties of his youth, with the general knowledge ascribed to him ad his accession, or with the contemptates message sent him by the dauphin, who represents him as fitter for a ball-room than the

field, and tells him that he is not to revel into duchies, or win provinces with a nimble galliard. The truth is, that the poet's matter failed him in the fifth act, and he was glad to fill it up with whatever he could get; and not even Shakspeare can write well without a proper subject. It is a vain endeavour for the most skilful hand to cultivate barrenness, or to paint upon vacuity. Johnson.

Our author, I believe, was led imperceptibly by the old play to give this representation of Henry, and meant probably, in this speech at least, not to oppose the soldier to the lover, but the plain honest Englishman, to the less sincere and more

talkative Frenchman.

The subsequent speech, however, "Marry, if you would put me to verses," &c. fully justifies Dr. Johnson's observation. MALONE.

P. 110, l. 14. I have no strength in measure,]

i. e. in dancing. STEEVENS.

P. 110, l. 22. I cannot look greenly,] i. e.

like a young lover, ankwardly. Steevens.
P. 110, 1. 54. 55. — take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy; A constancy in the ingot, that hath suffered no alloy, as all coined metal has. WARBURTON.

I believe this explanation to be more ingenious than true; to coin is to stamp and to counterfeit. He uses it in both senses; uncoined constancy signifies real and true constancy, unrefined and unadorned, Johnson.

P. 111, l. 5. A good leg will fall; i. e. shrink,

fall away. STEEVENS.

1. 20. I get thee with scambling, P. 112, i. e. scrambling. STREVENS. P. 112, 1. 21. 25. - that shall go to Constantinople, and take the Turk by the beard? Shakspeare has here committed an anarchronism. The Turks were not possessed of Constantinople before the year 1453, when Henry V. had been dead thirty - one years. THEOBALD.

P. 113, 1. 6-8. — yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering effect of my visage.] Certainly untempting. WARBURTON.

Untempering I believe to have been the poet's word. The sense is, I conceive that you love me, notwithstanding my face has no power to temper, i. e. soften you to my purpose. STEEVENS.

P. 114, 1. 25. - the weak list -] i. e. slight STEEVENS. barrier.

P. 115, l. 11. - my condition is not smooth:

Condition is temper. STEEVENS.

P. 115, 1. 15. and fol. Pardon the frankness of my mirth, &c.] We have here but a mean dialogue for Princes; the merriment is very gross, and the sentiments are very worthless. JOHNSON.

P. 116, 1. 3. This moral - | That is, the application of this fable. The moral being the application of a fable, our author calls any application a moral. Johnson.

P. 116, last but one l. - Praeclarissimus filius. ] What, is tres cher, in French, Praeclarissimus in Latin? We should read, praecaris-

simus. WARBURTON.

"This is exceeding true," says Dr. Farmer, "but how came the blunder? It is a typographical one in Holinshed, which Shakspeare copied; but must indisputably have been corrected, had he been acquainted with the languages.' STERVERS

P. 118, l. 10. Our bending author hath pursu'd the story.] bending, our author meant, unequal to the weight of his subject, and bending beneath it; or he may mean, as in Hamlet: "Here stooping to your clemency." STREVENS.

P. 118, l. 12. Mangling by starts.] By touching only on select parts. Johnson.

P. 118, l. 16. — the world's best garden —] i. e. France. A similar distinction is bestowed, in The Taming of the Shrew, on Lombardy:

"The pleasant garden of great Italy."

This play has many scenes of high dignity, and many of easy merriment. The character of the King is well supported, except in his courtship, where he has neither the vivacity of Hal, nor the grandeur of Henry. The humour of Pistol is very happily continued: his character has perhaps been the model of all the bullies that have yet appeared on the English stage.

The lines given to the Chorus have many admirers; but the truth is, that in them a little may be praised, and much must be forgiven; nor can it be easily discovered why the intelligence given by the Chorus is more necessary in this play than in many others where it is omitted. The great defect of this play is the emptiness and narrowness of the last act, which a very little diligence might have easily avoided. Jounson.

\* The historical transactions contained play, take in the compass of above thirty I must observe, however, that our author the three parts of Henry VI. has not bee precise to the date and disposition of his but shuffled them, backwards and forwards of time. For instance; the lord Talbot is at the end of the fourth act of this play, w reality dit not fall till the 15th of July; and The Second Part of Henry VI. opens the marriage of the King, which was solen eight years before Talbot's death, in the 1445. Again, in the second part, dame I Cobham is introduced to insult Queen Mar though her penance and banishment for se happened three years before that Princess over to England. I could point out many transgressions against history, as far as the of time is concerned. Indeed, though ther several master-strokes in these three plays, incontestibly betray the workmanship of

#### NOTES TO KING HENRY VI. PART I. 535

aical, than in the generality of his genuine com-

positions. THEOBALD.

Having given my opinion very fully relative to these plays at the end of the part of King

Henry VI. it is here only necessary to apprize the reader what my hypothesis is, that he may be the better enabled, as he proceeds, to judge concerning its probability. Like many others, I wrs long struck with the many evident Shakspearianisms in these plays, which appeared to me to carry such decisive weight, that I could scarcely bring myself to examine with attention any of the arguments that have been urged against his being the author of them. I am now surprised, (and my readers perhaps may say the same thing of themselves,) that I should never have adverted to a very striking circumstance which distinguishes this first part from the other parts of King Henry VI. This circumstance is, that none of these Shakspearian passages are to be found here, though several are scattered through the two other parts. I am therefore decisively of opinion that this play was not written by Shakspeare. reasons on which that opinion is founded, are stated at large in the Dissertation above referred to. But I would here request the reader to attend particularly to the versification of this piece, (of which almost every line has a pause at the end, ) which is so different from that of Shakspeare's undoubted plays, and of the greater part of the two succeeding pieces as altered by him, and so exactly corresponds with that of the tragedies written by others before and about the time of his first commencing author, that this alone might decide the question, without taking into the account the numerous classical allusions which are found in

#### NOTES TO THE

## FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI.

\* \* The historical transactions contained in play, take in the compass of above thirty! I must observe, however, that our author the three parts of Henry VI. has not been precise to the date and disposition of his but shuffled them, backwards and forwards, of time. For instance; the lord Talbot is l at the end of the fourth act of this play, wh reality dit not fall till the 15th of July, ; and The Second Part of Henry VI. opens the marriage of the King, which was solem eight years before Talboi's death, in the 1415. Again, in the second part, dame El Cobham is introduced to insult Queen Marg though her penance and banishment for so happened three years before that Princess over to England. I could point out many transgressions against history, as far as the of time is concerned. Indeed, though there several master-strokes in these three plays, incontestibly betray the workmanship of S speare; yet I am almost doubtful, whether were entirely of his writing. And unless were wrote by him very early, I should r. imagine them to have been brought to him director of the stage; and so have received ; finishing beauties at his hand. An accurate server will easily see, the diction of them is obsolete, and the numbers more mean and

# NOTES TO KING HENRY VI. PART I. 556

aical, than in the generality of his genuine com-Positions. THEOBALD.

Having given my opinion very fully relative to these plays at the end of the third part of King Henry VI. it is here only necessary to apprize the reader what my hypothesis is, that he may be the framer what my nypothesis is, mat he may be the better enabled, as he proceeds, to judge concerning its probability. Like many others, I was long struck with the many evident Shakspearianisms in these plays, which appeared to me to carry such decisive weight, that I could scarcely bring myself to examine with attention any of the arguments that have been urged against his being the author of them. I am now surprised, (and my readers perhaps may say the same thing of themselves,) that I should never have adverted to a very striking circumstance which distinguishes this first part from the other parts of King these Shakspearian passages are to be found here, though several are scattered through the two other Parts. I am therefore decisively of opinion that this play was not written by Shakspeare. The reasons on which that opinion is founded, are stated at large in the Dissertation above refered to. But I would here request the reader to attend particularly to the versification of this piece, (of which almost every line has a pause at the end,) which is so different from that of Shakspeare's nu-Joubted plays, and of the greater part of the two ucceeding pieces as altered by him, and so exctly corresponds with that of the tragedies writn by others before and about the time of his live. mmencing author, that this alone might decide e question, without taking into the account the nerous classical allusions which are found in

this first part. The reader will be enabled to judge how far this argument deserves attention, from the several extracts from those ancient pieces which he will find in the Essay on this subject.

With respect to the second and third parts of King Henry VI. or, as they were originally called. The Contention of the two famous Houses of Yorke and Lancaster, they stand, in my apprehension, on a very different ground from that of this first part, or, as I believe it was anciently called. The Play of King Henry VI.— The Contention, &c. printed in two parts, in quarte, 1600, was, I conceive, the production of some playwright who preceded, or was contemporary with Shakspeare; and out of that piece he formed the two plays which are now denominated the Second and Third Parts of King Henry VI.; as; out of the old plays of King John and The Taming of a Shrew, he formed two other plays with the same titles. For the reasons on which this opinion is formed, I must again refer to my Essay on this subject.

This old play of King Henry VI. now before us, or as our author's editors have called it, the first part of King Henry VI. I suppose, to have been written in 1589, or before. See An Attempt to Ascertain the Order of Shakspeare's Plays, Vol I. The disposition of facts in these three plays, not always corresponding with the dates, which Mr. Theobald mentions, and the want of uniformity and consistency in the series of events exhibited, may perhaps be in some measure accounted for by the hypothesis now stated. As to our author's having accepted these pieces a Director of the stage, he had, I lear, no pre-



## KING HENRY VI. PART I.

537

tension to such a situation at so early a

The chief argument on which the first paragraph of the foregoing note depends, is not, in my opinion, conclusive. This historical play might have been one of our author's earliest dramatic efforts; and almost every young poet hegins his career by imitation. Shakspeare, there-fore, till he felt his own strength, perhaps servilely conformed to the style and manner of his predecessors.

Page 123, line o. The Earl of Warwick who makes his appearance in the first scene of this play is Richard Beauchamp, who is a character in King Henry V. The Earl who appears in the subsequent part of it, is Richard Nevil, son to the Barl of Salisbury, who became possessed of the title in right of his wife, Anne, sister of Henry Beauchamp Duke of Warwick, on the death of Anne his only child in 1419. Richard, the father of this Henry, was appointed governor to the King, on the demise of Thomas Braufort, Duke of Exeter, and died in 1439. There is no reason to think that the author meant to confound the two characters. RITSON.

P. 125, 1.11. Hung be the heavens with black,] Alluding to our ancient stage - practice when a tragedy was to be expected. STREVENS.

P. 123, l. 14. Crystal is an epithet repeatedly

bestowed on comets by our ancient writers.

STEENEZS. P. 123, l. 16. That have consented— this expression means no mo has that the tast gave a bare consent, or agreed to let King Henry 7,7, Vol. x.

die, it does no great honour to its author. I believe to consent, in this instance, means to act a concert. Concentus, Lat. Consented, or as a should be spelt, concented, means, have through themselves into a malignant configuration, to promote the death of Henry. Spenser, in more than one instance, spells this word as it appears in the text of Shakspeare; as does Ben Joson, in his Epithalamion on Mr. Weston.

Steevens is right in his explanation of the word consented.

The word appears to be used in the same sense in the fifth scene of this act, where Talhotus to his troops:

"You all consented unto Salisbury's death.
"For none would strike a stroke in his sevenge." M. Magoz.

Consent, in all the books of the age of Elisbeth, and long afterwards, is the usual spelling of the word concent. In other places I have adopted the modern and more proper spelling; but, in the present instance, I apprehend, the word was used in its ordinary sense. In the second act, Talbot, reproaching the soldiery, use the same expression, certainly without any idea of a malignant configuration:

"You all consented unto Salisbury's death."

MALONE

P. 124, l. 16 - 18. Or shall we think the subtle-witted French

Conjurers, and sorcarers, that, afraid of him,

By magick verses have contrived his end?]
There was a notion prevalent a long time, had life might be taken away by metrical charm-

As superstition grew weaker, these charms were imagined only to have power on irrational animals. In our author's time it was supposed that the Irish could kill rate by a song. Johnson.

P. 125, l. 12. Our isle be made a nourish of salt tears,] Pope - marish. All the old copies read, a nourish: and considering it is said in the line immediately preceding, that babes shall suck at their mothers' moist eyes, it seems very probable that our author wrote, a nourice, i. e. that the whole isle should be one common nurse, nourisher, of tears: and those be the nourisment of its miserable issue. THEOBALD.

Was there ever such nonsense! But he did not know that marish is an old word for marsh or fen; and therefore yery judiciously thus corrected by Mr. Pope. WARBURTON.

We should certainly read - marish. So, in

The Spanish Tragedy:

"Made mountains marsh, with spring-tides of my tears." RITSON.

I have been informed, that what we call at present a stew, in which fish are preserved alive, was anciently called a nourish. Nourice, however, Fr. a nurse, was anciently spelt many different ways, among which nourish was one.

STEEVENS.

P. 125, l. 17. 18. A far more glorious star thy soul will make,

Than Julius Caesar, or bright - ] I can't guess the occasion of the hemistich and imperfect sense in this place; 'tis not impossible it might have been filled up with - ancis Drake chough that were a terrible apachronism \ 29 ad as Hector's quoting Aristotle in Troilus and



whole page of vehement opposition it to this passage by Theobald. Sir The mer has stopped at Caesar — perhaps diciously. It might, however, have ten, — or bright Barenice. Johnson.

Pope's conjecture is confirmed by the circumstance, that two blazing stars (t sidus) are part of the arms of the Dra. It is well known that families and arms more attended to in Shakspeare's time, are at this day. M. MARON.

This blank undoubtedly arose from scriber's or compositor's not being able out the name. So, in a subsequent f word Nero was omitted for the same:

P. 125, l. 24. Guienne, Champaigne

Henry the Fifth's death to my coming. mongst them. WARBURTON.

P. 127, l. 24. Having full scarce six thousand in his troop, The nodern editors read, - scarce full, but, I think, nnecessarily. So, in The Tempest:

"-Prospero, master of a full poor cell."

STEEVENS.

P. 128, 1. 10. If sir John Fastelfe had not play'd the coward], Mr. Pope has taken otice, "That Falstaff is here introduced again, ho was dead in Henry V. The occasion whereof , that this play was written before King Henry V. or King Henry V." But it is the historial Sir John Eastolfe (for so he was called by oth our Chroniclers) that is here mentioned; ho was a lieutenant general, deputy regent to 16 Duke of Bedford in Normandy, and knight f the garter; and not the comick character afterards introduced by our author, and which was creature merely of his own brain. Nor when e named him Falstaff do I believe he had any ntention of throwing a slur on the memory of its renowned old warrior. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald might have seen his notion conradicted in the very line he quotes from. Pasolle, whether truly or not, is said by Hall and Iolinshed to have been degraded for cowardice. )r. Heylin, in his Saint Gearge for England, ells us, that "he was afterwards, upon good eason by him allegded in his defence, restored o his honour." - "This Sir John Falstoff," ontinues he, "was without doubt, a validat and vise captain, notwithstanding the stage hath made erry with him." FARMER. For an account of this Sir John Fastolfe, see P. 131, 1. 30. Their arms are set, like c still to strike on.] haps the author was thinking of the clowhich figures in the shape of men struck the Of these there were many in his time. Man

To go like clockwork, is still a phrase in mon use, to express a regular and constantion. Stervens.

P. 152, first l. Bastard - That this i mer times was not a term of reproach, see Hurd's Letters on Chivalry and Romanc the third volume of this Dialogues , p. 235 observing on circumstances of agreement b the heroic and Gothick manners, says that tardy was in credit with both." One o liam the Conqueror's charters begins, "Es lielmas cognomento Bustardus." "And" reign of Edward I. John Earl Warren and being called before the King's Justices to sl what title he held his lands, produxit i dium gladium antiquum evaginatum -Bece Domini mei, ecce warrantum meum tecessores mei cum Willo Bastardo, vei conquesti sunt terras suas, &c. Dugd. Dugd. Bar. of Engl. 1 Jurid. p. 13. Blount 9.

"Le Bastarde de Savoy," is inscribed or head of one of the figures in a curious pict the Battle of Pavia, in the Ashmolean M In Fenn's Paston Letters, Vol. 111. p. 72 the articles of impeachment against the D Suffolk, we read of the "Erle of Danis, of Orlyaunce—." VALLANT.

P. 132, 1. 7. Cheer is jullity, gainty.

Cheer, rather signifies - countenance.

STEBURNS. P. 132; I. 16. - the nine sivyls of old Rome; There were no nine sibyls of Rome; but he confounds things, and mistakes this for the nine books of Silvilline oracles, brought to one of the Tarquins. - WINDURTON.

P. 132, 1. 13. - Believe my words, It should

be read:

- Believe her words. Johnson.

I perceive no need of change. The Bastard calls upon the Dauphin to believe the extraordinary account he has just given of the prophetic spirit and prowess of the Maid of Orleans. MALONE.

P. 133, l. 25. Resolve on this: ] i. e. be firmly persuaded of it. Steevens.

P. 155, last line. Deck'd with five flower-deluces on each wide;

Old copy - fine; but we should read, according to Holiushed, - five flower - de - luces. - "- in a secret place there among old iron, appointed she hir sword to be sought out and brought, her, that with five floure - de-lices was graven on both sides," &c. STEEVENS.

The same mistake having happened in A Midsummer Night's Dream , and in other places , I have not hesitated to reform the text, according to Mr. Steevens's suggestion. In the MSS. of the age of Queen Elizabeth, u and n are undistinguish-

able. Malone. P. 134, l. 19. — the French Dauphin The

Dauphin in the preceding play is John, the elder brother of the present speaker: He died in 1916, the year after the battle of Agincount. Russon. P. 155, 1. 10. Expect saint Martin's summer

491<u>16</u>2 is, expect prosperity

tune, like fair weather at Martlemas, after winter has begun. JOHKSON. P. 155, l. 17. 18. Now am I like that proud

insulting ship,
Which Caesar and his fortune bare at
once. This alludes to a This alludes to a passage in Pluterch's Life of Julius Caesar, thus translated by Sir T. North: "Caesar hearing that, straight discovered himselfe unto the maister of the pynnase, who at the first was amazed when he saw him; but Caesar, &c. said unto him, Good fellow, he of good cheere, &c. and fear not, for thou hast Caesar and his fortune with thee." STEEVENS.

P. 135, 1. 19. Was Mahomet inspired with a dove? Mahomet had a dove; "which he used to feed with wheat out of his ear; which dove, when it was hungry, lighted on Mahomet's shoulder, and thrust its bill in to find its breakfast; Mahomet persuading the rule and simple Arabiaus, that it was the Holy Ghost that gave him advice." See Sir Walter Ralcigh's History of the World, Book L. Port L. ch. vi. Life of Mahomet, by Dr. Pridents.

P. 155, l. 22. - saint Philip's daughter, Meaning the four daughters of Philip mentioned in the Acts. HANMER.
P. 136, 1. 6. Since Henry's death, I fear,

there is conveyance.]

Conveyance means theft. HANMER.

P. 136, I. 24. Break up the gates. suppose to break up the gate is to force up the portcullis, as by the application of petade's blow

To break up in Shakspeare's age was the sam

1 20.00

as to break open. Thus in our translation of the Bible: "They have broken up, and have passed through the gate." Micah, ii. 13. So sgain, in St. Matthew, xxiv. 43. "He would have watched, and would not have suffered his house to be broken up." WHALLEY.

P. 157, I, 19. - by a train of Servants in tawny coals. It appears from the following passage in a coinedy called, A Maidenhead seell Lost, 1634, that a tawny coat was the dress of a summoner, i. e. an apparitor: an officer whose business it, was to summon offenders to an ecclesinstical court:

"Tho I was never a tawny-coat, I have

play'd the summoner's part."

These are the proper attendants therefore on the

Bishop of Winchester.

Tawny was likewise a colour worn for mourning, as well as black; and was therefore the suitable and soher habit of any person employed in an ecclesiastical court. STEEVERS.

P. 157, I. 20. How now, ambitious Humphry?] The first folio has it - umpheir. The traces of the letters, and the word being printed in Italicks, convince me, that the Duke's christian name luck'd under this corruption. THROBALD.

P. 137, l. 22. Piel shaven crown. Pore. Piel'd priest, Alluding to his

In Weeyer's Funeral Monuments, p. 364, Robert Baldocke, Bishop of London, is called a peel'd priest, pilitle clerk, seemingly in allusion to his shaven crown alone. So, bald-head was term of scoru and mockery. Totaer.

The old copy has — piel'd priest. Piel'd and pil'd were only the old spelling of peel'd.

P. 157, 1. 28. Thou, that giv'st whores indulgences to sin: The public stews were formerly under the district of the Bishop of Winchester. Pore...

There is now entant an old manuscript (formerly the office-book of the court-leet held under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Winchester in Southwark) in which are incutioned the several fees arising from the brothel - houses allowed to be kept in the hishop's manor, with the customs and regulations of them. One of the articles is,

"De his, ani custodiunt mulieres habentes ne/andam infirmitatem." "Item. That no stewholder keep any woman within his house, that hath any sickness of bren- '. ning, but that she be putout upon pain of making a fyne unto the lord of C shillings." UPTON.

P. 137, L. 29. I'll canvass thee in thy broad Cardinal's hat. ]. means, I believe - I'll tumble thee into thy great hat, and shake thee, as bran and meal ure shaken in a sieve.

-To canvas was anciently used for to sift.

STEEVENS. Probably from the materials of which the bottom of a sieve is made, Perhaps, however, in the passage before us Gloster means, that he will toss the Cardinal in a sheet, even while he was invested with the peculiar badge of his coclesiastical dignity. - Coarfe sheets were formerly termed canvass sheets. Malone.

I'. 157, last 1. This be Damascus, be thou

Cursed Cain,

To slay thy brother Abel, if thou will.)

About four miles from Damascus is a high hill

reported to be the same on which Cain slew his brother Abel. Maundrel's Travels, p. 151.

Pope.
Sir John Maundeville says, "And in that place where Damascus was founded, Tajm sloughe Abel his brother." Maundeville's Travels, edit. 1725, p. 148. Reed.

"Damascus is as moche to saye as shedynge of blood. For there Chaym slowe Abell, and hydde in the soude," Polychronicon, fo. xii.

RITSON

P. 138, 1. 19. Winchester goose, A strumpet, or the consequences of her love, was a Winchester goose, Johnson.

P. 138, l. 27. Enter the Mayor of London, I learn from Mr. Pennant's London, that this Mayor was John Coventry, an opulent mercer, from whom is descended the present Earl of Coventry. STEEVENS.

P. 139, 1. 27. I'll call for clubs, if you will not away: This was an outery for assistance, on any riot or marrel in the streets. It hath been explained before.

So, in King Henry VIII: "- and hit that woman, who cried out, clubs!" STEEVENS.

That is, for peace-officers armed with clubs or staves. In affrays, it was customary in this author's time to call out clubs, clubs! MALONE.

P. 140, I. 3. Stamach is pride, a haughty

spirit of resentment. Steevens.

P. 140, l. 1-5. May. See the coast clear it, &c.] The mayor of London was not brought in to be laugh'd at, as is plain by his manner of interfering in the quarrel, where he all along preserves a sufficient dignity. In the line preceding

these, he directs his officer, to whom with doubt these two lines should be givent? I sait his character, and are very expressive of pacific temper of the city guards. Warners I see no reason for this change. The M.

Place no reason for this change. The Misspeaks first as a magistrate, and afterwarders citizen. Johnson.

Nothwithstanding Warburton's note in Map

Nothwithstanding Warbinton's note are up of the dignity of the Mayor, Shakapeare certained to represent him as a poor, well-means aimple man, for that is the character fie have ably gives to his Mayors. The Mayor of Pord in Richard III. is just of the same stamped so is the Mayor of York, in the Third Park this play, where he refuses to admit Edward King, but lets him into the city as Duker of You on which Gloster says—

"A wise stout captain! and persuaded so "Hast, The good old man would Sain' all were well."

Such are all Stakepeare's Mayors. M. Masor All 140, 20. Espicals are spies. Sciences The word is often used by Hall and Holinsh Malo

P. 140. 1. 21-23. How the English Went through a secret grate of from ball in vonder tower, to overpeer the city Old copy — Went. See the notes that foll Dr. Johnson's. Stetvens.

That is, the English went not through a

That is, the English went not through a cret grate, but went to overpeer the city throu a secret grale which is in yonder tower. It not know till of late that this passage had be thought difficult. JOHNSON.

wont, the third person plans of the old we

KING HENRY VI. le bi The English wont, that is, are a PART I. wont. customed to overpeer the city. The wo نة ڪھي is used very frequently by Spenser, and sever · BEE: The emendation proposed by Mr. Tyrwhitt, i fully supported by the passage in Hall's Chronicle on which this speech is formed., MALONE. Sec. 30 P. 141, 1. 4. TALBOT, Though the three of King Henry II. are deservedly numbered and the control of the control Sec. bered among the feeblest performances of Shakinspeare, this first of them appears to have been speare, this mist of ment appears to have been received with the greatest applause. So, in Ricarce Penniless's Supplication to the Devil, ني 🕹 ٠,by Nash, 1592: How would it have joyed brave Talbot (the terror of the French,) to thinke that rż Ŋ, after he had lien two hundred years in his tombe, he should triumph againe on the stage, and have his bones new embalmed with the teares of ten 1

thousand spectators at least (at several times,) who in the tragedian that represents his person, imagine they behold him fresh bleeding?

P. 141, 1. 17. 18.— and craved death

Thus the old copy. Some of the modern editors of honours; but I suspect a corruption, which wile or ill—esteemed.

Mr. M. Mason would remedy, by reading either

It is possible, however, that Shakspeare might have written — Philistin'd; i. e. treated as continuelionally as Sampson was by the Philistines.—Both Sampson and Talbot had been prisoners, and were alike insulted by their captors.

STERTENS.

P. 141, 1. 50. 31. Here, said the terror of the The scare-crow that affrights

dren so. ] F
Chronicle: "This man [Talbot]
French people a very scourge and a dissounch that as his person was featerrible to his adversaries present, so and fame was spiteful and dreadful to mon people absent; insomned that France to feare their yong children, withe Talbot commeth, the Talbot of The same thing is said of King Richale was in the Holy Land. See Can maines, 4to. 1614, p. 267. Manone.

P. 145, I. 5-6. Speak, Salish Camden says in his Remainer, that scare knew the use of great ordnanc siege of Mans in 1425, when a breach in the walls of that town by the Englithe conduct of this Earl of Salisbury he was the first English gentleman that

by a cannon - ball. MALONE. P. 14, l. q. Puccile or Puzzel

means a dirty wench or a drab, fri.e. malus factor, says Minshen. To
P. 125, first I. Blood will I draw
thou art a we
superstition of those times taught the
could draw the witch's blood, was free
power. Johnson.

P. 145, I. 17. My thoughts are wi a potter's whe idea might have been caught from Ps

the stubble before the wind." Stee

P. 145, 1. 20. A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal, See Hannibal's stratagem to escape by fixing hundles of lighted twigs on the horse of oxen, recorded in Livy, Lib. XXIL c. xvi. Holt White.

P. 146, l. 20. Thy promises are like Adonie' gardens, ] It may not be important to take notice of a dispute between four critics, of very different orders, upon this very important point of the gardens of Adonis. Milton had said:

"Spot more delicious than those gardens feign'd,

"Or of reviv'd Adonis, or -" which Dr. Bentley pronounces spurious; for that the Kyrot Admitson the gardens of Adonis, so frequently mentioned by Greek writers, Plato, Plutarch, &c. were nothing but portable earthen pots, with some leftice or fennel growing in them. On his yearly festival every woman carried one of them for Adonis's worship; because Venus had once laid him in a lettice bed. The next day they were thrown away, &c. To this Dr. Pearce replies, That this account of the gardens of Adonis is right, and yet Milton may be defended for what he says of them: for why (says he) did the Grecians on Adonis' festival carry these small gardens about in honour of him? It was, because they had a tradition, that, when he was alive, he delighted in gardens, and had a magnificent one: For proof of this we have Pliny's words, xix. 4. "Antiquitas nihil prins, mirata est quam Hesperidum hortes, ac regun Adonidis & Alcinoi." One would now think the question well decided: but Mr. Theobald comes, and will needs be Dr. Vol. x.

Bentley's second. A learned and rev. tleman (says he) having attempted to Dr. Bentley of error, for maintain there never was existent any magnifice cious gardens of Adonis, an opinior. it has been my fortune to second the thought myself concerned, in some weigh those authorities alledged by t or, &c. The reader sees that Mr. The takes the very question in dispute bety two truly learned men, which was n Adonis' gardens were ever exis. whether there was a tradition of an ted gardens cultivated by Adonis, would sufficiently justify Milton's .. 1 them, together with the gardens of confessed by the poet himself to he But hear their own words. There wa garden (says Dr. Bentley) ever existen feign'd. He adds the latter part, a that that would justify the poet; and that assertion only that his adversary joins issue with him. Why (says he) carry the small earthen gardens? cause they had a tradition, that when delighted in gardens. Mr. Theobald, mistaking the question, it is no wonder he says, in his long note at the end of volume, is nothing to the purpose; it shew that Dr. Pearce's quotations from others, do not prove the real exister. gardens. After these, comes the Oxfo and he pronounces in favour of Di against Dr. Pearce, in these words, TI of Adonis were never represented un scal description. But whether this hazard, or to contradict Dr. Pearce, or to rectify Mr. Theobald's mistake of the question, it is so obscurely expressed, that one can hardly determine. Warburton.

P. 147, 1. 8. 9. A statelier pyramis to her Pll rear,

Than Rhodope's, or Memphis', ever was? Rhodope was a famous strumpet, who acquired great riches by her trade. The least but most finished of the Egyptian pyramids (says Pliny, in the 36th book of his Natural History, the xh.) was built by her. She is said afterwards to have married Psammetichus, King of Egypt. Dr. Johnson thinks that the Dauphin means to call Joan' of Arc a strumpet, all the while he is making this loud praise of her STERVENS.

The brother of Sappho, was in love with Rhodope, and purchased her freedom (for she was a slave in the same house with Aesop the fabulist) at a great price. Rhodope was of Thrace, not of Memphis. Memphis, a city of Egypt, was celebrated for its pyramids. Malone.

The question, I apprehend, is not where Rhodope was born, but where she obtained celebrity. Her Thracian birth-place would not have res-

cued her from oblivion. STEEVENS.

The emendation proposed by Mr. Steevens must be adopted. The meaning is — not that Rhodope herself was of Memphis, but — that her pyramis was there. I will rear to her, says the Dauphin, a pyramid more stately than that of Memphis, which was called Rhodope's. Pliny says the pyramids were six miles from that city, and that "the fairest and most commended for workmanship was built at the cost and charges of one Rhodope, a verie strumpet." Ritzon.

P. 147, l. 11. 12. — in an urn more precious Than the rich-jewel'd coffer of Darius,] When Alexander the Great took the city of Gaza, the metropolis of Syria, a midst the other spoils and wealth of Darius treasured up there, the found an exceeding rich and beautiful little chest or casket, and asked those about him what they thought fittest to be laid up in it. When they had severally delivered their opinions, he sold them, he esteemed nothing so worthy to be preserved in it as Homer's Iliad. Vide Plutarchum in Vità Alexandri Magni. Theorals.

The very words of the text are found in Puttenham's Arte of English Poesie, 1589: "In what price the noble poems of Homer were holden with Alexander the Great, insomuch as everienight they were laid under his pillow, and by day were carried in the rich jewel cofer of Darius, lately before vanquished by him in battaile." MALONE.

I believe, we should read, with Puttenham, "jewel coffer," and not, as in the text, "jewel'd coffer." The jewel-coffer of Darius was, I suppose, the cabinet in which he kept his gems.

To a jewelled coffer (i. e. a coffer ornamented with jewels) the epithet rich would have been

superfluous. Streevens.
P. 149, l. 18. Unready was the current word in those times for undress'd. Johnson.

P. 151, I. 4. — platforms] i. c. plaus, schemes. Steevens.

P. 151, l. 5. 6. Enter an English Soldier crying, a Talbot! a Talbot!] And afterwards: "The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword."

Here a popular tradition, exclusive of any chronicle - evidence, was in Shakspeare's mind. AIMI HENRY VI. RALE May and Kerke, the old commentator Passorals, first published in 1579, his notes on Jane, that Lord Talbot in 1580, his notes on Jane, that Lord Talbot in 1580, had oftened, that oftimes greate armies were insomuch that oftimes greate armies were their children, would tell them, that the French women, sor comoth, would tell them, that should have taken this circumstance from the Comment on Spenser's Passone of the Insone of the Comment on Spenser's Passone of the Insone Insone of the Insone Inso

This is one of the floating atoms of intellivation inght have been orally circulated, other clining than those of Spenser's annotate than those of Spenser's annotate dwells. Malone.

P. 152, last 1, — where she hier; i. e. where the common of the clining than those of the common of

of opposition between the two questions. I one read.

Or else was wrangling Somerset i'th' right?

P. 157, l. 25, — which doth bear him best, i. e. regulate his motions most adroitly,

P. 158, l. 6, In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts: 1 l suppet we should read — significance, Malone

I believe the old reading is the true one. So, in Love's Labour's Lost: "Bear this significant [i.e. a letter] to the country maid, Jacquenetta."

STERVENS.

From off this briar place a P. 158, I. 10, white rose with me.] This is given as the original of the two badges of the houses of York and Lancaster, whether truly or not, is no great matter, But the proverbal expression of saying a thing under the rose, I am persuaded, came from thence, When the nation had ranged itself into two great factions, under the white and red rose, and were perpetually plotting and counterplotting against one another, then, when a matter of faction was communicated by either party to his friend in the same quarrel, it was natural for him to add, that he said it under the rose; meaning that, as it concerned the faction, it was religiously to be kept secret. WARBURTON.

This is ingenious! What pity, that it is not learned too? — The rose (as the fables say) was the symbol of silence, and consecrated by Capit to Harpocrates, to conceal the lewd practice his mother. So common a book as Lloyd's 1

## KING HENRY VI. PART I.

tionary might have instructed Dr. Warburton in this: UPTON.

P. 158, l. 15. Colours is here used ambiguously for tists and deceits. Johnson.

P. 158, l. 27. — it is well objected; Properly thrown in our way, justly proposed.

Johnson.
P. 159, l. 17. 18. 'Tis not for fear; but an-

ger, — that thy cheeks

Blush for pure shame, ] i. e. it is not for
fear that my cheeks look pale, but for anger;
anger produced by this circumstance, namely,
that thy cheeks blush, &c. Malors.

P. 159, l. 31. I scorn thee and thy fashion, peevish boy.]. So the old copies read, and rightly. Mr. Theobald altered it to faction, not considering that by fashion is meant the badge of the red rose, which somerset said he and his friends would be distinguished by. But Mr. Theobald asks, If faction was not the true reading, why should Suffolk immediately reply,

Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet, Why? because Plantagenet had called Somerset, with whom Suffolk sided, peevish boy.

Mr. Theobald with great probability reads — faction. Plantagenet afterward uses the same word:

"—this pale and angry rose —
"Will I for ever, and my faction, wear."
MALONE-

As fashion might have been meant to comes, the meaning assigned to it by Dr. Warburcon, the iest the text as I found it, allowing at the

same time the merit of the emendation offered by Mr. Theobald, and countenanced by Mr. Malone. Stervens.

P. 160, I. 6. His grandfuther was Lionel Duke of Clarence, The author mistakes. Plentagenet's paternal grandfather was Edmund of Langley, Duke of York. His maternal grandfather was Roger Moreimer, Earl of March, who was the son of Philippa the daughter of Lionel Duke of Clarence. That Duke therefore was his maternal great great grandfather.

MALONE.

P. 160, l. 8. — crestless yeomen] 1. e. those who have no right to srms. WARBURTON.

P. 160, l. 9. He bears him on the place's privilege, The Temple, being a religious house, was an asylum, a place of exemption, from violence, revenge, and bloodshed. JOHNSON.

It does not appear that the Temple had any peculiar privilege at this time, being then, as it is at present, the residence of law-students. The author might, indeed, imagine it to have derived some such privilege from its former inhabitants, the Knights Templars, or Knights Hospitalers, both religious orders: or blows might have been prohibited by the regulations of the Society: or what is equally probable, he might have neither known nor cared any thing about the matter. Repson.

P. 160, 1. 15. For treason executed in our late King's days?] This unmetrical line may be somewhat harmonized by adopting a practice common to our author, and reading — execute, instead of executed. Thus, in King Henry V.

we have oreate instead of created, and contaminate instead of contaminated: Steevens.

P. 160, l. 17. Exempt, for excluded.

P. 160, I. 25. Partaker in ancient language, signifies accomplice. So, in Psalm L: "When thou sawest a thief thou didst consent unto him, and hast been partaker with the adulterers."

P. 160, l. 27. — apprehension:] Though this word possesses all the copies, I am persuaded it did not come from the author. I have ventured to read — reprehension: and Plantagenet means, that Somerset had reprehended or reproached him with his father the Earl of Cambridge's treason.

THEOBALD.

Apprehension, i. e. opinion. WARBURTON,
P. 160, last l. As cognizance of my blooddrinking hate,] A badge
is called a cognisance a cognoscendo, because by
it such persons as do wear it upon their sleaves,
their shoulders, or in their hats, are manifestly
known whose servants they are. In heraldry the

their shoulders, or in their hats, are manifestly known whose servants they are. In heraldry the cognisance is seated upon the most eminent part of the helmet. Toller.

P. 162, l. 3. Mr. Edwards, in his MS. notes, observes, that Shakspeare has varied from the truth of history, to introduce this scene between Mortimer and Richard Plantagenet. Edmund Mortimer served under Henry V. in 1422, and died unconfined in Ireland in 1424. Holinshed says, that Mortimer was one of the mourners at the fineeral of Henry V.

His uncle, Sir John Mortimer, was indeed prisoner in the Tower, and was executed not long before the Earl of March's death, being charged with an attempt to make his esorder to stir up an insurrection in Wales.

A Remarker on this note . | the author next ] scems to think that he bas totally turned it, by quoting the following passage Hall's Chronicle: During whiche parl [held in the third year of Henry VI. came to London Peter Duke of Quimbe whiche of the Duke of Exerer, &c. was fested -. During whych season Edmond tymer, the last Erle of Marche of that (whiche long tyme had bene restrayned hys liberty and finally waxed lame,) dis without yesne, whose inheritance descent Lord Richard Plantagenet," &c. as if a ci stance which Hall mentioned to mark the of Mortimer's death, necessarily explain place where it happened also. The fact i this Edmund Mortimer did not die in Le but at Trime in Ireland. He did not hower in confinement (as Sandford has erroneous serted in his Genealogical History, See Henry IV., Part I. Volume IX, and whether he ever was confined, (exce Owen Glendower) may be doubted, no standing the assertion of Hall. Hardyng, lived at the time, says he was treated wi greatest kindness and care, both by Hen (to whom he was a ward,) and by his som V. See his Chronicle, 1543, fol 229. H certainly at liberty in the year 1415, has few days before King Henry sailed from hampton, divulged to him in that town the terous intentions of his brother - in - law Earl of Cambridge, by which he probe ciliated the friendship of the young King. He at that time received a general pardon from Henry, and was employed by him in a naval enterprize. At the coronation of Queen Katharine he attended and held the sceptre.

Soon after the accession of King Henry VI. he was constituted by the English Regency chief governor of Ireland, an office which he executed by a deputy of his own appointment. In the later end of the year 1424, he went himself to that country, to protect the great inheritance which he derived from his grandmother Philippa, (daughter to Lionel Duke of Clarence) from the incursions of some Irish chieftains, who were aided by a body of Scottish rovers; but soon after his arrival died of the plague in his castle at Trim, in

This Edmond Mortimer was, I believe, confounded by the author of this play, and by the old historians, with his kinsman, who was perhaps about thirty years old at his death. Edmond Mortimer at the time of his death could not have been above thirty years old; for supposing that his grandmother Philippa was married at fifteen, in 1376, his father Roger could not have been born till 1377; and if he married at the early age of sixteen, Edmond was born in 1394.

January 1624 – 5.

This family had great possessions in Ireland, in consequence of the marriage of Lionel Duke of Clarence with the daughter of the Earl of Ulster, in 1560, and were long connected with that country. Lionel was for some time Viceroy of Ireland, and was created by his father Naward M. Duke of Clarence, in consequence of possession the honour of Clare, in the county of Thomsond Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, who married

Philippa the Duke's only daughter, succeed in the government of Ireland, and died in fice, at St. Dominick's Abbey, near Co December 1381. His son, Roger Mortime twice Vicegerent of Ireland, and was slai place called Kenles, in Ossorv, in 1308; his sou, the Mortimer of this play, was, heen already mentioned, Chief Governor land, in the years 1435, and 1424, and die in 1425. His nepbew and beir, Richard of York, (the Plantagenet of this play) 1149 constituted Lord Lieutenant of Irel: ten years, with extraordinary powers; a son George Duke of Clarence (who was wards murdered in the Tower) was bern This Prince Castle of Dublin, in 1450. the same office which so many of his an had possessed, being constituted Chief Gu of Ireland for life, by his brother King F IV, in the third year of his reign.

Since this note was written, I have mor cisely ascertained the age of Edmond Mo Earl of March, uscle to the Richard Plan of this play. He was born in December and consequently was thirty - two years old he died. Iris anceston, Lionel Duke of Ch was married to the daughter of the Earl of I hut not in 1360, as I have said, but abo He probably did not take his t vear 1353. Clarence from his great Frish possessions, have suggested) but rather from his wife's n Elizabeth le Clare, third daughter of Gill Clare Earl of Gloster, and sister to Gill Clare, the last (of that name) Earl of C who founded Clare Hall in Cambridge. The error concerning Edmund Morum ther - in - law to Richard Earl of Cambridge, having been "kept in captivity until he died," seems to have arisen from the legend of Richard Plantagenet, Buke of Yorke, in The Mirror for Magistrates, 1575. MALONE.

It is objected that Shakspeare has varied from the truth of history, to introduce this scene beformer served under Henry V. in 1422, and died unconfined in Ireland, in 1424. In the third year of Henry the Sixth, 1425, and during the time that Peter Duke of Coimbra was entertained in London, "Edmonde Mortimer (says Hall) the last Erle of Marche of that name (which longe tyme had been restrayned from hys liberty, and fynally waxed lame) disceased without yssue, whose inheritance discended to Lord Richard Plantagenet," &c. Holinshed has the same words :and these authorities, though the fact be other-wise, are sufficient to prove that Shakspeare, or whoever was the author of the play, did not in-sentionally vary from the truth of history to introduce the present scene. The historian does not, indeed, expressly say that the Earl of March died in the Tower; but one cannot reasonably suppose that he meant to relate an event which he knew had happened to a free man in Ireland, as happening to a prisoner during the time that a particular person was in London. But, wherever he meant to lay the scene of Mortimer's death, it is clear that the author of this play understood him as representing it to have happened in a London prison; an idea, if indeed his words will bear any other construction, a preceding passage may serve to corroborate. "The Erle of March (he has observed) was ever kepte in the

courte under such a keper that he could nether doo or attempte any thing againste the King without his knowledge, and dyed without issue." I am aware, and could easily show, that some of the most interesting events, not only in the Chronicles of Hall and Holinshed, but in the Historics of Rapin, Hume, and Smollet, are perfectly fabulous and unfounded, which are nevertheless constantly cited and regarded as incontrovertible facts. But, if modern writers, standing, as it were, upon the shoulders of their predecessors, and possessing innumerable other advantages, are not always to be depended on, what allowances ought we not to make for those who had neither Rhymer, nor Dugdale, nor Sandford to consult, who could have no access to the treasuries of Cotton or Harley, hor were permitted the inspection of a public record? If this were the case with the historian, what can be expected from the dramatist? He naturally took for fact what he found in history, and is by no means answerable for the misinformation of his anthority. RITSON.

P. 162, 1. 6. Let dying Mortimer here rest
himself. —] I know not
whether Milton did not take from this hint the
lines with which he opens his tragedy. JOHNSON.

Rather from the beginning of the last scene of the third act of the Phaenissae of Euripides.

P. 162, l. q. And these grey locks, who pursuivants of death,] The heralds that, forerunning death, proclaim its approach. Jourson.

P. 162, l. 14. Exigent, i. e. end. Jourson.

P. 162, 1. 16. And pithless arms,] Pith was used for marrow, and figuratively, for strength.

In the first of these senses it is used in Othello:

"For since these arms of mine had seven

years' pith -."

And, figuratively, in Hamlet:

"And enterprizes of great pith and mo-

P. 163, 1. 5: Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries, That is, he that terminates or concludes misery. The expression is barsh and forced. Johnson.

P. 163. 1. 15. — late-despised —] i. e. lately

despised. M. Mason.

P. 163, l. 26. Disease seems to be here un-

easiness, or discontent. Johnson.
P. 164, l. 14.— his nephew Richard; Thus the old copy. Modern editors read — his cousin — but without necessity. Nephew has sometimes the power of the Latin nepos, and is used with great laxity among our ancient English writers. Thus in Othello, lago tells Brabantio — he shall "have his nephews (i. e. the children of his own daughter) neigh to him." Steevens.

It would be surely better to read cousin, the meaning which nephew ought to have in this place. Mr. Steevens only proves that the word nephews is sometimes used for grand-children, which is very certain. Both uncle and nephew might, however, formerly signify cousin. See the Menagiana, Vol. II. p. 193. In The Second Part of the throublesome raigne of K. John, Prince Henry calls his cousin the Bastard, "uncle."

I helieve the mistake here arese from the as-

shor's ignorance; and that he conceived Richard to be Henry's nephew. MALONE.

P. 164, 1. 30. Haughty is high. Johnson.

So, in the fourth act:
"Valiant and virtuous, full of haughly con-

rage." STEEVENS.
P. 165, l. 3. Levied are army of Here is again another falsification of history. Cambridge levied

another inimication of matery. Campring level no army, but was apprehended at Southampton, the night before Henry sailed from that town for France, on the information of this very Edmand Mortimer, Earl of March. Malone.

P. 165, 1. 13. Thou art my heir; the rest,

I wish thee gather:

The sense is, — I acknowledge thee to be my heir; the consequences which may be collected from thence, I recommend it to thee to draw.

P. 165, L 25-27. - would some part of my

young years
Might but redeem the passage of your age!

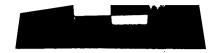
This thought has some resemblance to that of the following lines, which are supposed to be addressed by a married lady who died very young, to her husband. The inscription is, I think, in the church of Trent:

"Immatura peri; sed tu diuturnior annos

"Vive meos, conjux optime, vive tuos."

MALONE,

This superstition is very ancient. Some traces of it may be found in the traditions of the Rabbins; it is enlarged upon in the Alcestes of Euripides; and such offers ridiculed by Juvenal, Sat. XII. Dion Cassins in Vit. Hadrian, foledits Hamburgh, Vol. II. p. 1160, insinuates, That Hadrian sucrificed his favourite Antinous.



## KING HENRY VI. PART I.

with this design." See Reismari Annotat, in 'De nostris annis, tibi Jupiter augest anniald the Romans to Augustus. See Lister's Jour 'o Paris, p. 221. VAILLANT.

P. 165, last but one 1. — and fair be all / hopes! Mortimer knowledge Mortimer knowledge hopes were fair, but that the estal ishment of the Lancastrian line disappointed them have, he would wish, that his nephew's fair hopes might have a fair issue. I am persuaded the noct wrote:

This emendation is received by Sir Thomas I anmer and Dr. Warburton. I do not see how he readings differ in sense. Fair is lucky, or resperous. So we say, a fair wind, and fair runne. Johnson.

Theobald's amendment is unnecessity, and proeded from his confounding Plantagenet's hopes the his pretensions. His pretensions were well unded, but his hopes were not. M. Mason.

2. 166, l. 10. 11. Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,

Chok'd with ambition —] We are to untand the speaker as reflecting on the ill forof Mortimer, in being always made a tool
the Percies of the North in their rebellious
nes; rather than in asserting his claim to the
i, in support of his own princely ambition.
WARBURTON.

66, l. 17. My ill, is my ill usage.

MALONE.

56, 1. 20. The Parliament-House.] This tent was held in 1426 at Leicester, though or of this play has represented it to have ld in London. King Henry was now.

the fifth year of his age. In the first which was held at Loudon shortly a ther's death, his mother Queen Kathar the young King from Windsor to the and sat on the throne of the parlian with the infant in her lap. MALONE.

P. 166, I. 27. — bill — i. e. articlesation, for in this sense the word bill times used. MALONE.

P. 168, l. 6. Thou bastard of m

Winchester was an illegitimate son Gaint, Duke of Lancaster, by Katha ford, whom the Duke afterwards mar

P. 168, l. 17. Roam thither then. Rome. To roam is supposed to from the cant of vagabonds, who ended a pilgrimage to Rome. John

P. 170, l. 5. Unaccustom'd is una decent. Johnson.

P. 170, l. 12. An inkhorn mate, man. Johnson.

It was a term of reproach at the tin men of learning or men affecting to George Pettie in his Introduction to Civil Conversation, 1556, speaking calls nice travellers, says, "if on derive anie word from the Latine, w solent to their ears, (as perchance the that phrase to be) they forthwith mak it, and tearme it an Inkhorn tearm

P. 171, I. 17. — the Bishop has gird. — sensition of kind remotes. Johnson

A kindly gird is a gentle or friendly reproof:
STREVENS.

The word gird does not here signify reproof; as Steevens supposes, but a twitch, a pang, a yearning of kindness. M. Mason.

yearning of kindness. M. Mason.

1 wish Mr. M. Mason had produced any example of gird used in the sense for which he contends. I cannot supply one for him, or I most readily would. Stervens.

P. 172, 1. 30. — reguerdon — i. e. recom-

pence, return. Johnson.

It is perhaps a corruption of — regardum, middle Latin. STREVENS.

P. 175, I. 25. So will this base and envious discord breed.] That is, so will the malignity of this discord propagate itself, and advance. Johnson.

P. 173, last but one 1. His days may finish ore that hapless time.

The Duke of Exeter died shortly after the meeting of this parliament, and the Earl of Warwick was appointed governor or tutor to the King in his room. MALONE.

P. 174, l. 16. Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the city, ] Faistaff

has the same quibble, showing his bottle of sack: "Here's that will sack a city." STREVENS.
P. 175, first l.—and her practisants.] Prac-

P. 175, first I.— and her practisants. | Practice, in the language of that time, was treachery, and perhaps in the softer sense stratagem. Practisants are therefore confederates in stratagems.

P. 175, 1.9. No way to that, That is, no way equal to that, no way so fit as that. JOHNSON.

P. 175, last but one l. That hardly we escap a the pride of France.

Pride signifies the haughty power, as the same speaker says afterwards, Act IV. sc. vi:

"And from the pride of Gallia rescu'd thee." One would think this plain enough. But what won't a puzzling critick obscure! Mr. Theobald says — Pride of France is an absurd and unmeaning expression, and therefore alters it to prize of France; and in this is followed by the Oxford editor. WARBURTON.

P. 176, l. 5. Aleucon Sir T. Hammer has replaced here, instead of Reignier, because Aleacon, not Reignier, appears in the ensuing scine.

P. 176, l. 10. 'Twas full of darnel.] "Darnel (says Gerard) hurteth the eyes, and maketh them dim, if it happen either in corne for breade, or drinke." Hence the old proverb — Lolio victitare, applied to such as were dim-sighted. Thus also, Ovid, Fast. 1. 691:
"Et careant lolis oculos vitiantibus agri."

"Et careant lolus oculos vitiantibus agri." Pucelle means to intimate, that the corn sheerried with her, had produced the same effect on the guards of Rouen; otherwise they would have seen through her disguise, and defeated her stratagem. Steevens.

tagem. STEEVENS.
P. 178, I. 10. Pendragon, This hero was Uther Pendragon, brother to Aurelius, and father to King Arthur. STEEVENS.

P. 178, 1. 26. Fast. Whither away? to safe myself by flight; I have no doubt that it was the exaggerated representation of Sir John Fastolfe's cowardice which the author of this play has given, that induced Shakspeare to give the name of Fastall to his knight. Sir John Fastolfe did indeed by at the battle of Patay in the year 1429; and is represented by

Talbot in a subsequent scene, for his conduct on that occasion; but no historien has send that he fled before Rouen. The change of the name had been already made, for throughout the old copy of this play this flying general is erroneously called Falstaffe. Malone.

P. 179, l. 4-6. Now, quiet soul, depart

when heaven please;
For I have seen our enemis' everthrow.]
So, in St. Luke, ii. 29. "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." STERVENS.

P. 179, l. 10. The Duke of Bedford died at Rouen in September, 1435, but not in any action

before that town. MALONE.
P. 179, 1-24. — all a-mort?] i. e. quite dispirited; a frequent Gallicism. So, in The Taming of the Shraus.

"What, sweeting! all a-mort?" STEEVENS. P. 179, 1. 27. Now will we take some order

some necessary dispositions. Stervens.

P. 181, 1. 7. To extirp is to root out.

STEEVENS.

P. 182, l. 11. As looks the mother on her lowly babe, I It is plain Shakspeare wrote — lovely babe, it answering to fertile France above, which this domestic image is brought to illustrate. Warburton.

The alteration is easy and probable, but perhaps the poet by lowly babe meant the babe lying low in death. Lowly answers as well to towns defaced and wasting ruin, as lovely to fertile.

P. 183, 1. 7. They set him free, A missake.
The Dake was not liberated till after Barguady.

decline to the French interest; which did no pen, by the way, till some years after the cution of this very Joan la Pucelle; no that during the regency of York, but of Be

P. 183, 1. 15-18. — these haughty of hers

Have batter'd me like roaring can shot, &c.] How lines came hither I know not; there was no in the speech of Joan haughty or violent, i all soft entreaty and mild expostulation. Jus

Haughty does not mean violent in this but elevated, high-spirited. It is used in milar sense, in two other passages in this play. M. Mason.

P. 185, 1. 25. Done like a Frenchman; and turn again!] inconstancy of the French was always the

of satire. I have read a dissertation wra prove that the index of the wind upon our st was made in form of a cock, to ridica French for their frequent changes. JOHNSO

P. 184, l. 25. I do remember how my said, The author

play was not a very correct historian. Hen but nine months old when his father died never saw him. MALONE.

P. 184, l. 27. — resolved of your. to i. e. confirmed in opinion of it. STERVEN

P. 184, last but one l. - reguerdon'd - rewarded. The word was obsolete even time of Shakspeare. Steevens.

P. 185, 1. 8.— these colours that I This was the badge of a rose, and not cer's scarf. TOLLET.

F. 185, 1. 22. That, who so draws a sword, 'tis present death.'] Shak-

speare wrote:

i. e. in the court, or in the presence chamber.

WARBURTON.

This reading cannot be right, because, as Mr. Rdwards observed, it cannot be pronounced. It is, however, a good comment, as it shows the author's meaning. Johnson.

I believe the line should be written as it is in

the folio:

That, who so draws a sword,

i. c. (as Dr. Warburton has observed) with a menace in the court, or in the presence chamber.

Steevens.

Johnson, in his collection of Ecclesiastical Laws, has preserved the following, which was made by Iva, King of the West Saxons, 693: "If any one fight in the King's house, let him forfeit all his estate, and let the King deem whether he shall live or not." I am told that there are many other ancient canone to the same purpose. Grey. Strevens.

Sir William Blackstone observes that, "by the ancient law before the Conquest, fighting in the King's palace, or before the Kings judges, was punished with death. So too, in the old Gothic constitution, there were many places privileged by law, quibus major reverentia et sccuritas debetur, ut templa et judicia, quae sancta habebantur, — arces, et apla regis, — denique locus quilibet presente aut adventante regendant present with us, by the Stat. 33 Hen. Vill. C. 12. malicious striking in the King's palace, wherein his royal person resides, whereby blood

is drawn, is punishable by perpetual imprisorment and fine, at the King's pleasure; and also with loss of the offender's right hand, the solema execution of which sentence is prescribed in the statute at length." Commentaries, Vol. IV. p. 124. "By the ancient common law, also before the Conquest, striking in the King's court of justice, or drawing a sword therein, was a capital felony. ibid. p. 125, REED.

P. 186, 1. 13. To pretend is to design, w.

intend. JOHNSON.

P. 186, l. 26. — thy craven's leg, i. c. thy mean, dastardly leg. WHALLEY.

P. 187, first l. - the battle of Ratay, -] The old copy has - Poictiers. MALONE.

The battle of Poictiers was fought in the year. 1357, the 31st of King Edward III. and the scorenow lies in the 7th year of the reign of King. Henry VI. viz. 1428. This blunder may be just ly imputed to the players or transcribers; nor can we very well justify ourselves for permitting it to continue so long, as it was too glazing to have escaped an attentive reader. The action of which Shakspeare is now speaking, happened (according to Holinshed) "neere unto a village in. Beausse called Pataie," which we should read instead of, Poictiers. "From this battell departed without anie stroke stricken, Sir John Fastolfe, the same yeere by his valiantesse elected into the order of the garter. But for doubt of misdealing at this brunt, the Duke of Bedford tooke from him the image of St. George and his garter," &c. Holiushed, Vol. II. p. 601. Mon-strelet, the French historian, also bears witness to this degradation of Sir John Familie.

P. 187, 1. 18. Haughty is here in its original sense for high. JOHNSON.

P. 187, 1. 22. - in most extremes.] i. e. in greatest extremities. STEEVENS.

P. 188, l. 34, Prevented is here, anticipated;

a Latinism. MALONE.
So, in our Liturgy: "Prevent us, O Lord, in all our doings." STEEVENS.

P. 189, last but one I. To repugn is to resist, Steevens.

P. 192, l. 30. And, if I wist, he did, - But let it rest; York says, he is not pleased that the King should prefer the red rose. the badge of Somerset, his enemy; Warwick desires him not to be offended at it, as he dares say the King meant no harm. To which York, yet unsatisfied, hastily adds, in a menacing tone, -If I thought he did; - but he instantly checks his threat with, let it rest. It is an example of a rhetorical figure, which our author has cleewhere used. Ritson.

P. 195, l. g. - it doth presage some ill event.] That is, it doth presage to him that sees this discord, &c. that

some ill event will happen. Malone.
P. 195, l. 10. 'Tis much, In our author's time, this phrase meant - This strange or wonderful. MALONE.

"Tie much, is a colloquial phrase, and the meaning of it, in many instances, can be gathered only from the tenor of the speech in which ft occurs. On the present occasion, I believe, it signiles — 'Tis an alarming circumstance, a thing of great consequence, or of much weight STREVENS. P. 193, l. 12. - when envy breeds unkind division; Envy in old inglish writers frequently means enmity.

P. 191, 1. 19. To rive their dangerous astillery) 1 do not understand the phrase to rive articlery; perhaps it might be to drive; we say to drive a blow, and to drive at a man, when we

mean to express farious assault. Johnson. To rive seems to be used, with some devise tion from its common meaning, in Anthony and

"The soul and hody rive not more at par-Cleopatra, Act IV. sc. ii:

Rive their artillery seems to mean charge their artillery so much as to endanger their bursting.

To rive their artillery means only to fire their artillery. - To rive is to burst; and a connon, when fired, has so much the appearance of the that, in the language of poetry, it may be well said to burst. We say, a cloud burst,

may be well said to purst. We say, a croud nurse, when it thunders. M. Mason.

P. 194, 1. 24. That I, thy enemy, due thes.

endite, to deck, to grace. Johnson. Johnson says in his Dictionary, that to due is to payas due; and quotes this passage as an example. Possibly that may be the true meaning of it. M. NASON.

It means, I think, to honour by giving the thy due, thy merited elogium. Dua was subs uny aue, my meritou erogium.

The old copy, the reading of the old copy, the reading sometimes the meritous of the old copy.

Mr. Theobald.

Dew was sometimes the continuous of the copy. spelling of due, as Hew was of Hugh. MALC The old copy reads - dew thee withely bespade Lingthy. Line yen of braise is a pression I have met with in other poets. Sr P. 105, 1. 7. If we be English deer, be then in blood: Be in high

spirits, be of true mettle HNSON.

This was a phrase of the rest. MALONE.

P. 195, I. 8. Not rascal-like,] A rascal deer is the term of chase for lean poor deer. Johnson.
P. 195, l. 10. Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel,]

Continuing the image of the deer, he supposes.

the lances to be their horns. JOHNSON.

P. 196, l. 4. And I am louted by a traitor villain,] To lowt may signify to depress, to lower, to dishonour; but I do not remember it so used. We may read -. And I am flouted. - I am mocked, and treated with contempt. Jourson.

To lout, in Chaucer, signifies to submit. To submit is to let down. To lout and underlout, in Gawin Douglas's version of the Aeheid, signifies to be subdued, vanquished. STEEVENS.

A lowt is a country fellow, a clown. means that Somerset treats him like a hind.

RITSON. I believe the meaning is; I am treated with contempt, like a lowt, or low country fellow.

MALONB. P. 197, 1. 6. - their lives are done , ] i. e. . expended, consumed. The word is yet used in

this sense in the Western counties. MALONE. P. 197, l. 16. 17. Thus while the vulture of

sedition Feeds in the bosom of such great com-

manders, Alluding to the tale of Prometheus, JOHNSON.

P. 198, 1, 11. 12. - from bought and sold ford Talbot ; i. c. from one, utterly, ruin'd by the treacherous practices of others. MALONE.
P. 108, l. 15. — ming'd about —] Environed,

encircled. JOHNSON in advantage ling'ring,] Protracting his resistance by the advantage of a strong post. Johnson.

Or, perhaps, cudeavouring by every means that he can, with advantage to himself, to linger out

the action, &c. MALONE.
P. 198, 1. 21. In this line emulation signifies merel, rivalry, not struggle for superior excel-

lence. JOHNSON.

P. 199, last but one l. Now thou art come unto a feast of death, To a field where death will be feasted with

slaughter. Johnson. P. 199, last h. - unavoided - for unavoid-

**a**ble. MALONE.

P. 200, I. 10. 11. — He is not Talbots blood, &c. | For what reason this scene is written in rhyme, I cannot guess. If, Shakspeare had not in other plays mingled his rhymes and blank verses in the same manner, I should have suspected that this dialogue had been a part of some other poem which was never finished, and that being loath to throw his labour away, he inscried it here. Jounson. P. 200, l. 17. — your regard —]

Your care. of your own salety. JOHNSON.

P. 201, l. 21. 22. - fair con,

Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon.] An apparent quibble between son, and sun.

STEEVENS. P. 202, 1. 10. - determin'd - i. e. ended. STEETER

The word is still used in that sense by legal onveyancers. MALONE.

P. 203, 1. 18-21. On that advantage, &c.] 'his passage seems to lie obscure and disjointed. either the grammar is to be justified; nor is the entiment better. I have ventur'd at a slight aleration, which departs so little from the readig which has obtain'd, but so much raises the ense, as well as takes away the obscurity, that I am illing to think it restores the author's meaning:

Out on that vantage, -- THEOBALD.

Sir T. Hanmer reads:

hich I have followed, though Mr. Theobald's conecture may be well enough admitted. Johnson.

I have no doubt but the old reading is right, nd the amendment unnecessiry; the passage eing better as it stood originally, if pointed thus: On that advantage bought with such a shame, (To save a paltry-life, and slay bright fame,) Before young Talbot from old Talbot fix.

'The coward horse, that bears me, fall and die! 'he dividing the sentence into two distinct parts, ccasioned the obscurity of it, which this method. f printing removes. M. Mason.

The sense is - Before young Talbot fly from is father, (in order to save his life while he estroys his character,) on, 'or for the sake of, he advantages you mention, namely, preservig our household's name, &c. may my coward orse drop down dead! MALONE.

P. 203, l. 22. To like one to the peasants is, compare, to level by comparison; the line is serefore intelligible enough by itself, but is is sense it wants connection. Sir T. Henney ids, - And leave me, which makes a clear sense and just consequence. But as change is not to be allowed without necessity, I have suffered like to stand, because I suppose the author meant the same as make like, or reduce to a level with.

P. 204, 1. 9. Triumphant death, smeard with captivity!] That is, death

stained and dishonoured with captivity. Johnson. Death stained by my being made a captive and dying in captivity. The author when he first addresses death, and uses the epithet triumphed over him by plunging his dart in his breast. In the latter part of the line, if Dr. Johnson has righly explained it, death must have its ordinary signification. "I think light of my death, though rendered disgraceful by captivity," &c. Perhaps however the construction intended by the poet was — Young Talbot's valour makes me, smeared with captivity, smile, &c. If so, there should be a comma after captivity. MALONE.

P. 204, l. 16. Tend'ring my ruin,] Watching me with tenderness in my fall. Johnson.

P. 204, l. 24. John Talbot.] This John Talbot was the cldest son of the first Earl by his second wife, and was Viscount Lisle, when he was killed with his father, in endeavouring to relieve Chatillon, after the battle of Bourdeaux, in the year 1455. He was created Viscount Lisle in 1451. John, the Earl's eldest son by his first wife, was slain at the battle of Northampton in 1460. MALORE.

P. 204, 1. 27. Thou antick death.] The fool, or antick of the play, made sport by mocking the graver personages. Johnson.

It is not improbable that Shakspeare borrowed this idea from one of the cuts to that most exqui-

site work called Imagines Mortis, commonly ascribed to the pencil of Holbein, but without any authority. See the 7th print. Doucs.

P. 205, first 1. winged through the lither sky.] Lither is flexible or yielding. In much the

same sense Milton says:

"--- He with broad sails

"Winnow'd the buxom air."

That is, the obsequious air. Johnson.

Lither is the comparative of the adjective lithe. So, in Lyly's Endymion, 1591:

"- to breed numbress or litherness,"

Litherness is limberness, or yielding weakness. STEEVENS.

P. 205, l. 23. - raging - wood, That is, rag-

ing mad. Steevens.
P. 205, l. 25-25. The return of rhyme where young Talbot is again mentioned, and in no other place, strengthens the suspicion that these verses were originally part of some other work, and were copied here only to save the trouble of composing new. Jourson.

P. 205, 1. 31. Giglot is a wanton, or a strum-

Jounson.

-P. 205, 1. 32. - in the bowels of the French,1

So, in the first part of Jeronimo, 1605:

"Meet, Don Andrea! yes, in the battle's bowels. STEEVENS.

P. 206, l. 29. and fol. Great Earl of Wash-

ford, &c.] It appears from Camden's Britannia and Holinshed's Chronicle of Ireland, that Wexford was anciently called Weysford. In Crompton's Mansion of Magnanimitie it is written as here, Washford-This long list of titles is taken from the epicaph formerly fixed on Lord Talbot's tomb in Rouen



verse, "Lord Lovetoft of Worson," It as here, — "Lord Falconbridge, Kni noble order of St. George, St. Michae golden fleece, Great Marshall to King of his realm in France, who died in the Bourdeaux, 1453." Malone.

P. 207, l. 9. The Turk, that twee

P. 207, l. 9. The Turk, that two kingdoms hath ing probably to the ostentations letter Solyman the Magnificent, to the Emdinand, 1562; in which all the Grand titles are enumerated. See Knolles's 1 the Turks, 5th edit. p. 789. Gary.

P. 207, l. 21. — amaze — i. e. (as in ot ces) confound, throw into consternation.

P. 208, 1. 5. In the original copy, scriber or printer forgot to mark the coment of the fifth Act; and has by mist

P. 209, l. 14-16. Exe. What! is my Lord of Winchester install'd;

And call'd unto a Cardinal's degree!] This (as Mr. Edwards has observed in his MS. notes) argues a great forgetfulness in the poet. In the first act Gloster says:

"I'll canvass thee in thy broad cardina"s hat :" and it is strange that the Duke of Exeter should

not know of his advancement. Steevens.

It should seem from the stage-direction prefixed to this scene, and from the conversation between the Legate and Wincheser, that the author meant it to be understood that the Bishop had obtained his cardinal's hat only just before his present entry. The inaccuracy therefore was in making Gloster address him by that title in the beginning of the play. He in fact obtained it in the fifth year of Henry's reign. MALONE. -

P. 210, l. 21, 22. That, neither in birth, or

for authority.

The Bishop will be overborne by thee: ] I would read for birth. That is, thou shalt not rule me, though thy birth is legitimate, and thy authority supreme. Johnson.
P. 212, first l. Now help, ye charming spells

and periapts; ] Charms sow'd up. Ezek. xiii. 18: "Woe to them that sow pillows to all arm-holes, to hunt souls." Pors.

Periants were worn about the neck as preservatives from disease or danger. Of these, the first chapter of St. John's Gospel was deemed the most efficacious.

Whoever is desirous to know-more about them. may consult Reginald Scott's Discovery of Witch-

craft, 1584, p. 230, &c. STERVUNS.

The following story, which is related in Wits Fits, and Fancies, 1595, proves what Mr. Seeeve Vol. x.

has asserted: "A Cardinal sceing a priest carrying a cudgel under his gown, reprimanded him. His excuse was, that he only carried it to defend himself against the dogs of the town. Wherefore, I pray you, replied the Cardinal, serves St. John's Gospel? Alas, my Lord, said the priest, these curs understand no Latio." MALONE.

P. 212, 1. 5-7. You speedy helpers, that are substitutes

Under the lordly monarch of the north,

Appear, The north was always supposed to be the particular habitation of bad spirits. Milton, sherefore, assembles the rebel angels in the north. Johnson.

The boast of Lucifer in the xivth chapter of Isaiah is said to be, that he will sit upon the mount of the congregation, in the sides of the north. Steevens.

P. 212, l. 11. 12. Now, ye familiar spirits, that are cull'd

Out of the powerful regions under carth,] I believe Shakspeare wrote—legions. WARBURTON.

The regions under earth are the infernal regions. Whence else should the sorceress have selected or

summoned her fiends? Steevens.

In a former passage regions seems to have been printed instead of legions; at least all the editors from the time of Mr. Rowe have there substituted the latter word instead of the former. The word cull'd, and the epithet powerful, which is applicable to the fiends themselves, but not to their place of residence, show that it has an equal title to a place is the texthere. MALONE.

P. 212, l. 16. Where—] i. e. whereas. STREVENS.
P. 215, l. 10. To ban is to carse. STREVENS.
P. 214.l. 15-17. As plays the sun upon the glassy streams.) This company

son, made between things which seem sufficiently unlike, is intended to express the softness and delicacy of Lady Margaret's beauty, which delighted, but did not dazzle; which was bright, but gave no pain by its lustre. Johnson.

P. 214. 1.20. - disable not thyself; Do not represent thyself so weak. To disable the judgement of another was, in that age, the same as to destroy its

credit or authority. Jonnson. P. 215, 1, 17. — that's a wooden thing.] Is an awkward business, an undertaking not likely to succeed. STEEVENS.

P. 215, l. 20. — my fancy — i. e. my love.

STREVENS.

P. 217, l. 17. "To face (says Dr. Johnson) is to carry a false appearance, to play the hypo-crite." Hence the name of one of the characters in Ben Jouson's Alchymist. MALONE.

So, in The Taming of a Shrew:

"Yet I have fac'd it with a card of ten." STEEVENS.

P. 217, 1. 30. Since thou dost deign to woo her little worth, To be the princely bride of such a lord;]

To woo her little worth - may mean - to court her small share of merit. But perhaps the passage should be pointed thus:

Since thou dost deign to woo her, little worth To be the princely bride of such a lord; i. e, little deserving to be the wife of such a Prince. MALONE.

P. 217, last l. - the county Maine, Maine is called a county both by Hall and Holimshed-The old copy erroneously reads - country. MALONE.

P. 219, 1.3. Prevish, for childish. WASSUNTON See a note on Cymbeline, Act I. sc. Til. strange and peerish." STEEVENS.

P. 219, 1. 10. 11. Bethink thee

Mad, natural graces that ex So the old copy. The modern edicontent to read her natural graces. mad, however, I believe the powild or uncultivated. In the formefications he appears to have used it "—— he she lev'd prov'd ma

which Dr. Johnson has properly in call a wild girl, to this day, a ma-

Mad, in some of the ancient bo ing, is used as an epithet to plan rampant and wild. Steevens.

It is possible that Steevens may serting that the word mad, may to express wild; but I believe it we descriptive of excellence, or as app The passage is in truth erroreous amendment of former editors. That propose is, to read and, instead that might easily have been mistaken

And natural graces that ex.
That is, think of her virtues tha
and of her natural graces that ext

P. 219, last l. Decrepit miser.] relation to avarice in this passa means a miserable creature. Str.

P. 220, 1, 12. — that thou wilt b A vulgar corruption of obstinate has oddly lasted since our author's

P. 220, 1. 19. — I gave a no This passage seems to corrobors somewhat furfetched, which I Henry IV. of the nobleman and royal man, Johnson. P. 221, 1. 15. No, misconceived !] i. c. No. ye misconccivers, ye who mistake me and iny qualities. STEEVENS.

That warranteth by law to be P. 221, l. 28. thy privilege. - ] The useless words - to be, which speil the measure,

are an evident interpolation. STEEVENS.

P. 222, I. c. - that notorious Machiavel! Machiavel being mentioned somewhat before his time, this line is by some of the editors given to the players, and ejected from the text. JOHNSON.

The character of Machiavel seems to have made so very deep an impression on the dramatick writers of this age, that he is many times as prema. turely spoken of. STEEVENS.

P. 222, 1. 25. But darkness and the gloomy shade of death The expres-

sion is scriptural: "Whereby the day-spring from on high hath visited us, to give light to them that sit in darkness and the shadow of death." MALONE. P. 222, 1. 27. 28. - till mischief, and despair.

Drive you to break your necks, or hang your-selves! Perhaps Shak-

speare intended to remark, in this execuation, the frequency of smeide among the English, which has been commonly imputed to the gloominess of their air. Jourson.

P. 223, l. 2 - remorse -] i. e. compassion, pity. STREVENS.

P. 223, 1. 29-51. — for boiling choler chokes

The hollow passage of my poison'd voice. Poi-By sight of these our balful enemies. Poison'd voice agrees well enough with baneful in mics, or with baleful, if it can be used in the The modern editors read - prison d same sense. voice. Joneson.

Prison'd was introduced by Mr. Pope. Matous. Baleful is sorrowful; I therefore rather imegine that we should read - baneful, hurtful, of

mischievous. Johnson.

Baleful had anciently the same, meaning as baneful. It is an epithet very frequently bestowed on poisonous plants and reptiles. STEEVENS.

P. 224, l. 8. Coronet is here used for a crown. JOHNSON.

So, in King Lear:

"---- which to confirm,

"This coronet part between you.".
These are the words of Lear when he gives up his crown to Cornwall and Albany. STEEVERS.

P. 224, I. 25. Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison? Do you stand to compare your present state, a state which you have neither right or power to maintain, with the terms which we offer? Johnson.

P. 224, 1. 27. Of benefit proceeding from our

King, Benefit is here Be content to live as the benefia term of law. ciary of our King. Johnson.

P. 225, 1. 27-31. And like as rigour of tempestuous gusts &c.] This

simile is somewhat obscure; he seems to mean, that as a ship is driven against the tide by the wind, so her is driven by love against the current of his interest. Jounson.

1, 226, 1, 21. - at a triumph - That is, at the sports by which a triumph is celebrated. JOHNSON.

A triumph, in the age of Shakapeare, signified a public exhibition, such as a mask, a revel &c. BAKEN EUR

P. 226, 1. 50. Good, which is not in the old copy, was added for the sake of the metre, in the MALONE. second folio.

P. 227, 1. 13. — by attorneyship;] By the intervention of another man's choice; or the discretional agency of another. JOHNSON.

This is a physic of which Shakspeare is peculiarly fond. It occurs twice in King Richard III:

"Be the attorney of my love to her."

"I, by attorney, bless thee from the mother." STEEVENS.

P. 228, 1. 22. 23. If you do censure me by what you were,

Not what you are, To censure is here simply to judge. If in judging me you consider the past frailties of your own youth. Johnson.
P. 228, 1. 26. 27. Grief in the first line is ta-

P. 228, 1. 26. 27. Grief in the first line is taken generally for pain or uneasiness; in the second specially for sorrow. Johnson.

\* Of this play there is no copy earlier than that of the folip in 1623, though the two succeeding parts are extant in two editions in quarto. That the second and third parts were published without the first, may be admitted as no weak proof that the topics were surreptitiously obtained, and that the printers of that time gave the publick those plays, not such as the author designed, but such as they could get them. That this play was written before the two others is indubitably collected from the series of events; that it was written and played before Henry the Fifth is apparent, because in the epilogue there is mention made of this play, and not of the other parts:

"Henry the sixth in swaddling bands grown'd King,

"Whose state so many had the managing.

## 392 NOTES TO KING HENRY VI. PARTI.

"That they lost France, and made his England bleed:

"Which oft our stage hath shown."

France is lost in this play. The two following contain, as the old title imports, the contention of the houses of York and Langester.

The second and third parts of Henry VI. were printed in 1600. When Henry V. was written, we know not, but it was printed likewise in 1600, and therefore before the publication of the first and second parts. The first part of Henry VI. had been often shown on the stage, and would certainly have appeared in its place, had the au-

thor been the publisher. Jourson.

That the second and third parts (as they are now called) were printed without the first, is a proof, in my apprehension, that they were not written by the author of the first: and the title of The Contention of the houses of York and Lancaster, being affixed to the two pieces which were printed in quarto in 1600, is a proof that they were a distinct work, commencing where the other ended, but not written at the same time; and that this play was never known by the name of The That Part of King Henry I'I. till Heminge and Condell gave it this title in their volume, to distinguish it from the two subsequent plays; which being altered by Shakspeare, assumed the new titles of The Second and Third Parts of King Henry VI. that they might not be confounded with the original preces on which they were formed. This first part was, I conceive, originally called The historical play of King Henry VI. See the · Essay at the end of these contested pieces. MALONI.

END OF THE TEXTU VOLUME.











FEB 2 8 1939

